November
1937

The Cambridge Review

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

Faculty Adviser
MISS MARY P. BLIGH

The Review Staff

Editor
PAUL LOWRY

Assistant Editors
PETER KENNEY
JOHN FLEMING

Literary Staff
NANCY CROWLEY
ALMA DE COEN
DORIS GLASSMAN
ALAN LEWIS
HARPER MacKAY
GERALD SEGAL
PAULINE SOREM
SYLVIA SUGARMAN
ANN WOOD

Photography
EDWARD BLANCHFIELD
GILBERT LEWIS

Business Manager
JOSEPH LOVOI

Asst. Business Manager
WALDO SATERIALE

Advertising
THEODORE ANASTOS
WILLIAM FLAHERTY
PETER VILLARI

Art
MR. JOSEPH SANTORO
THEODORE ANASTOS
BARBARA FOGELIN

Chess
SUSAN CIAMPI

Exchanges
THOMAS CAMPBELL

Athletics
RAY GUILD

G. A. A.
DOROTHY TWOMEY

Debate
MORRIS BURK

Dramatics
MARY BUCKLEY

Spotlite
JOHN McINTIRE

Annex Notes
ANTHONY VALENTI

Typists
LYDIA LOJA
ALICE BIELENSKI

The Cambridge Review

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

NOVEMBER, 1937

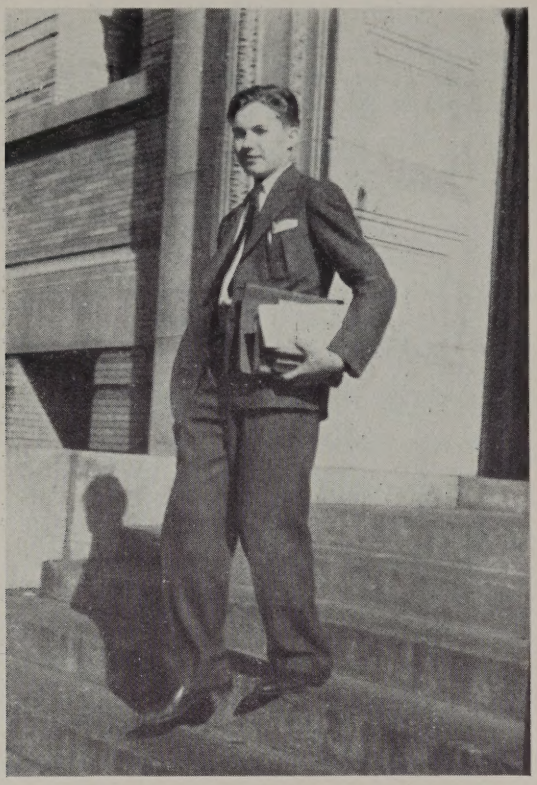
VOLUME 52 NUMBER 1

Contents

Editorials 2
Spirit Reaching Upward 3
People Who Live Next Door 3
A Whaler's Thanksgiving 4
Blown With the Wind 5
Modern Music 6
My First Football Game 7
Firesides and Memories 8
The Hunter's Song 9
Freshman 10
The Spot-lite 13
Letters to the Editor 14
Do You Know 15
Athletics 16
C. H. L. S. Footballers 18
Among the Books 20
Class Notes 22
Exchanges 24
G. A. A. 25
Dramatic Club 26
Advertisements 27, 34

Published five times a year: November, December, February, April, and June.
Terms: 75 cents per year; 20 cents a single copy.
Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Member NATIONAL SCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION EST. 1921 1936-37



PAUL LOWRY

Paul Lowry, our Editor-in-chief for the year, has started his work for the REVIEW under the most favorable circumstances. He is a great worker himself and he has a very good supporting staff. To begin with, Paul is an excellent student. He has been on the Honor Roll regularly for his four years. He is a gentleman always, with a keen sense of humor, and with all the attributes of a leader, although he absolutely does not wish to see his name or his picture in print. He will be cross with us when he sees this write-up. Last year he was the winner of the Hopkins Latin prize and the Mathematics prize.

THE EDITOR SPEAKS

Among the numerous things that we wish to bring to your attention this year, is the realization that the REVIEW is yours. It is through you that we exist; you are the final judges of our work. The REVIEW for many years has won awards throughout the country for literary excellence, but awards are not the most important. They are not the goal to which we strive. Your interest and approval are important. We are endeavoring to win them; but to do this we must have your individual contributions, your ideas, your criticisms. Take an active interest in the school magazine, not our magazine but *yours!*

TO THE CLASS OF 1941

To you who have come to the High and Latin School nearly a thousand strong—we extend hearty greeting. We wish you to think of your membership here as not only a privilege but also a responsibility.

The beginnings of your school reach back many, many years. It is something to become a part of such a school, a school with such a long record of fine accomplishment.

Catch the spirit of service and achievement permeating that record and you will add your part. Give much and you will receive much.

LESLIE L. CLEVELAND,
Headmaster.

SCHOLARSHIPS

We, in Cambridge, are especially fortunate in having many opportunities for obtaining scholarships to aid us in our education. In addition to scholarships open to all freshmen in our three great institutions of learning, Harvard, Radcliffe and Massachusetts Institute of Technology, there are some available only to residents of Cambridge.

The Daniel Buckley Scholarship fund offers substantial amounts to every Cambridge student entering Harvard, who can meet the terms, and who has a reasonably good scholastic record as well. This fund also offers scholarships to upper classmen in Harvard who have been graduated from the Cambridge Public Schools. A limited number of scholarships are offered by Technology to Cambridge students entering the first year class at the Institute. These are awarded by competition.

In addition to scholarships which are not specifically assigned to another community, there are at Radcliffe, two scholarships open primarily to Cambridge students. Such golden opportunities should be an incentive to all students in Cambridge Latin to spur us on to work hard.

A SPIRIT REACHING UPWARD

"THEY look pretty, don't they?"

I turned and looked with surprise at this person who had addressed me. He was a middle aged man whose grimy and ragged clothes bespoke poverty. A ragged, black beard covered the lower part of his swarthy face, and a slouch hat from under which black curly locks protruded sat on the back of his head. Clearly of Italian strain, he instantly reminded me of a figure very popular with artists, the Italian organ-grinder. As I was surveying his figure he again spoke in a rich, musical voice, running his words together in a way I dare not attempt to imitate on paper.

"They look pretty, don't they," he repeated indicating the display of spring tulips in Boston Common before which I was standing.

"They do," I agreed and then added as an afterthought, "Do you like flowers?"

"I like flowers," he stated. "I like pretty things." He gazed at me, a smile breaking out all over his face, and, after thinking for a moment continued.

"I like the flowers, the trees, the water (indicating the frog pond), the sky. Look at the clouds," turning his face upward, "They look like—."

He looked at me wistfully, half-ashamed. He felt a desire to express his feelings of the beauty of nature but didn't know how. He was like a silent violin, capable of producing beautiful music but needing the touch of a skilled hand to bring it forth. Truly he was a poet deprived of metrical skill. Perhaps there flowed in his veins the blood of Vergil or Ovid who ages ago in Sunny Italy viewed nature with the same aspect.

I conversed with him a few minutes longer. For every topic on which I ventured he seemed to have the same, pent-up enthusiasm which characterized his feeling towards the beauty of nature. When in a few minutes he said farewell I felt as if I had known him for some time.

That was all. I watched him as he strolled away stopping for a moment to peer into a carriage at a kicking, laughing baby to the evident discomfort of the mother who stood nearby. I saw him for the last time as he turned the corner. As I viewed the vanishing figure I silently thanked him for the view he had afforded me of a spirit reaching upward.

PETER KENNEY, '38.

PEOPLE WHO LIVE NEXT DOOR

ALTHOUGH the people who live next door are the ones you meet at golf or women's club meetings, the folks with whom you really get acquainted are the people who live in the apartment upstairs. Therefore, since it is simply a matter of longitude instead of latitude, I shall leave the people next door to their golf and women's clubs, and discuss that peculiar race which always lives one floor above the rest of us.

The characteristics of upstairs apartment dwellers are varied, but a few traits are common to all. They all have a fondness for cleaning every rug in the house with either a carpet-sweeper or a vacuum-cleaner two or three times a day. The favorite hours for this practice seem to be between six and seven in the morning, two and three in the afternoon, at which time sensible people the world over are trying to take a nap, and all during the evenings when your boss and his wife come to call. Another favorite pastime is a game that I call "Let's Play Moving Van," which is played by moving all the furniture to one end of the house and then pushing it all down to the other end, just as fast as you can. It must be lots of fun, because everywhere I've lived, my upstairs neighbors always play it for hours upon end. It isn't a game like bridge of which one tires quickly.

Ah, but these are merely universal habits, everybody does them; it is by their movements ye shall really know them. It was simply by chance that I found out that "dressing on the run" was no idle expression, but an accurate description. I know, because I lived under a man who actually dressed on the run every morning. He trotted back and forth from the time he got up until the time he left the house. Personally, I have to stand still a minute to tie my shoes—but not that fellow.

At another time, while I was living a quiet and exemplary life, the lady who lived above me took up aesthetic dancing. How would you like to have a one hundred and ninety-five pound square-rigger being a wee west wind right over your head?

It is with such experiences in mind that I have decided on my life career. Others may aspire to be doctors, or lawyers, or even the president, but I'm going to retire to the top floor of the largest apartment house in the city and raise elephants.

NANCY CROWLEY, '38

A WHALER'S THANKSGIVING

THE sea was running heavy under a dull, ominous grey sky as the good ship Roskin slowly poked her way into the harbor and moored at the docks of the Great Pacific Whaling Company at Nantucket. It was Thanksgiving Day in the year 1830, and the population of the thriving island had turned out "en masse" to greet the whaling vessel, returning to her home port with a rich cargo of whalebone and oil after an absence of two years. The chill wind that swept across the island from the mainland some twenty miles westward did not in the least dampen the women's enthusiasm as they prepared to greet their husbands, sons and brothers. In many homes, plump turkeys were simmering in rich, brown gravy, and fresh, tasty pies of all sizes and description were filling the air with their savory odors. This was indeed a happy day for the majority of the population, but the flag of the sturdy boat, flying at half-mast signified that some one would not partake of the good cheer which his wife or mother had prepared for him.

Leaning against a huge pile of sails, Silas Copely contemplated the fluffy, white snowflakes, as they drifted down from the leaden gray sky. His thoughts carried him back to the day nearly two years ago when he had bidden his wife goodbye, and she had made him promise to wear the little round heirloom on his cap throughout the whole journey. He had not been able to refuse her, although he knew very well that he would have to put up with the cynical remarks of his rough-and-ready companions. He pinned it on the peak of his stocking-hat in the hope that it would not be seen, but its discovery was inevitable, and he was taunted mercilessly from then on. However, with Silas, a promise was a promise, and there it stayed untouched during the entire journey.

The Roskin sailed down across the equator, around the Horn and into the South Pacific. It was at the close of a bitter cold day in July 1831, with the Roskin carefully nosing her way through the many ice packs that are found in such proximity to the Antarctic Circle, that the men first sighted whales. The entire crew was on deck carefully watching the calm sea for some sign of the spouting geysers of water that would indicate the presence of whales, when suddenly the lookout cried, "Thar she blows!" and every pair of eyes was turned to a spot about five miles off to the starboard, where a school of sperm whales was making the calm waters boil and seethe. A medley of excited voices, intermixed with harshly shouted orders, filled the air as the men prepared to launch their dories and pursue their quarry.

Silas, who had charge of dory number six, rounded up the fourteen other men who were to man the oars and, pushing away from the side of the Roskin, the sailors cut through the murky water towards their goal. In a few moments they reached a point where any one of five whales could be singled out. Silas tightly gripped the harpoon and, with every bit of energy that he had, he let it fly through the air at his mark. A dull thud and a sudden tightening of the line told him that he had made a direct hit, and he relaxed to wait for the whale to tire himself out, by permitting him to thrash around in the water. But—something had gone wrong! Every man in the boat sensed it! The line slacked! A warning cry came from the other boats, but it was too late. A huge black form swept up from below and crashed into the dory with a sickening thud, the boat splintered, and Silas felt the paralyzing cold water creep up to his knees, to his waist; the whole boat broke up and he was going down in the cold, black water like a piece of lead. Farther and farther down he went, until it seemed he must be at the bottom of the sea. Just as he lost consciousness, he felt a sharp tug at his leg.

When he came to, he found himself once more aboard the Roskin surrounded by other members of the crew, but he looked in vain for some of the men who were in the ill fated dory with him. He was told that everybody but he had been dragged down with the wreckage. One of the men explained what had happened:

"After the boat broke up, we rowed to the spot as quickly as possible, but not before the boat and men had disappeared. We searched long but it was getting dark and we didn't have much hope left, until one of the men noticed a bright flash off the port bow. We looked closer and, seeing it was you, we got the gaff and pulled you in. The way we figure it, is that in some way you must have got tangled up with the harpoon rope and, although pulled under with the rest, you were thrown to the surface when the whale dived, in an attempt to get away. Even at that we never would have found you if it hadn't been for that pin of yours reflecting the bright light from one of our torches."

Silas saw his wife waving to him from the dock and he was suddenly impressed with the miracle that had saved his life as he realized at last how much he owed to his faithful wife.

WILLIAM G. FLAHERTY, '38.

BLOWN WITH THE WIND

(*A Continued Story*)

CHAPTER I. The Castaways.

ADRIFT on the sea, a group of shipwrecked travelers clung precariously to the crude raft of rough-hewn wood. The sea, maddened by the storm, uprose violently with heavy gusts and streamed over the raft which shot up on a wave like a rocket, then came down with the movement of the water until it seemed that the very bottom of the ocean was reached. This motion without respite or rest, continually rolled the log raft onward, farther into the unknown. Rain, mixed with the spray of the surf, slashed against the streaming faces of the group; the wind howled wildly; the whole aspect of Nature was dark and pitiless.

The oddly assorted party was composed of Brick Tracy, a tall, strong, young man; Dale Trueheart, his fiancée, a blond, lovely and demure young girl; Dr. Brainerd, a brilliant white-bearded old scientist; Mrs. Trueheart, Dale's mother; Mischa, her Russian protegé, and last, but not least, Semper Fidelis, Brick's dog.

Sounding above the roar and rumble of the storm, one could hear the mournful howling of the dog and the frenzied attempts of the travelers to communicate with each other. In the midst of all the chaos, Mrs. Trueheart started the ball of conversation rolling.

"Mischa, dear," said she, "do sing the Volga Boatmen. It would be so appropriate."

"No, it would bring back memories of Russia, of old friends, drinking Vodka and eating herring," reminisced Mischa.

Meanwhile Dale was talking with Brick. "I wonder whether we'll ever see land again? Do you think that the sea will be our watery grave?"

"Whatever our fate may be, nothing shall ever part us," consoled Brick.

At this time, Dr. Brainerd who had been gazing through his telescope suddenly cried out triumphantly, "LAND!"

At first the little group did not comprehend the full meaning of this word. There, in the soundless deep, land to them was like manna to the Israelites in the barren desert.

The wind, still blowing with a demoniac force, propelled them rapidly toward their fate. Gigantic rocks loomed up in front of them, seeming like sentinels, guarding their island stronghold from the invasions of outsiders. Crash! No longer was the raft visible; in its stead was a mass of broken logs interspersed with human beings struggling to keep themselves from drowning. Brick, with powerful strokes, fought his way through the roaring waves until at last, he reached shallow water. Then, panting from exhaustion, he flung himself, prostrate on the sandy beach.

After he had rested for a few moments, his first thought was for Dale. He scanned the on-rushing waves, searching anxiously until he saw, not far from where he stood, the object of his search, striving valiantly to keep herself above the turbulent waters. Summoning all his strength, Brick immediately dashed into the sea, swam out to Dale and clasping her in his strong arms he brought her safely back to land.

Simultaneously with their arrival, Dr. Brainerd, followed by Semper Fidelis came running down the beach, shouting joyfully. The three friends recounted their adventures since their recent separation.

Suddenly Dale spoke up, "Where is mother and that Mischa fellow?"

"I haven't seen them," said Dr. Brainerd. "Perhaps they came ashore without our knowing it."

While they were talking, Semper Fidelis had been wandering about the island and was now tugging vigorously at Brick's trousers. Wondering at the cause of the dog's excitement, Brick followed him along the face of the rocky wall until they came to a small opening. He beckoned to the others, and the three friends crawled on hands and knees through a long, winding passageway until they arrived into what proved to be a spacious cavern, dark, cold, uninviting.

Dr. Brainerd whispered, "Who do you suppose lives here?"

"What," said Brick, "makes you think that this place is inhabited?"

"See there," replied the doctor, pointing to the extreme end of the cave.

There, stood a crudely built table surrounded by three barrels which were obviously used as chairs.

Suddenly, all eyes focussed on a section of the rock wall which WAS MOVING!

(Continued in the next issue)

SYLVIA SUGARMAN, 38.
HARPER MACKAY, '38.

MODERN MUSIC

IN using modern music as my theme, I cannot emphasize too strongly the fact that this essay is not to be a thinly-veiled apology for jazz. I shall concern myself with the really great music of our generation as exemplified by a few representative composers.

Turning first to Russia, we find Sergei Rachmaninoff, who is world famous both as pianist and composer. Although he wrote many concertos and sonatas, he is perhaps best known for his rhapsodies which are universally played with varied degrees of success. Going north to Finland we come to Jan Sibelius who is considered by many music lovers to be the greatest living composer. To fully appreciate Sibelius' symphonies, one must have a thoroughly matured understanding of classical music.

Continental Europe abounds with brilliant composers and music. In Germany and Austria are Richard Strauss, from whose gifted pen have come numerous orchestral arabesques, Franz Lehar, known to millions for his delightful operettas, and Fritz Kreisler, whose clever transcriptions have livened many an otherwise dull piece of music. France had, until recently, Claude Debussy, whose haunting tone poems are in every orchestral repertoire, and Maurice Ravel, outstanding composer of ballets.

Coming finally to our own country, we find the late Edward MacDowell, who has not been rivalled since the days of the old masters, and the late Henry Hadley who, though primarily a conductor, has composed many memorable works. On a slightly lower plane are Rudolf Friml, whose music has endeared itself to lovers of light opera, and the late George Gershwin who, by combining the melodies of the great composers with his own modern impressions, won for himself much fame and wealth.

After concluding such a survey of truly worthwhile music, one feels that perennial greatness will never be overcome by passing fancy, swept by the wind of public favor.

HARPER MACKAY, '38.

CONTEMPLATION

THE imaginative mind finds in an open fire many subjects for comtemplation. In the flames and embers of this, one of nature's most casually accepted mysteries, vague and abstract ideas assume a vivid and tangible realness. In the various phases and changes of an open fire, whether it be in the hearth or under an open sky, concrete actualities display themselves in a form as easily recognizable as when encountered in life itself. All the thoughts thus produced are the more exciting with the reflection that they are aroused by a controlled form of man's most dreaded menace and most necessary comfort, his most unrelenting foe, and his most reassuring friend.

The life of the usual open fire can be compared favorably to the life of the ordinary human being. It has its birth, its infancy, its youth, its maturity, its feeble old age, its death. As with human beings, death may come to it after a normal, natural life span, or suddenly, as when life is extinguished by some unexpected means. Are not these similar to the circumstances of the death of man?

A fire has character, personality; it pictures for us emotions which we have experienced, struggles in which we have fought, defeat in which we have been overcome, triumph in which we have joyfully conquered, despair which is our inevitable frustration, hope which is our all-sustaining inspiration.

What person, having felt love, has not seen it reflected for him in the ardent flames of a healthy fire? What person, having witnessed death, has not seen it re-enacted in the slow, feeble, embers of a perishing blaze?

Thus, fire personifies our feelings and experiences, our dreams and disappointments. It is beauty and ugliness; it is one of the most vivid pictures of the human soul.

JOHN FLEMING, '38

A CONTRAST

IT was June. The days were long, the air sweet and fragrant. A tranquil azure sky slightly mottled with almost transparent white clouds, offered peace and contentment. The sun smiled down warmly, enticing the blossoms and grains to come out and bask in the brilliance. Stately oaks and firs in the distance stood against the sky pointing heaven-ward from their mountain home over the valleys. Fertile farms nestled comfortably below, and the typical New England farm-houses scattered about added to the picture of placid satisfaction.

While Lee Brete watched this swiftly changing panorama, he lost all consciousness of the presence of any other person in the speeding sedan in which he was riding. There was one farm-house in particular, that made him yearn for life in the country. From its huge chimney, the gray smoke seethed curling upward, giving evidence of a wood fire. He liked to imagine a loving, rosy-cheeked wife baking bread and perhaps a chocolate cake or some cookies, while a healthy happy baby crept around the floor. He could see her smile thoughtfully and look side-wise at the clock, timing the arrival of her husband.

Hours passed as they rolled over hill and dale covering many miles. It was interesting to note, he mused, the coloring on the different fields, the deep green of the oats, the paler green of the wheat, and the other shades of the different growths rising on the slope just beyond.

What a contrast against the sky! Here was life at its best; here men worked with Mother Nature securing abundant gifts from the soil. Why hadn't Fate made him a part of this? Instead, he had been brought up in the close, unhealthy quarters of the city tenements with others as poor as he, starved for the lack of fresh air and good food. Oh, how earnestly he desired to be part of this Eden, where serenity reigned supreme, where he could enjoy a pensive silence only broken by the moan of the breezes, the rustle of the trees, and the droning of the bees. How he scorned the artificiality of the city and its incessant hurrying mobs.

As twilight was throwing its gray cloak over the sky, the car approached the outskirts of the city. Soon they lurched to a sudden stop in front of an ominous building in the heart of the metropolis. Suddenly from out of nowhere Lee was surrounded by armed men who led him away to cell Number One, next to the execution chamber.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, '38.

MY FIRST FOOTBALL GAME

ON a certain brisk October afternoon, about five years ago, I was happy with anticipation, for I was to see my first football game.

Sitting on the hard benches between my two brothers, who had rather grudgingly allowed me to come, I was entranced by the entrance of a band joyfully playing the school song.

We joined the boisterous cheer leaders and howled our delight at the arrival of the Andover eleven. The game had begun!

The mechanics of football were, and still are rather a mystery to me. I gazed, nevertheless, at first with round eyes of wonder at the gyrations of the two teams of husky boys, dashing up and down the field.

I was a bit mystified by the huddles of the players, and every now and then I ventured to ask my brother what they were doing, but he angrily hushed me with a glowering look as the boys sitting all around us snickered at my ignorance.

It was the third quarter of the game when I began to be quite bored. With another lusty sigh, my annoyed brother, trying to fix his attention on the game, bought me a rather cold, "mustardy," hot dog which I greedily consumed.

It was now the last quarter. The famous prep school rivals were working hard for victory. The score was now a tie. When, at two minutes before the finish, Andover scored a touchdown, our side went wild with joy. At the sound of the closing whistle, excited boys clambered over the seats and I was dragged by my jubilant brothers into what seemed to be the wildest of the fray—through the packed field to the gates.

As we climbed into the car, to our ears came the shouts of the Andover boys, cheering their vanquished rivals with lusty, "Exeter, Exeter, rah, rah, rah, rah, Yay, team."

BARBARA HILL, '39

DISILLUSIONMENT

Handsome,
Spirited,
Carefree,
Gay,
In my heart
He holds sway.
Always loving,
Ever kind,
How I thrill
When he says
He's mine.
And just when love
Upon me beams
I start
To remember
He's but a dream.

ALMA DECOEN, '39.

FIRESIDES AND MEMORIES

TO those who love to dream and relive happy moments, firesides are the realms of memories.

For when cheery flames begin to chase each other up the chimneys, when burning logs begin to snap and crackle, and dancing shadows are flickering across the walls, we, who dream, are able to see in the leaping flames and glowing embers our favorite friends, our castles built on air, our dream ships laden with strange, exotic cargoes.

To achieve our fantasies, we must be the lighters of the fire; for only in the thick, curling, twisting smoke, when the flames are just beginning to curl about the logs, do our adventurous friends deign to grant a visit. Then suddenly, an unexpected spurt of smoke is the flashing sword of d'Artagnan, fighting his way through innumerable foes to Buckingham and London. A jet of crimson flame is the life-blood of valiant Hector, spilled in defense of Illium towers. A lazy curve is the Mississippi with Huckleberry Finn, prince of vagabonds, floating upon its broad bosom. The soft pop of sparks are dragging feet of David Copperfield, traveling again to Dover. And finally as the smoke begins to thin, in the mounting flames, we see the soul of Joan of Arc, leaving its earthly bonds for Paradise.

Then, as our book-friends grow dim, and our minds grow drowsier, and the fire leaps upward, we who dream revisit the beautiful scenes of memory. Once again the sun lightly kisses the waving tassels of Kansas corn; once more twilight in delicate shades of mother-of-pearl slowly envelopes the Iowa prairies; lone cottonwoods stand like scarred giants on the long, easy slopes of Nebraska hillsides; wheat rhythmically sways in South Dakota breezes; white, frothy waves wash silvery, Florida sands; moonlight gleams on Rocky Mountain peaks; and the descending sun majestically sinks into calm, Pacific waters, as the flames descend into a glowing bed of coals.

Then, when the fire begins to smolder, and the embers to wink more faintly, to avoid the disillusionment of cold, grey ashes and of dying memories, we who dream slip off into the land of slumber.

On the next wintry night, will you join us?

PAUL LOWRY, '38.

IMPRESSIONS OF A FIRST NIGHT

Glittering jewels,
Perfumed women,
Top hats, canes,
Flasks, and ribbon
Excited critics,
Sound of feet,
Awed spectators
In the street.

ALMA DECOEN, '39

NIGHT SONG

Swiftly as
A quivering arrow
In the still night,
Borne on the wind
Comes a pulsating cry,
A call to arms,
My love song.

ALMA DECOEN, '39.

FAMILY COUNCILS AND THEIR OUTCOME

OH, yes, we have had our family councils, every family has had them. Every family, that is, which has read, "The Proper Care and Upbringing of Children," "The Child and His Home," or such books. In these books, the family council is described as "the link between parent and child, where common problems may be discussed in their true relationship to all concerned, and where the child is allowed to present his opinion unhampered by the restrictions of ordinary conversation."

Therefore, once a week the family dutifully assembles before the fireplace, and the council begins. It rarely gets any farther than that. In the first place, there are only four really comfortable chairs near the fireplace, and the fifth person wanders around the sitting room looking, and feeling, very much abused. Then, either the cat wants to go out, or the dog wants to come in, and then the question arises as to who will be the good Samaritan. By the time the animals are tended to, Johnny has remembered a friend who needs help in algebra, or someone has stopped in to take Sue to the movies, leaving the remaining members of the council looking rather relieved.

If, however, in some unpredictable manner the council actually starts, things are in a worse state than ever. No one knows just what to do. Everyone looks at father, who clears his throat, and looks helplessly at mother; and mother gazes right back at him. At this point Jimmy looks at his older brother's scowling visage and says bluntly, "Where were you last night?"

This is enough to start the ball rolling. In fact it is more than enough, and sometimes it turns out to be just too, too, much. The ball, thus started, rolls vigorously around the family faster and faster, finally slamming right off the house carrying at least two members of our happy home with it. This is my cue to climb out from under the piano and ask, please, may I turn on the radio?

So, until the people who tell us that we should have family councils, tell us "how" to have them, I fear that family councils are, in our family at least, a thing of the past.

NANCY CROWLEY, '38.

THE HUNTER'S SONG

(*A Continued Story*)

PART I

THE gray light of an October dawn hung in a mist over Hunter's Inn, Surrey, England. It was a perfect morning for a drag hunt.

One by one the riders straggled from the Inn, their bright red coats and gleaming boots a startling sight in the early morning light. They stood about the yard in groups, talking excitedly, as eager to start the hunt as the softly baying hounds. Grooms rushed to and fro, making last minute preparations. Beautiful sleek horses were trotted into the yard to be claimed by the individual riders.

One of the hounds, in his impatience to be off, deserted his comrades, and flashed across the field. He had to be rounded up for the "big start" and a low murmur of annoyance arose from the young men and women already mounting their horses.

Finally all was in readiness. The bugle sounded sharp and clear in the crisp morning air. The tiny flick of a whip on a tender flank, and,—they're off! With a great baying of hounds and a clatter of hoofs they streaked down the wide expanse of field. The sight of perfect co-ordination between man and beast was one of astonishing beauty.

Jeff Gordon trailed behind his companions. A deep frown creased his forehead as he remembered the conversation he had overheard at the Inn between Brenda's father and Bill Cummings. Brenda Lane and Jeff were in love, but he knew that Mr. Lane did not approve of the match. As far as he was concerned, Jeff was just another struggling young architect who was not fitted to be the husband of the heiress to the Lane fortune.

Jeff was not particularly fond of Bill Cummings. He didn't like his suave manner, and his meticulous attire. Mr.Cummings was just a bit too smooth. Brenda did not seem to share Jeff's feeling towards the young man, although she had not shown any special affection for him. But Brenda was young and foolish, and one could never tell what might happen.

This thought, combined with the memory of an overheard conversation preyed on Jeff's troubled mind. The previous evening, as he stood gazing at the moon and smoking a final pipe, completely hidden by the heavy drapes covering the French door leading onto the terrace, he heard

Mr. Lane conversing with Cummings in the sitting room. Cummings spoke.

"But you know, sir, Brenda is very fond of the illustrious Mr. Gordon. That rather let's me out, what?"

Jeff had chuckled softly as he heard Mr. Lane blurt out, "That young pup! Why he can't even support himself, let alone give Brenda all to which she is accustomed." His smile quickly changed to a grim frown as Mr. Lane continued.

"Bill, my boy, Brenda likes you a good deal. You're a clever young man and you understand me. I think you would do well as my son-in-law. This is my plan. Brenda has been in love before, and gotten over it. I'm sure this affair with Gordon is just another one of her girlish romances. What I want is to take Brenda to America for six months. I'm sure she'll forget him by then; but to assure it, I want you to go along. If she is with you continually, she's bound to become attached to you. Of course you must co-operate by being very attentive. She loves attention the same as all women. Now I think it's a topping good proposition and you can't lose anything by it. What do you say, Cummings?"

Cummings hesitated for a moment, but finally declared, "It's a deal, sir! I'm mighty fond of Brenda, and ah-er well, I agree perfectly with your plan."

Jeff heard the two men preparing to leave when suddenly Brenda's low vibrant voice reached his ears.

"I won't go, father. Let's understand this now— I won't go!"

(To be continued)

SHIRLEY FRIM, '37.

BEFORE THE FIRESIDE

A MILLION, silent, whirling, multi-shaped, soft snowflakes danced and floated like demons and hobgoblins through the pitch blackness of a winter's night. The peace and solitude of my prairie cabin was broken only by the snap and crackle of the burning log on the hearth. A multitude of varied shaped flames leaped and thrust their wavy arms into the air and evolved into an infinite nothing. Comfortably settled in my favorite easy-chair, I peered into the crimson, orange, and yellow flames as if I were trying to pierce their impenetrable curtain.

A feeling of content drew over me, and I was lost in my thoughts. There, in the claw-like flames, I saw a meek, malleable-tempered, and rustic creature climbing up a mountain side with his lagging dog and lo, Van Winkle trugged along. He barely dropped from sight, when o'er the waves a schooner lifted her prow and then, a shout— "Double quick, my lads. We must head 'em off the boats," and John Silver leaped to action.

But, now, the howling wind is like a harbinger to bearded Achilles as he proudly steps forth from the flames before the multitudinous Trojans, who cringe under his stern glare. Here, patient Ulysses, aboard his raft, glances back at Calypso's island, but turns to wander further.

A coyote's howl roused me from my dream but for an instant tight-breeched Copperfield, gazing anxiously about, stepped down from his coach. In a whisk he vanished, and there stood Boswell querying his idol, Johnson, in a crowded coffee-house. In another corner of that room, the silent, attentive, "Spectator" sat. By now, the log had burned to a mere fragment of its once lengthy dimension, and the snow had ceased to fall. But for a fleeting glance of Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, mounted on their fiery steeds, the vision faded. Thereupon, like a wounded lion gasping its last breath, the fire rose — and then, the glowing embers sent a dim shadow across the room, with fantastic shadows on the opposite wall. At last my memories were no more, and all around me lay profound peace.

SHELDON LAND, '38.

TREES

Progress in Poetry Writing

FRESHMAN—
Trees are nice
Trees are green.
Trees are things
I have seen.

SOPHOMORE—
The soporific slumbers of sap
Concealed in a tree,
Thrill me with agonized emotions,
And the bitter tears flow as I think of thee. . .

JUNIOR—
I have thought long and ponderously about the subject of trees.
Some trees are tall,
Oaks
Elms
On the other hand, some trees are small.
Christmas trees
Birches
So let us be kind to our leafy friends, like the busy bees.

SENIOR—
Trees!
A symbol of the futility of life and love and dreams, and all that we so foolishly call the fleeting and transient thing that is existence.
Ah!

P. G.—
Huh?
Trees?
Oh, something to park under.
Huh?

ANN WOOD, '38.

FRESHMAN

"MARTHA, I'm so nervous. Do I look all right?" A girl of fourteen raised her pretty, flushed face for inspection.

Martha, her older sister, backed away a bit and then surveyed her. "Yes, but your left sock has slipped down in the heel. There! That's better. You'll sing fine, too. Forget they're seniors out there. Never mind if your high notes crack a little." Lowering her voice to a confidential tone, Martha continued, "I've heard they never listen, anyway."

"Crack! Do you think it will? Oh, no! *This* time it *must* be good." The dimpled chin showed real determination. "It *will* be good," she repeated softly.

Backstage she tip-toed to the crack in the curtain and peeped out for the fourth time, her feeble frown easily giving way to an enraptured smile. Yes, there he was, in the last row, chatting amicably with a group of classmates. Of the throng, he alone stood out, so tall, so impressive. In a moment she was lost in reverie.

Subconsciously she was aware of the summons of Miss Hart. The big, bass boom of Mr. Brant's voice in an address to the senior assembly, Martha Carron's original poems, Fred Petersen's violin solo, Steve Rogers impersonations, all served as a halo around her central thought, Peter Griffin.

Suddenly, a cold chill swept through her as an authoritative voice announced, "We shall now hear one of the members of the freshman class, Miss Virginia Whitney, in a song, *"The First Time I Saw You."*

Virgie's heart began to beat at a suffocating pace. Very demurely she walked to the center of the platform. In the sea of expectant faces that confronted her, by some kindness of Fate, she noticed her sister. There was Elsa, sitting up very tall so that Virgie might see her and be reassured. From the security of her sister's beaming countenance she ventured to look with timid curiosity at the gathering whence her eyes with no effort at all came to rest upon Peter Griffin. Peter Griffin, the president of the senior class; Peter Griffin, the winner of the oratorical contest; and most of all, Peter Griffin, the football hero. Elsa was totally eclipsed, and the sea of faces no longer inspired awe. She sang as she knew she had never sung before, as she thought no one had ever sung before.

"The first time I saw you,
I knew at a glance
I was meant to be yours—
Yours alone—"

Thus went the song and on wings of quivering ecstacy went Virgie's heart. She meant every word, every syllable. However, the song as songs will, came to an end, and Virgie gathered up her little day-dreams and retreated from the stage.

"He must have realized," she told herself. "Oh, if it were only evening, so I could go to the football game. Such a glorious night for a game on the lighted field! Maybe he'll see me there and speak to me." Tucking this thought in the back of her mind, she reached her classroom, and presently embarked once again upon the absorbing study of Ancient History.

* * *

Into the huge amphi-theatre poured boys and girls, men and women, young and old. Football beckoned with a magnetic finger and youth hastened to respond. People jammed through the gates, hurried up and down aisles, scrambled over bleachers, and made themselves at home in a thousand ways. Candy-wrappers fell like raindrops, boisterous, good-humored chatter filled the air, paper ribbons at irregular intervals streamed in the crisp autumn air of the evening.

Presently the game commenced. Time after time, the home team attempted intricate plays; but they were met with overwhelming opposition. The spectators cheered and shouted exhortations with wild enthusiasm. The bleachers echoed and re-echoed with the call:

"Yeah-h, Griffin!" and far up among the topmost rows, a piping feminine voice clamored, "Come on, Peter!" but all to no avail.

During a pause, Elsa Whitney pushed her way up the bleachers to where her sister, Virgie, and Martha Carron sat. Breathlessly she arrived at the top, her eyes shining.

"Grand game, isn't it, Virge," she exclaimed. "You'd better go right home afterwards, though. Tell Mom I don't think I'll be in until late. Tell her that I did my homework. And—um—there was one other thing. Oh, "a roughish look came into her eyes, "about Peter Griffin—."

"For heaven's sake, Elsa, will you come on?"

Over her sister's shoulder, Virge spied the energetic Kate Williams. Kate simply had to be rushing off somewhere every minute. But must she always drag Elsa with her?

"Come down on the field after the game, Virge. Will you? I have to tell you something."

Virginia's thoughts were in a chaos as she watched her sister picking her way in the passage made by Kate. Something about Peter Griffin! What could it be? Supposing the entire class had been aware that she was singing to him alone! What if the whole school knew and were talking and laughing about it! She slipped further down into the collar of her sports jacket and glanced furtively from left to right. No one appeared to be looking at her. As a matter of fact, they had just risen as a whole, and were cheering madly. Virgie followed suit and mechanically the words sprang to her lips.

"Come on, Peter!"

This time the object of her pleas was not under a pile of human flesh, but racing down the field at breath-taking speed, the much-coveted pigskin under his arm. The crowd went wild.

"Ten more yards to go!"

"Five more yards!"

"He's over!"

The gun roared. The game was finished.

The hysterical throng surged toward the field, and Virgie was drawn along with it. Halfway down she saw them raising Griffin to their shoulders. He was protesting and reaching for someone in the crowd. Then, Virgie stood stock-still. They had lifted Elsa and settled her upon the shoulders of a boy! They were leaving the field. Virgie blindly elbowed her way through the crowd, careless of whom she offended. Suddenly it seemed of extra importance that she reach Elsa and receive the message for her mother.

She reached Elsa's side disheveled and eager.

"Elsa," she cried. "What about P—I mean—what is it you want to tell me?" It was necessary to scream to make herself heard above the shouts of "Yeah, Griffin!" and "Great work, Peter!"

"Oh, Hon," she replied, "will you tell Mom that Peter Griffin and I have gone to a victory dance? That's a good girl. So-long, now."

Virgie waved a farewell in mute response. Then suddenly inspired by a new courage she turned to her idol and abandoning all restraint, smiled ingratiatingly and exclaimed.

"You played a wonderful game, Peter."

Perhaps the man of the hour, looking down from his throne of triumph saw in the moist eyes, the trembling lips, the eager, expectant expression, that his very glance was making history in that fluttering little heart.

"That touchdown was all for you, Freshie," he declared in jocular fashion.

"Oh, thank you," Virgie managed to stammer, but they were already starting down the field before she had finished.

"Well?" came the voice of the patient Martha at her side.

From a land of rosy, misty dreams, Virgie replied softly, "He remembered that I was a freshman."

"Listen, Virg!"

From down the street drifted the faint strains of

"Yeah, Fresh—
Yeah, man,
Yeah, yeah, freshman!"

"That's you, Virge," cried Martha, as she placed her arm affectionately around her chum. "Aren't you proud?"

Virgie was thoughtful a moment. "You know, Mart," she replied finally, "we freshmen don't realize the importance attached to our position in the school."

Martha, who had been making a study of the deserted stadium by moonlight now turned and spoke her innermost thoughts. "You know, Virginia, men certainly have a tough time in life. I could picture us girls out there in the field getting helmets and spiked shoes in our faces. Men have to take it."

Virgie looked away a little. "So do we women, Martha," with a trace of the bitterness of sad experience.

And together they commenced to stroll homeward, two wordly women discussing the problems of life from the lofty age of fourteen.

DORIS GLASSMAN, '38.

WORDS OF WOE

While others are looking
For long-missing links,
I have to wash dishes
In the chemistry sinks.

I wish you could tell me
Of anything sadder
Than Romeo and Julie
Without any ladder.

I like hot apples
And green chop-suey
But ten-minute themes
Are driving me blooey.

Some may be ambitious
To hunt lions and bears,
But I want to go "Up"
On all the "Down" stairs.

I've tried to write poetry
Like Shelley and Burns,
But my friends all say tartly,
"A fool never learns."

M. N. C. '38

THE SPOT-LITE

Greetings to all—freshmen, sophomores, juniors and seniors. Let's go to press . . . Flash . . . It is a confirmed report that Jim O'Connell and Charlie Jones head an organization known as the "Comet Club" . . . Without a doubt I can state that the classes of '38 and '39 will turn out to be the finest group of politicians in the history of the school . . . Bob Barrett is still looking for the impressive freshman who idolizes him . . . Can't find him eh, Bob? . . . Mary Buckley usually gives instructive advice to other students . . . Thank you very much, Mary . . . "Ah what is so rare as a day in June?" asks John Reardon—the ninth day of June preferred . . . Graduation, no doubt . . . This is the fifty-first birthday of the REVIEW . . . That is something to chalk down in your book, Joe Hayes . . . Does Kaki Sato like water? . . . Just visit any water fountain and you will find him there . . . Joe O'Neil believes he should have taken shorthand in order to do his homework . . . Not a bad idea, Joe . . . From room 88A we receive notes from a phantom writer . . . Edna Sullivan was and still is political minded . . . We have many manicurists . . . Have your nails painted mahogany, black, or blue without charge . . . Red paint is expensive, however . . . Night football certainly held the special attention of Marie Flynn and Millie Cassidy . . . Paul Good and George Lobban are turning in a fine performance as P. G.'s . . . The G. A. A., under the leadership of Mary Quinn, is going over in a big way . . . Worth-While Questions? . . . Is Charlie Terry still crooning, or is he saving his voice for Talent Night? . . . Will Joe Fico and Pete Cardillo ever part? . . . Will the football players wear makeup while playing under the arc lights? . . . Is it true that Fred Coolen is a specialist in the art of waltzing? . . . Leonard Doyle of room 5 would like to know what G. A. A. means . . . Why not ask Phyllis Norton, the vice-president? . . . Why don't some of you senior politicians arrange to have your graduation pictures hung on the second floor wall with the other graduates of the school? . . . Lost . . . In the vicinity of the state of Oregon, Gene Wessel, former student and impersonator . . . He is believed to have gone there for a three months vacation . . . Lucky boy . . . Joe Healy intends to become an officer of the law . . . Maybe he wants to tag the bicycles left in the basement over an hour . . . Along the Corridor . . . Rita Lombardi hurrying to classes—without any books . . . Such forgetfulness . . . Tony Accardi and Remo Caroselli discussing the everyday problems of life—including school . . . Marion LaBossiere hurrying to the gym to play basket ball with the G. A. A. . . . Peggy Cass gathering subscriptions for the REVIEW . . . Those Burk brothers, Maurice and Eli certainly look alike . . . For his enlightenment, Joe Lovoi reads the inscription over the door of the Broadway entrance of the school every morning . . . That big blond senior is John Orr, the football player . . . The harmonica band is coming right along . . . Have you noticed the white jacket that Ethel Roseman is wearing? . . . She must belong to a sorority . . . I should like to remind the hockey players that they must sharpen their skates. The hockey season is coming on very soon . . . Bob Mulcahey makes a collection of broken rulers . . . Helen Shea loves to write essays, and believe me, she is good on almost any subject . . . Wally Boudreau always deserves a place in our Spot-lite for his work is exceptionally good in all sports . . . FLASH . . . If perchance you find a piece of a man's thumb in your bacon purchased in the Manhattan Market, please see Charlie Linehan because he slices the bacon there . . . Credit is due to Joe Lovoi, Waldo Sateriale, and Tom Campbell for their work in getting REVIEW subscriptions in their home rooms . . . Among the girls, Betty Landry, Marguerite Jones, Nancy Crowley and Mary Coughlin deserve great praise for their success as subscription getters . . . From an Observant Latinite I learn that . . . Jim Meehan and Larry Mahoney are the very best of friends . . .That Bob Sheehan is a chess enthusiast . . . That Helen Crowley hopes to become a cheer leader . . . Did you know that Jim Boyle is always the well-dressed man? . . . Did you notice the skeleton in the biology room? . . . Does it not look familiar? . . . Eleanore Whitney of Hollywood has nothing on Helen Wiggins of Latin when it comes to tap dancing . . . Latin boasts a real artist in John Bunevich . . . Charlie Kimball turned out to be a fine singer—not a crooner . . . Waldo Sateriale is one of the political leaders in the school . . . He loves to make speeches . . . Classified Ads . . . Carrier: To carry home Vivian Glassman's books . . . Boy: To mind dog with good references and high school education—apply to George Murphy . . . Arthur O'Dea does a fine impersonation of Edgar Bergen's Charlie McCarthy . . . I wonder if the thought of Thanksgiving dinner will help the football team to defeat Wakefield on Thanksgiving morn? . . . The pride and joy of room 88A is Jackie King . . . FLASH . . . Isadore Pickler is dieting . . . He just takes milk, a few sandwiches, and ice cream for lunch . . . This brings to a close this issue of the Spot-lite . . . I remain your Latin correspondent, Falter Pinchell, who hopes you enjoy your turkey . . .

JOHN MCINTYRE.

Editor's Note: Who is this guy Laurie Field?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The following letters which we have received show how far flung is our reading public. We are grateful for their *congratulatory* expressions.

Dear Sir:

I wish to compliment you upon the remarkable durability of the REVIEW. The same issue has lined my coat for the last six years.

Forever impressed,

"BO."

Editors note: We have quality!

Dear REVIEW Editor:

Traveling through the thick, dark jungle of Borneo last month I chanced upon a tribe of wild cannibals worshiping a copy of the REVIEW.

Thinking this might be of interest to you,

I'm astonished,

SAHIB THOMAS.

Editor's note: Who said cannibals were civilized!

Dear REVIEW Staff:

Your outstanding brilliance, originality, humor, intelligence, genius, versatility, talent, are always dynamically displayed.

Enormously pleased,

PROFESSOR BRITTLEWIT.

Editor's note: Naturally.

Dear Editor of the REVIEW:

I have read your magazine with great pleasure. I never miss a copy of the REVIEW. In fact I usually have forty or fifty. Sincerely,

THE ASHMAN.

Editor's note: You and the Congressional Library!

Dear Editor:

Enclosed please find a check for sixty-four subscriptions to the REVIEW. Where I work, all the boys are very much interested in your magazine, especially the jokes!

Very truly yours,

SUPT. OF THE OSHKOSH INSANE ASYLUM.

Editor's note: We aim to please!

Dear Editor:

We should like to establish an exchange column with the REVIEW, since we feel that the magazine put out by our student body and yours could draw many helpful ideas from each other.

Very sincerely,

IMA CHILD, Director

The Pre-Nursery School for Backward Children.

Editor's note: We are always glad to accept ANY exchange.

A Letter from France

Monsieur le Rédacteur:

Nous desirons vous faire nos compliments de votre publication excellente. En vérité, nous croyons que votre journal est le meilleur du monde. Quant à votre cercle français, nous l'avons trouvé très intéressant malgré sa naïveté. De toutes les articles que vous recevons, il y en a precisément deux, celle-ci est vraiment sans pareil.

Dans l'espoir de recevoir de nouvelles copies, nous vous prions d'accepter, Monsieur, nos meilleurs salutations.

La Societé des Femmes Contre L'Alcoölisme.

Editor's note: Thanks, thanks, a thousand thanks to our French cousins.

Dear Editors:

I am simply thrilled on seeing the last issue of the REVIEW. Your elegant, eloquent essays,—juicy, jesting jokes,—edifying, educational editorials,—potent, poignant poetry—archaic, artistic arrangement—commendable, coy, covers—adequate, admirable advertisements—satisfy sagacious subscribers.

Everlastingly, enjoyable, enchanted, I am,

CONNIE SIRR.

Editor's note: We like you, too.

A Letter from England

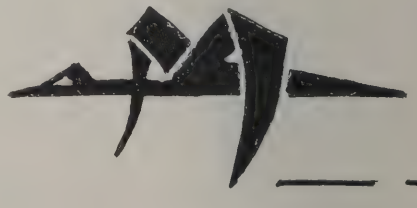
Gentlemen:

On my recent visit to America, I was presented with a copy of your publication. I expected it to be worthless like most trans-Atlantic literary products. My surprise was startling. By jove! Your magazine is perfectly ripping. You will, I hope, as liberal Americans, pardon this outbreak of vulgar expression. Indeed, the REVIEW indicates a definite bit of progress in what I had thought a hopeless, decadent culture.

Respectfully yours,

P. J. BEASTLEY.

Editor's note: Thank you, sir, for this bit of encouragement. We are glad to know that there is some hope for our sinking civilization.



Dear Editor:

In protest I take my pen in hand and set in verse my opinion of affairs at our school here in Rautenberg, Arizona.

We have the most romantic school,
So musty and so murky,
Its stairways creak, its ceilings leak,
Quite medieval, don't you think?
So dusty and so dirty!

Like men of old we penance do
By eating weird and horrible food—
And greasy stew that tastes like glue,
And dogfood sandwiches, bread, and goo,
All put us in a doleful mood!

In strange half-light, we crouch ourselves,
Over the tiny print—
'Twould not be right to have things bright
For that would waste electric light
And spoil our studious squint.

We climb the straight and narrow way
Up tortuous staircases every day,
And huff, and puff, and pant, and plod,
Till we rise above the common sod!

Otto B. Shot,
Rautenberg, Arizona.

Editor's note: We are glad our school is not like yours. Too bad, too bad! We are sorry for you.

GYPSIES

Flashing eyes,
Teeth agleam,
From the campfire
A shadowy beam.
Swirling skirts,
Throbbing hearts,
Life enraptured.
Barbaric rhythm,
Stamping feet,
You'll see life
Where gypsies meet.

Alma DeCoen, '39.

DO YOU KNOW . . . .

. . . That Virgil's Aeneid is written in dactylic hexameter . . . that the Indians of the Southwest refuse to eat fish because they believe them to be their ancestors . . . that the average life of the housefly is 8 days . . . that there is a law in Massachusetts forbidding a person to take a bath . . . that kangaroos at birth are much smaller than mice . . . that a letter can be sent more than 10,000 miles for only three cents . . . that every musical composition ever written from song to symphony is but a variation of twelve musical notes . . . that a tender, little plant can push through a hard concrete walk . . . that horses use their tails to brush insects off of each other's noses . . . that asbestos is made from a mineral . . . that the loon can fly under water . . . that an average full-grown maple tree has between 40,000 and 50,000 leaves on it . . . that 60 tons of wood pulp is necessary to make one issue of the Sunday edition of the newspaper . . . Allowing one second for each number would take you 90 years to count up to a billion . . . that the Chinese of the poorer class who cannot afford alarm-clocks use a piece of punk which will take a certain number of hours to burn and place the punk between their toes . . . that there is a new type of lighthouse which sends out a beam visible for one hundred miles . . . that if you lived on the moon, your weight would be only one-sixth of what it is on the earth . . . that a watch will keep different time if worn by two different people . . . that Eskimos use reindeer bones for straws . . . that the Brooklyn Bridge is three feet lower in summer than in winter . . .that the roots of a pumpkin plant are sometimes fifteen feet long . . . that real live men were once used for chessmen . . . that the average man has twelve million brain cells . . . that the library in Cambridge, England contains about 1,250,000 books; its 23 miles of shelves are so arranged that every book is within arm's reach of a man of average height.

THE SPIRIT OF THANKSGIVING

The Pilgrim fathers left their native land
To seek in new horizons, hope and joy,
To found their homes in amity profound,
With resolutions high, and courage, too.

Behind them many hardships, and before,
The promise of far-seeing thoughts alone,
Fulfillment of ideals slowly grew,
With heart and hand together bound as one.

Well reaped the harvest of the Pilgrims' toil,
In precedent for future action lay.
These folks by their example showed to all
The true observance of Thanksgiving Day.

Pauline Sorem, '39.

COURAGEOUS MEMBERS OF HU

SOMERVILLE-LATIN

Opening the football season with a nocturnal game, our team suffered a loss to Somerville High 7-0. Almost seven thousand fans saw the game see-saw back and forth until the last quarter, when Carl Lucas, on fourth down and nine yards to go for a first down, unexpectedly raced through the center of our line for the tally. Wally Boudreau's kicking, and Fred Coolen's electrifying runs were Latin's only highlights.

NEWTON-LATIN

Duplicating last year's score, Latin lost to a superior Newton eleven, 20-7. Newton's end-runs and cut-backs through center played havoc with the Latin line. The redeeming feature of the game was when Wally Boudreau passed successfully, to the amazement of the Newton fans, to the able receivers, Dottin, Cary, and Buckley, the latter making the tally.

REVERE-LATIN

On a rough field Latin bowed its head in defeat to Revere eleven who were playing their first game, 18-0. Scarcely had ten minutes elapsed, when Malloy dashed forty yards off his right tackle to score the first of his two touchdowns. Latin, then, stiffened up to hold Revere to one touchdown until the third quarter when a Revere back scooped up a bounding lateral to race 45 yards to set up the second score. Wally Boudreau's sensational thirty yard run back of a kick was Latin's best play of the game. Perduyne played sturdily at guard.

ING CAMBRIDGE LATIN SQUAD

Reproduced by courtesy of the Boston Herald

RINDGE-LATIN

An unbeaten and untied Rindge team fought alertly in capturing the city championship by beating a brave Latin team, 20-0. Rindge won through the squirming runs of its backs, a recovered fumble, and an intercepted pass. Guild and Mahoney played a bang up game defensively. Wally Boudreau again showed his all-round ability in running, kicking, and passing. There were frequent penalties. The game terminated with Rindge at bay on its own 45 yard line.

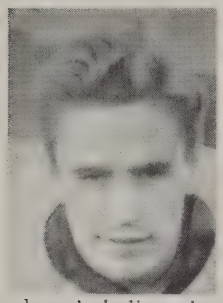
BROOKLINE-LATIN

A revived Latin team cooperated beautifully to crush Brookline High, 20-0. Ray Guild put the Cantabs out in front in the first period when he took a twenty yard pass from Boudreau, and ran ten more for the initial score. Bradley intercepted a Brookline aerial in the third quarter, and darted 45 yards for the second tally. Fine pieces of broken field running by Dottin and Boudreau set up the last touchdown which was finally made by Boudreau who then, unfortunately, for Latin suffered a broken hand.

NASHUA-LATIN

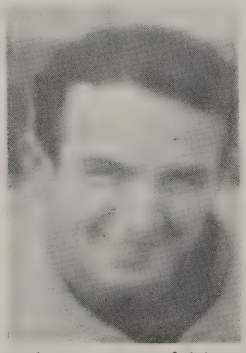
A somewhat dazed Latin team tied the good Nashua club on Halloween day, 6-6. Bob Sheehan, our alert center, provided a fine finish by intercepting a Nashua pass to run 80 yards for a touchdown, with but two minutes to play. Dottin gave "Bob" some fine interference on his way down the sidelines. Buckley, in addition played a splendid game for C. H. L. S.

C. H. L. S. FOOTBALLERS



Q.B. — Boudreau, Walter. All scholastic hockey "Wally" handles a football as well as he treats the diminutive puck. A triple threat back, "Wally" is a constant menace to our opponents. Warning! Wally doesn't believe in unfairness; therefore everything must be ethical with him. In all, he is a regular fellow whom you always like to meet.

R. T. — Roewer, Horace. Although inexperienced, this heavy boy tries his hardest. Weighing 188, "Lanky" is a powerful asset to the Latin team. Our great lefty pitcher shows his all round ability by playing a good, steady game of football. Roewer doesn't say much, but thinks a great deal. As in baseball, he tries to put his man out and gives as much as he receives.



H. B. — Randall, John. Although this is Randall's first year in football, he is playing like a veteran. "Serious" charges forward at top speed creating havoc with the enemy's line. The fact that he is always first in dressing and undressing shows part of his aggressiveness which he displays so well in throwing himself into the holes. Randall, only a sophomore, should hit his full stride next year.

R. E. — Dottin, Duncan. This fleet-footed end catches passes somewhat after the fashion of "Dutchy" Glacken and also he is constantly breaking up plays. Dottin likes to run with the ball. His rangy build makes Duncan an ideal end. Converted from a back into an end, this year, he has been a bulwark in our defense. One of his pleasures is singing in the showers.

H. B. — Coolen, Fred. Track captain Coolen runs around the ends like a frightened deer. Fred misses backing up the line this year, but he now enjoys breaking up passes in the secondary. Don't judge Fred because of his size, for he is a package of dynamite. When you see a little figure getting away for a long run, you can be sure it is Coolen.

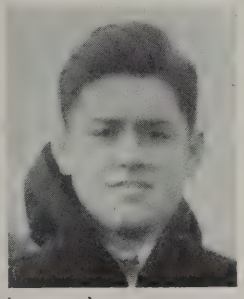
L. E. — Guild, Ray. Because Ray is the fastest man on the squad, he enjoys the position of end which requires a lot of running. Ray takes an active part in school affairs. Last year he was Junior President. He usually plays a good game defensively and his blocking on the offensive has vastly improved since last year. A good-natured fellow, he always desires to make more friends.

G. — Gayne, Richard. Being captain, "Dick" has to live up to his title. "Blondy" can always be counted upon to open up a hole, to smash the offensive, or to tackle the receiver on a kick. Although bothered by a shoulder injury, "Dick" merely stands the pain and crashes his way through. "Dick" weighs 175 pounds, the second heaviest man on the squad. In all, "Dick" is a grand captain.

F. B. — Buckley, Mortimer. If a coach were looking for the last thing in blocking backs, he would surely single out "Buck." Our second All-Scholastic hockey player never seems to tire, and is always taking the brunt of the work without a grumble. When the team needs a few yards for a first down, "Buck" usually backs his way through.

L. T. — Frisoli, Lawrence. A newcomer to football at Latin this year, "Lawry" plays tackle like a veteran. "Hit the runner hard" is Lawry's motto; and say! does he live up to it! Lacking the weight of a tackle, Lawry makes up for it with his grit. Whatever you do, don't get him angry.

C.–Sheehan, Robert. Another inexperienced player, "Bob" plays comparatively well. His passes back to the half-backs are fast and well-directed. "Handsome" is rapidly improving in backing up the line. He tackles hard and enjoys doing it immensely. Next year, "Bob" should be a constant threat to his opponents.



L. G. — Perduyne, Glenn. Short and stocky, Veteran Glenn makes an ideal guard. Whenever you witness a pile up, Perduyne is sure to be at the bottom of it. Only 5 feet 5, but weighing 165, Glenn is hard to take out. His all round playing and constant good humor causes his opponents to regard him with sheer admiration.

H. B. — Mahoney, Lawrence. Although "Larry" is the lightest boy on the squad, he has the grit and endurance of a much larger boy. His cheery spirit rallies his fellow players. Whenever Larry is hit hard, he always comes up smiling. This is his first year out, but his powerful running and beautiful tackling distinguish him.

ANNEX NOTES

William Ciomo is known as the shadow because he just walks right by school. Paul Lamb is our new Phi Club President. Mooney, a senior, has that southern drawl. William Conroy is often mistaken for a teacher. Bud McClellen would like to read about himself in the Annex page . . . Ed Mooney always keeps his hand on the emergency brake while McGloin is driving . . . Harry Willins has a new Chevrolet . . . Victor Boeri insists on telling Ciomo how to cook spaghetti . . . James Sullivan usually says "Good Heaven," when he sees his report card.

Football Scraps

Red Buckley is living up to his reputation of being a great blocker. He has been crashing the opponents' lines at all times, bringing down the ball carriers with hard and neat tackles.

The injured shoulder of Captain Gayne has diminished his speed considerably, but he still possesses enough fight to break up the plays of his opponents.

McCullen is doing a fine job as a substitute. McGoldrick looks very promising.

AMONG THE BOOKS

NORTHWEST PASSAGE

Doubleday Doran, 1937 Kenneth Roberts

A worth-while historical novel must be authentic, colorful, and interesting. The books of Mr. Kenneth Roberts, who today is probably the most successful writer in his field, have all these characteristics. His style is sincere, his descriptions are vivid, his characterizations, although perhaps a bit conventional, makes the reader genuinely fond of the right people, and appropriately disgusted with the wrong.

The conditions in America, just before the outbreak of the Revolution, are seen through the eyes of Langdon Towne, a young Harvard student and artist, who ran away from his home in a little Maine village because of political trouble. Only by chance did he join the army of Major Robert Rodgers, the famous Indian fighter, but from that time on, his fortunes were linked with Rodgers, whom he worshipped as a superman, after the heroism displayed on the horrible St. Francis expedition. Even when he had taken away from Towne, the girl they both believed they loved, Rodgers was an idol to the young artist, who was rapidly achieving success and fame in England, although his paintings had horrified conservative Portsmouth.

Rodgers' energy and vitality are the most outstanding qualities of his character. Canny, courageous, and at times seemingly superhuman in battle or on the march, he became restless and dissatisfied when he had to repress his cravings for action letting a love of gorgeous Napoleonic display and lavish publicity serve as an outlet for his powerful personality. His fate is made very real to us, as, badgered and victimized by his rivals, jealous, grasping, British provincial governors, he was pulled down from his pedestal as a popular hero.

Although Towne was finally disillusioned as concerned his idol, he still appreciated the essential nobility of his dynamic personality. As the reader closes the book, he realizes that he has met a great man, as well as a host of other interesting characters—Cap Huff and Hank Marriner, are well-loved; Ann Potter, the courageous girl Towne rescued from the slums of London; her father, weak, self-centered Nathanial Potter; the exasperating Elizabeth Brown and all her self-righteous tribe; Sargeant McNott, fiery, red-headed partisan of Rodgers; and the gentle, unassertive Copley, who influenced Towne's work so profoundly.

In all, it is an absorbing book, well worth reading.

ANN WOOD, '38

CONVERSATION AT MIDNIGHT

Harper Brothers, 1937 Edna St. Vincent Millay

Edna St. Vincent Millay is a true artist, fashioning her characters and moulding her personalities objectively and impersonally yet sympathetically. Although her poetry is delicate and sensitive, her style is firm and unhesitating, showing a mature understanding that can create a character whose vices and virtues she neither pities nor applauds. The seven men in her latest sequence of poems are very human, exasperating, and lovable, as their various, diverse traits are subtly brought out in their discussion of art, religion, love, sport, war, and politics. Each personality reacts upon the others and is influenced by the others, yet preserves its own identity to form an harmonious and artistic unit.

As Carl says, very truthfully, if somewhat harshly:

"The trouble with all you people here is:
Two of you lie, two trifle, and the rest
can't think."

Merton is the solid, substantial stock-broker, a conservative and a Republican, his only annoyance being an acute intelligence. However, because of his traditions and education, this is twisted into the service of the conventional beliefs of the privileged, governing classes. He is rather pathetic in his subjugation to his wife, and in his unshakable conviction that he is a lone wolf, who stands for the rights of the individual against regimentation.

Carl is equally prejudiced, though in a direction exactly opposite to Merton. He is a Communist and a poet, who, because of his early poverty, believes desperate measures are necessary to the world, and on the assumption that Communism is the only solution, he clings to this as desperately, intolerably, and pitiably as Merton clings to his traditional beliefs. He sacrifices his poetic imagination to his god, and becomes a fanatic on the subject. As Pygmalian says:

"No use talking to him Dick, it's too late;
he's taken his vows;"

Anselmo, the priest, has a truly noble character. Like Merton and Carl, he never questions his fundamental beliefs, but instead, has built around them a beautiful personality. He argues in lovely poetry, but he shows little original thought.

However, the other two who trifle are very different from those who lie. Both John, an unsuccessful painter, and Ricardo, the host, are keenly sensitive, entirely unprejudiced, and, although the former is

extremely self-analytical, and the latter seems to have a broader, more tranquil outlook. They both are indecisive, or rather, they both abhor the prejudices and strong emotions that inspire determined action.

Pygmalion is the nick-name they have given a successful short-story writer, gay and disillusioned, who "can't think." He enjoys war, horse-racing, hunting, and generally having a good time. As John says:

> "You are the salt of the earth, Pygmalion, and the end of the world . . . You sweeten on the tongue, the tainted everyday of stodgy striving; but I see you as you are: A man who would provoke disaster in adventure's dearth;"

Lucus, the other one who does not think, is a serious young man, who works hard at his job of advertising products he knows to be worthless. Although he has a sense of humor and an agreeable personality, he is the least interesting character of the group.

In this book, the writing of the woman who burned her candle at both ends, and built her palace on the sands, is forceful and virile. She has the difficult task of creating poetry and at the same time, reproducing modern conversation—but in her lovliest lines, she preserves the feeling of spontanious conversation.

Altogether, the book is tantalizing and refreshing.

ANN WOOD, '38.

MIDNIGHT ON THE DESERT

Harper and Brothers, 1937 J. B. Priestley

This book is of interest to Americans mainly for what it tells us of ourselves. If reading about what another thinks of us and of our country, does interest us, and it certainly must, we should derive from this book some satisfaction. Only the most narrow-minded American would apply the adjective "bitter" to Mr. Priestley for the uncomplimentary remarks he makes. In "Midnight on the Desert," the author criticizes America and its people in an agreeable and friendly way, though he does not confine himself to this one topic. In a casual, rambling, unsystematic way Mr. Priestley comments on the culture and civilization of America, and of the modern world in general. Though the book is subtitled "An Excursion into Autobiography during a Winter in America," it contains little more than a few occasional visits into the realm of personal history. However, the author's frank reflections and opinions are more interesting than his autobiography might possibly be.

It is difficult to state definitely what Mr. Priestley approves or disapproves of in Americans. The achievements of Americans and natural wonders of America he finds most attractive. Boulder Dam, he thinks, is a foreshadow of the America that is to come and the Grand Canyon furnishes a climax to his search for beauty. New York enchants him but its influence upon him does not last; Hollywood, he finds especially distasteful because of its artificiality. It is the great Southwest that offers the greatest charm for him and here, his philosophical meditations are bred most fruitfully, though not always successfully.

The author suspects the reputation of Americans as "rugged individualists" and says rather that we tend more to be collectivists, citing our government and economic and productive inclinations as proofs for his argument. Other reasons for his contention are that we lack excellence in the more individual forms of art, such as poetry, painting, sculpture, and music.

Often comparing this country with his own England, Mr. Priestley describes conditions there. He explains the distinction between luxuries and the mere necessities of life as understood by the British mind. The necessities there being distributed free by the government and the luxuries won by private merit, the author believes that this policy makes for ideal personal liberty.

It is when Mr. Priestley ventures into the field of scientific and philosophical speculation that he is not so successful, especially as far as expounding his ideas on these subjects is concerned. Though his comments are interesting, our general impression here is that the author is a trifle amateurish in his handling of these subjects and that he seems unsettled just as to what he believes and understands. It is perplexing enough to read an explanation of the theory of the 4th, and a possible 5th and 6th dimension by an expert without reading an attempted explanation by an amateur!

There are some points made by Mr. Priestley that are quite provocative. Since he gives his reasons for thinking the way he does, we can understand and perhaps forgive him for some misinterpretations of American life. He must have taken the film conception of the American woman for his ideas about her, for she is essentially not the artificial, ambitious person he points her out to be. He forms his impression of the artistic tastes of the American people from what he observed in the people of the ranch at which he was staying in Arizona.

This is a mere sample of what the book "Midnight on the Desert" treats. It shows the wide variety of subjects which the author discusses. The book is recommended to those interested in comtemporary criticism.

JOHN FLEMING, '38.

(Continued on Page 23)

Bob Sheehan: Are you the man who cut my hair last time?

Barber: I don't think so, sir. I've been here only six months.

John Hoell: The good die young.

Fred Fallon: Ha, ha ha, . . . ho, ho, ho!

John: What are you laughing about?

Fred: I'm just thinking how wrinkled and funny you'll look when you're a hundred and fifty!

Director: Have you ever had any stage experience?

John Mahoney: Well, I had my leg in a cast.

George Sokol: I see your brother's back from Florida.

Marshall Slader: My, what sight you have!

Advertisement: Fine dog for sale. Likes good food. Especially fond of children.

Lawrence Colgan: Here's a picture of me showing my muscle.

Delphis Duquette: You should have it enlarged.

Lawrence: No kidding! Should I really have the picture enlarged?

Delphis: No, the muscle.

John King: (to policeman) My friend has disappeared. There's his picture. I want to find him.

Policeman: (looking up from the picture of Bob Sheehan) Why?

Phyllis Norton: Too bad Shakespeare wasn't born in London.

Sue Jones: Why?

Phyllis: I said so in that exam.

John Reardon: (at phone) Hello, give me a box for four.

Voice: Very sorry, sir, but we've no boxes for four.

Reardon: No box for four! Say, isn't this the Colonial Theater?

Voice: No. This is the Buryem Funeral Parlor.

Speaker: I'm exceedingly pleased to see such a dense crowd gathered here tonight.

Voice: Don't be too pleased, we are not all dense.

Segal: Remember those old days,—the three of us going to school?

Lewis: What do you mean the "three of us?"

Segal: You, me, and the truant officer.

He: Your lips are like cherries, your cheeks are like golden pears, your complexion like ripe peaches.

She: What do you think I am—a girl or a fruit salad?

Tom: Do you think paper can be used effectively to keep people warm?

Bill: I should say so! the last report card I took home kept the family hot for a week.

Boy: Are you what they call a trained nurse?

Nurse: Yes, I am.

Boy: Well, let me see you do some of your tricks.

Officer: Hey, pull over to the curb, lady. Do you know you were doing seventy-five?

Catherine Ricker: Isn't it marvelous? And I just learned to drive yesterday.

Flaherty: Can you tell me the use of a cowhide?

Villeri: Yes, it keeps the cow together.

Jack: I guess you've been out with worse looking fellows than I am, haven't you?

Jill: (no answer)

Jack: I say, I guess you've been out with worse looking fellows than I am, haven't you?

Jill: I heard you the first time. I was just trying to think.

Hostess: What portion of the chicken would you like?

Lawrence Colgan: Oh, half of it will do, thank you.

Bill: Don't you ever take your girl out in your automobile?

Jack: Not very often. Whenever I run over anybody, she screams so it makes me nervous.

Teacher: Look here, you've credited this debit item under credit.

Maurice Reardon: Sorry; you see I'm left-handed.

Rowe: Aw there's something in the world besides money.

Feeley: Yes, there's the poorhouse.

John: How can you afford to take so many girls to such expensive restaurants?

Fred: Easy! Just before we go in I ask each girl if she hasn't been putting on weight.

Mary Crowley: What does "not transferable" mean on this ticket?

Catherine Ricker: It means that nobody will be admitted unless he comes himself.

Ann Singer: What kind of doctor is a veterinarian?

Gertie Bond: One that went through the war.

Ruth Bee: What's the matter with you?

Barbara Fawcett: Oh, I wrote an article on fresh milk and the editor condensed it.

At the movies an old lady took out her ear trumpet and the usher said: "Listen, if you blow one toot on that horn, out you go."

(Continued from Page 21)

THIS ENGLAND

The Macmillan Co., 1936 Mary Ellen Chase

The title of this book suggests nothing unusual to the casual reader seeing it for the first time. In fact, he might inwardly reproach Miss Chase for having chosen a title, to him, so insignificant. However he blushes at his own ignorance when reading and inwardly makes a sincere apology to Miss Chase for having doubted her sagacity. When the reader finds, in one of the opening pages, "lines from Shakespeare" (from the last 2 words of which the title is taken) he realizes that it contains the sentiment of the whole eleven lines. Therefore, the title is of deep significance; and Miss Chase, adding her comments to those of Shakespeare, renders its meaning still more penetrating.

"This England" is no ordinary book of travel. That does not necessarily put it into the class of a masterpiece, though it might very well be judged one. Its main appeal is in the personality of the author as reflected in its pages. Miss Chase's personal, intimate style is responsible for this. Whatever she has to say, though it be of slight importance, she says in a lyrical, reflective, sympathetic manner. Generally speaking, that is, excluding occasional excursions into other fields, the subject matter is of a descriptive and critical nature. Here is another laurel to the author's praise; her criticisms, when unfavorable, are never bitter; when favorable, never obsequious.

Beginning with a discussion of weather which seems to have had as prominent an influence upon Miss Chase as she says it has had upon the development of the English People, the author records her observations of English life, chiefly rural, in thirteen sketches. The English country scene is described with vividness and the people in it with understanding. There is humor of the mellow, gentle kind in its pages; there is also a distinctly, feminine appreciation of human nature. A love of the beautiful is reflected in this book as in Miss Chase's other works.

Readers of this charming work will derive much enjoyment while reading it and will be so deeply impressed that it will live forever in their memories.

JOHN FLEMING, '38.

OUR EXCHANGES

We wish to express our admiration for the "Cryptian" of the Crypt School of Gloucester, England. It contains excellent reading material and reports of many school activities and unique clubs.

From the far away land of Merzapur, India, we received a school magazine which proved most intriguing. It is from the Babu Lal Jaiswal High School. It consists chiefly of reports of the school work and happenings. It is in part written in English and in part in Hindu.

We are happy to receive this magazine from half way around the world. The verse on the cover which is quoted below seems, to us, very fitting for a school magazine.

"Teach us to bear the yoke in youth
With steadfastness and careful truth
That in our time thy grace may give
The truth whereby the nations live."
—KIPLING.

This exchange can't go to print without first mentioning how much we enjoyed the "Budget" from the Vaile Dean High School of Elizabeth, New Jersey. We enjoy the timely editorials especially "Snobbery."

With a splendid set-up, excellent literary material, comics, and photographs "The Echo" of the Central Catholic High School of Fort Wayne, Indiana, could not possibly be anything but a success. We think "Romance in Song Time" is a dictionary of song hits.

The Nit Witticisms are extremely humorous. An example:

"It's the little things that tell," said Martha, as she pulled her little brother out from under the sofa.

"T'ain't Fair" and "A Girl's Paradise" are two of the best poems that we have ever read in a school magazine, and we found these in "Folio" from the Flushing High School, Flushing, New York. The former is very well written and is both humorous and original. The latter is romantically idealistic, written in simple but expressive style.

We certainly look forward to the next "Folio" exchange.

"The Nutshell" in a gleaming yellow and purple cover attracted our attention as we pondered over the pile of Exchanges which we have received. We found the material to be as interesting as its cover.

It is with great anticipation we look forward to future exchanges with the "Seward Folio" of the Seward Park High School, New York. Between the covers of this magazine we discovered a wealth of literary works and many fine etchings.

We especially enjoyed the contrasting poems and illustrations of "North" and "South." "Ranging Pens" department is a splendid contribution to the magazine.

It is our opinion that the "Sayrenade" of the Sayre High School, Sayre, Pennsylvania, is a credit to its staff. The various departments are packed with interesting literature and photographs. Moreover, the poems and stories are excellent. Your column of "Lonely Hearts" is humorous, and we spent an enjoyable time reading it.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, '38.

SENIOR CLASS ELECTION

The Senior Class elections for the school year 1937-38 were held Wednesday, October 27, in the REVIEW office. The officers elected were: president, John King; vice-president, John Mahoney; secretary, Edna Sullivan; treasurer, Fred Coolen. The Senior Reception Committee consists of: Thomas Campbell, Virginia Frazel, Frances Nugent, Ivy Peterson, John Reardon, Marjorie Shine, and Edna C. Sullivan. On the Senior Drama Committee are: Ernest Crowley, Henry Greene, Dorothy DeBye, Walter Hanson, and Paul Lamb.

The REVIEW wishes these newly elected officers the best of luck.

First Class Honor Rating was given the REVIEW by the National Scholastic Press Association at the University of Minnesota in the 1936-1937 survey rating of member publications.

Among Senior High School Magazines we were given second place in our group by the Columbia Scholastic Press Association at Columbia University in New York City for the year 1936-1937. This is very good, however, we shall not be content until we are given first place. With this in mind we are doing all we can to make our magazine the best in the field and we can attain our end this year with the co-operation of every one who is proud of our paper and its standing among the high schools of our country.

We are enrolled as members of the Quill and Scroll, an International Honorary Society for High School journalists, which is connected with Northwestern University in Chicago, Illinois. Plans are being made for future meetings of our chapter, which we know will prove a valuable connection for each member of the Quill and Scroll.

G. A. A. NOTES

Greetings, Freshmen! Ah, suppressed snickers! We've been wondering about those giggles which seem to come from members of every class but the Freshmen. The Sophomores especially smile knowingly. We are relieved to be informed that the girls are not insane. They are laughing because of the G. A. A. initiation. Let us console you, Freshmen, by reminding you that we were all Freshmen once, too. Therefore, keep cool!

The Freshman Party, which by the way, is given to introduce Freshmen girls into the G. A. A., but to which every other member is cordially invited, took place in the Girls' Gym on Saturday evening, October 23, from six to nine. A circus in Cambridge! It sounded exciting and it was. It was funny to see the elephants and monkeys parade together through the doorway of the Girls' Gym.

Before we proceed further, we shall satisfy your impatient curiosity by telling you who are the officers of the G. A. A. this year. Mary Quinn, President; Phyllis Norton, Vice-President and Treasurer; Alice Madden, Secretary. The Executive Committee: Miriam Harney, Claire Kelley, Florence Shea, and Ann Sullivan.

We hear that the Doubles Tennis Tournament is progressing slowly. This is due to the fact that the girls who sign up are slow in contacting their partners. We hope that the tournament will be finished before Christmas.

The welcome news arrives that swimming began Thursday evening, October 14 at 6:00 p. m. and will continue every week on Thursday from 6:00 p. m. to 7:00 p. m. We know this will be a pleasant surprise to our members, since our swimming fans have usually had to wait until Spring to satisfy their yearning for the water. "Meets" have already been arranged with Brookline and Melrose. Good luck, swimmers!

With the shrill blast of the referee's whistle and the usual scramble to finish dressing, the basket ball season opened. The Freshmen responded in large numbers. We are glad to note this display of school spirit and of athletic interest in our fair Freshmen. In the opinion of the coach, Miss Brown, the plucky Seniors deserve a great deal of praise. Since the Freshman year, many girls of the class of '38 have been small in stature. Despite this, the team has carried on, and, considering this, there have been surprisingly few defeats. This enthusiasm of all classes presages good for the basket ball season of the G. A. A. for 1937-38.

The first G. A. A. meeting for the year took place in the Girls' Gym after school Monday, October 18. The former custom of holding meetings after school has been revived because it is impossible to have all the members assemble during recess. This meeting was held to plan for future gatherings which will take place frequently throughout the year. Before the meeting, only the officers and their chosen helpers will know what is to take place. However, you can be sure that the entertainment will be worth attending.

Plans are already being made for the Thanksgiving baskets. Our members have always been generous in contributing to these baskets, and we hope this year will not be an exception.

DOROTHY TWOMEY, '38.

DURRELL DEBATING SOCIETY

Stride on! Speak on, you Durrell Debaters! With some of the veterans of the squad that won second place in the Massachusetts State Debating Tournament last year as a nucleus for this year's team, we hope to stride on and speak on as have other Cambridge High and Latin School debating teams in other years, who have brought glory to our school. Augmenting the number of experienced speakers, we find many promising students who have joined the club, which will be a definite help.

The club made an auspicious beginning by carrying on a campaign for membership. A constructive, informative program on parliamentary procedure, was presented at the assemblies when the purpose and aim of the club was explained.

The officers of the club have met at various times since the opening of school and have planned an ambitious program for the year. We hope to realize the fulfillment of the following projects: lectures on the history of the school, discussion of current events, guest speakers at the meetings, and an open forum for the members.

The officers elected for the year 1937-1938 are:

President .....Morris Burk
Vice-President .....Mary Buckley
Secretary .....Kathryn Monahan
Treasurer .....Edward Applestein

Despite our expression of enthusiasm for the future of our debating team, we do not intend to convey the impression that our purpose is merely the winning of debates. These forensic matches are merely a means to an end; it is our hope that the student may develop their natural ability to present their own convictions before others, without fear of embarrassment, whether the audience be their own circle of friends or some large assembly of strangers.

Meetings are held every two weeks on Tuesday afternoons at 2:00 o'clock in the Science Lecture Hall. Come to enjoy the interesting programs. At the next meeting we hope we greet many new comers.

MORRIS BURK, '38.

DRAMATIC CLUB

This year as we turn another page in the colorful history of the Dramatic Club we look forward with great anticipation to an outstanding year of dramatic performances.

The officers elected for the year are:

President .....Mary Buckley
Vice President .....Frances Morrison
Secretary .....Margaret Cass
Treasurer .....Josephine Panariello

Plans for the year are well underway. The constitution has been revised providing for the production of regular monthly plays to be cast, directed, and produced by members of the club. Through these plays we hope to maintain an active interest in the organization during the year, and thus to enable every member to obtain experience in some phase of stage production. Some dramas will be produced at assemblies. The best will be presented Drama Night, the climaxing activity of all Dramatic Club events.

In order to carry out such an extensive program, an active membership body is necessary. The membership campaign conducted by older members, filled our ranks with many eager workers.

A drama entitled "The Rising of the Moon" was presented at the Freshman, Sophomore, and Junior assemblies. The actors, all of whom made their initial performance in this drama did a splendid piece of work. The cast included:

The Sergeant .....Jerome Crowley
The Fugitive .....Thomas Curran
The Policemen .....Gordon Buchanan
Everette Hart

A committee, headed by Katharine Ricker, with Alma de Coen and Shirley Fielding assisting, was appointed to select plans for the monthly meetings. A club pin is to be selected by a committee composed of Edna Sullivan, Dorothy Twomey, and Gordon Buchanan.

The first regular meeting of the year was held on November 5th. At this meeting the first plays under our new plan of production were presented to entertain the new members. The first of these "November Afternoon" directed by Frances Morrison showed Jerome Crowley as the blind war veteran and Edna Sullivan as the young girl. Genevieve Herlihy acted as property manager.

In "Overtones" by Alice Gustenburg, Shirley Fielding played the part of Harriet and Alma de Coen of Hettie, Harriet's inner-self. Katharine Ricker portrayed Margaret, and Josephine Panariello played Maggie, Margaret's innerself. This drama was directed by Dorothy Twomey and the stage properties were arranged by Nancy Crowley.

The large enrollment of enthusiastic members under the capable supervision of Miss Johnson, our faculty moderator, promises a very successful year.

MARY BUCKLEY, '38.

THE CHESS CLUB

The Chess Club opened its season with thirty-three members. The first match of the season was played against Rindge with C. H. L. S. winning seven of the eight games.

Graduates who belonged to the chess team, Richard Babish, John Davis, Helen Hanson, and George Quint have come to watch the games played and sometimes to participate in some matches with the members.

Chess Match Friday, October 22, 1937

Between Teams A and B (as chosen by Captains John Senders and Bronislas Jezierski)

TEAM A		TEAM B	
John Senders	0	Stanley Ramonas	1
John Davis	0	Bronislas Jezierski	1
Henry Jezierski	0	Herbert Standke	1
Joseph Woods	0	Robert Babish	1
Marshall Slater	1	Charles Alex	0
Beatrice Quint	0	Saul Goldstein	1
Robert Tynan	0	Edward Chumura	1
George Resendes	0	Jacob Jurmain	1
Edward Modest	1	Gilbert Lewis	0
Arthur Borochoff	0	Cyron Barber	1
Thomas Burke	(not finished)		
Alfred Young	0	Raymond Smullyan	
		Philip Klokman	1
	2		9

ALIBIS from the defeated side:

1. My glasses were dirty and I couldn't see.
2. I was talked out of it.
3. I made a stupid move.
4. When two geniuses play, one must lose.
5. I lost because I don't like ice-cream.
6. I lost because he was hungrier than I was.
7. I lost because I wasn't so good as I thought I was, and the other fellow was better than I thought he was.
8. I lost because I did not know that two castles could check-mate.

Smart High School Men Naturally Turn to Kennedy's Under-Grad Shop for Their Clothes

UNDER-GRAD SUITS
UNDER-GRAD TOPCOATS
REVERSIBLE TOPCOATS
UNDER-GRAD SHIRTS

And a full line of other Under-Grad Accessories

UNDER-GRAD SHOP - 4th FLOOR

KENNEDY'S

SUMMER & HAWLEY

Belluche Photo Service

Developing - Printing - Enlarging

KODAKS AND SUPPLIES

180 FRANKLIN STREET
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

TROwbridge 4966

Standard Doughnut Company

1398 Cambridge Street

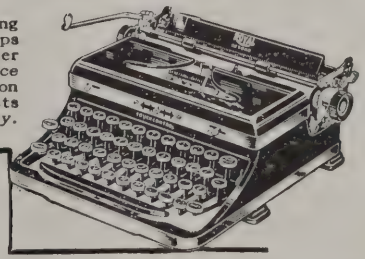
Cambridge

NO MORE HOOKEY FOR JOHNNY!

Royal Portable makes good students

FREE DEMONSTRATION: You don't risk a penny. Know before you buy.

A Royal makes writing easier, neater, helps students get higher marks. Latest *office* typewriter construction and features. Costs *only few cents a day.*



BEACON TYPEWRITER SERVICE

1384 Massachusetts Ave. Telephone, TROwbridge 0227 Harvard Square, Cambridge

Ice Cream is Good for Students
and Particularly an Ice Cream like "FRO-JOY"

This Ice Cream Produced Under

THE SEALTEST SYSTEM
Sealtest
OF LABORATORY PROTECTION

Listen to the "SEALTEST PROGRAM" on WNAC
10 P. M. Sundays

SHEA BROTHERS

CHURCH STREET PRESS

Printers to the Review

33 CHURCH ST. CAMBRIDGE
At Harvard Square
Telephone: TROwbridge 1360

Allen Stationery Co.
718 MASSACHUSETTS AVE.
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Typewriters Sold, Rented, Repaired
Terms as low as $1.00 per week

Call TRO. 2836 - 2837

Katharine Dickson
DANCE STUDIO
1234 Massachusetts Ave., Harvard Square
TRO. 5334
BALLROOM CLASSES
General technique, modern steps, ballroom etiquette, parties
Classes which you will enjoy; social as well as educational

UNIVERSAL LAUNDRY

43 FREMONT STREET, SOMERVILLE, MASS.

A Complete Laundry Service for Every Home

SOM. 6200 - 6201

BRATTLE SQ. FLORISTS

GOMATOS BROS., *Props.*

✪ ✪ ✪

All kinds of Decorating with fresh cut flowers given special attention. Bouquets for Brides and Bridesmaids. Crosses and Wreaths for Funerals.

✪ ✪ ✪

Open evenings until 10:00 P. M.

✪ ✪ ✪

Flowers telegraphed all over the United States and Canada.

Members of Flower-Telegraph Association.

HARVARD SQ. AND BRATTLE SQ.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Phone: KIRkland 7089

For Health

and

Satisfaction

Use

"DEMETRA BRAND"

OLIVE OIL

IT IS THE BEST

AT YOUR GROCER

Massachusetts Conservatory of Music, Drama, and Dance

STANLEY G. MAXWELL, Director

671 MASSACHUSETTS AVE., CENTRAL SQ., CAMBRIDGE. Trowbridge 3026

Piano	*Voice*	*Violin*	*Dramatics*
Classical or Jazz Private or Class Lessons	Private Lesson Free Voice Test	Private or Class Lesson	Elocution—Correction of Defective Speech. Public Speaking.

DANCING

TAP, BALLET, ACROBATIC, CHILDREN of 2½ Years Accepted

BEGINNERS, INTERMEDIATES, ADVANCED

Learn all the Latest Ballroom Steps. 8 Week Course For $3.50. We invite you to visit the School

HOURS — 10 A. M. to 9 P. M. Saturdays—10 A. M. to 3 P. M.

Write or Phone for Catalogue. The Faculty is Composed of Professional Teachers

The Smartest Shop in the Square
Showing Exclusive Correct
Styles at the Prices You
Want to Pay

The

UNIVERSITY SHOP

Leopold Morse

1410 Massachusetts Avenue
In Harvard Square

Colonial Beverages

Are Served at
CAMBRIDGE HIGH
LATIN SCHOOL
CAFETERIAS

Manufactured by
THE COLONIAL BEVERAGE CO.
Cambridge, Massachusetts
Rutland, Vermont

CARL A. WEITZ

FRANKFURTS
BOILED HAMS
PURE PORK SAUSAGES
"Taste the Flavor"

Sausage Products From The House of Weitz
Are Tasty and Wholesome
Manufactured under U. S. Inspection

J. COYLE

Motor Transportation

30 FISH PIER BOSTON

Magazine Pharmacy

MAX GERSTEIN, Ph.G., Reg. Pharm.

"We Are in Business for Your Health"

118 Magazine Street
Cambridge Mass.

Tels. ELIot 8119, 8175

TUTORING

MISS MARY MOULTON, A.B., A.M., Ed.M., retired teacher, public and private school experience, tutors in: English, Latin, Spanish, Algebra, Arithmetic, Plane Geometry, at her home

361 Harvard St., Cambridge, Mass.

THIS COUPON IS GOOD FOR 10 PER-CENT
DISCOUNT AT

DANIEL'S SHOE STORE

1154 CAMBRIDGE STREET

Newest Styles
In Boys' Brogues,
Crepe Soles,
And Cordo-Calf Shoes

All Styles In
Girls' Sport Shoes
All Colors In
Crepe Sole Shoes

JOHN R. MACTAVISH

Apothecary

Prescriptions Called For and Delivered

INMAN SQUARE
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

SPECIAL to Orchestra Members and Pupils
who wish to Qualify for Membership

PRIVATE LESSON $1.00
FIRST LESSON FREE *on*
Violin, Saxophone, Clarinet, Flute, Fife,
Trumpet, Etc.

CAMBRIDGE
CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

579 MASS. AVE., CAMBRIDGE
38th Season Tro. 3238

Tel. Trowbridge 6826 Established 1914

S. SAROFF

Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry

Expert Watch Repairing

514 MASS. AVENUE
Opposite Norfolk Street CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

SWIM

IN

THE "Y" POOL

High School Girls — Sat., 9-11 A. M.
Women — Thurs., 6-9 P. M.

Y.M.C.A. 820 MASS. AVE.
Tro. 3860

WATCH HOSPITAL, Inc.

Stores Everywhere

30 CENTRAL SQUARE CAMBRIDGE

Telephone KIRkland 1600

All Makes of Clocks and Watches Repaired

Fine Jewelry Repairing

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

Our Reputation Has Been Built On Service and Fine Workmanship

Artistic Work, Courtesy, and Sanitation

LORENZO'S BARBER SHOP

6 BOYLSTON STREET
HARVARD SQUARE
Students' Haircuts a Specialty

Alex Robbins, Proprietor TROwbridge 2850

ROBBINS FLORIST

Artistic Designers
Flowers For All Occasions
447 MASS. AVE.
CENTRAL SQUARE, CAMBRIDGE
Corsages Our Specialty
Flowers Telegraphed to All parts of United States and Canada

TUXEDOES FOR HIRE $1.50

Full Dress, Cutaways and Accessories

BILL THE TAILOR

2319 MASS. AVENUE ELIot 0600
Harvard Theatre Block, Cambridge
OPEN EVENINGS

Y. W. C. A.

Leisure Time Activities

7 TEMPLE ST.
Central Square
CAMBRIDGE

SURMAN'S

7 - 9 CENTRAL SQUARE
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Men's - Women's and Children's Wear

Where Cambridge Buys CHRISTMAS CARDS

SPECIAL ON PERSONAL CARDS
50 With Name for $1.50

E. F. HUNT CO.

675 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE

CRONIN'S STATIONERY STORE

INMAN SQUARE
CAMBRIDGE

School Supplies *Greeting Cards*
Periodicals

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

DAY DIVISION

COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS

Offers a broad program of college subjects serving as a foundation for the understanding of modern culture, social relations, and technical achievement. The purpose of this program is to give the student a liberal and cultural education and a vocational competence which fits him to enter some specific type of useful employment.

COLLEGE OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Offers a college program with broad and thorough training in the principles of business with specialization in ACCOUNTING, BANKING AND FINANCE, or BUSINESS MANAGEMENT. Instruction is through lectures, solution of business problems, class discussions, motion pictures and talks by business men.

COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING

Provides complete college programs in Engineering with professional courses in the fields of CIVIL, MECHANICAL (WITH DIESEL, AERONAUTICAL, AND AIR CONDITIONING OPTIONS), ELECTRICAL, CHEMICAL, INDUSTRIAL ENGINEERING, and ENGINEERING ADMINISTRATION. Students select, at the beginning of the sophomore year, the course in which they intend to specialize.

Co-operative Plan

The Co-operative Plan provides for a combination of practical industrial experience with classroom instruction. Upperclassmen earn a portion of their school expenses and make business contacts which prove valuable in later years.

Degrees Awarded

Bachelor of Arts — Bachelor of Science

EVENING DIVISION

(For Men and Women)

Providing complete courses of university grade, for high school graduates who find it necessary to work during the day but wish to study for further advancement.

SCHOOL OF BUSINESS

Programs in Accounting, Management, Law and Business, and in Engineering and Business, under instructors actually engaged in the fields in which they teach.

73% of graduates hold executive positions in business. Preparation for the C. P. A. examinations. School grants B. B. A. degree. Individual courses available to special students.

SCHOOL OF LAW

Pre-Legal Department

Furnishes to high school graduates a program of studies equivalent to the two years of college work required for admission to the study of law.

The School of Law

Prepares for the bar examination and for the practice of law. Case method of instruction. LL.B. degree conferred.

Graduates of Cambridge High and Latin School may be admitted without examinations if grades are satisfactory to the Department of Admissions

Catalogs or further information sent upon request

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Dedicated to serve the Youth of Cambridge

Don't miss shopping in the Bazar! Get the news, the thrills, the facts of the biggest store in town **complete.** We know you well, boys and girls and fathers and mothers of Cambridge. We know you like to dress smartly and economically. We know you want quality above everything else, too. Only in the Harvard Bazar can you get the whole story—quality, style, value. This is your store. Why not pay us a visit?

- for Girls!

- Official Gym Suits
- Coats, Dresses, Hats
- Hosiery, Underwear
- Shoes, Gloves, Bags
- Sweaters, Jackets
- Skirts, Beauty Shop

- for Boys!

- Suits and Overcoats
- Shirts, Socks, Ties
- Sporting Goods
- Underwear, Hats
- Sweaters, Mackinaws
- Shoes, Sport Trousers

HARVARD BAZAR

"Where Your Family Has Shopped For 62 Years"

CENTRAL SQUARE . . . . CAMBRIDGE

December

1937

The Cambridge Review

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

The Warren Kay Vantine Studio

160 BOYLSTON STREET At Park Square in Boston

Official Photographer to

The Yearbook and the Class of 1938

A Note on Portraits of Quality . . . . and Price

Our regular $12 portraits are offered at $5 per dozen under the contract prices. This includes an 8x10, framed enlargement and the official Yearbook glossy print. . . .

HANcock 0739, 0743, 0744

The Review Staff

Editor
PAUL LOWRY

Assistant Editors
PETER KENNEY
JOHN FLEMING

Literary Staff
NANCY CROWLEY
ALMA DE COEN
DORIS GLASSMAN
ALAN LEWIS
HARPER MacKAY
PAULINE SOREM
SYLVIA SUGARMAN
ANN WOOD

Photography
EDWARD BLANCHFIELD
GILBERT LEWIS

Business Manager
JOSEPH LOVOI

Asst. Business Manager
WALDO SATERIALE

Advertising
THEODORE ANASTOS
WILLIAM FLAHERTY
PETER VILLARI
PEGGY CASS
CLAIRE NUGENT

Art
MR. JOSEPH SANTORO
THEODORE ANASTOS
BARBARA FOGELIN

Exchanges
THOMAS CAMPBELL

G. A. A.
DOROTHY TWOMEY

Debate
MORRIS BURK

Dramatics
MARY BUCKLEY

Spotlite
JOHN McINTIRE
GERALD SEGAL

Annex Notes
ANTHONY VALENTI

Typists
LYDIA LOJA
ALICE BIELENSKI

Faculty Adviser
MISS MARY P. BLIGH

The Cambridge Review

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER, 1937
VOLUME 52 NUMBER 2

Contents

The Prince of Peace 2
Patty Sees Santa Claus 3
Scattered Thoughts on Christmas 4
Christmas 1937 5
Books To Give a Friend 6
On the Air 7
An Interview 8
The Human Element in Latin 9
Among the Books 10
An Interview 11
The Hunter's Song 12
Line Storms 13
French Page 14
Chessmen 15
Spot-lite 16
Notes on Debating Society 17
Patter 18
Letters to the Editor 19
Cross Word Puzzle 20
Exchanges 21
G. A. A. Notes 22
Advertisements 23–30

Published five times a year: November, December, February, April, and June.

Terms: 75 cents per year; 20 cents a single copy.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Member NATIONAL SCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION EST. 1921 1936-37

A Very Merry Christmas to You!

CHRISTMAS DAY! The very thought of Christmas sends a joyful feeling through the heart of man. We are warmed with a feeling of good-will toward others. If the heart be beating with the real spirit of the season, we share eagerly with those less fortunate some of the good things which have come to us, for it is better to give than to receive.

We love the gleaming candles against the frosted window panes, the lighted Christmas trees, the shining balls, the ringing bells, the carols, and the exciting good times of the happy holiday season. Each year we live to remember our dear ones, not only with gifts but with expressions of our love, to greet our friends joyously, and to share with others the eagerness and enthusiasm of the youthful spirit of happy Christmas time.

A Very Merry Christmas to All!

THE PRINCE OF PEACE

IT was very late at night, or very early in the morning. Two young men sat close together on a bleak, forest-covered hillside, watching a star that had just appeared in the eastern sky. They glanced down into the valley at their sheep (for they were shepherds) and then resumed their conversation. "How bright it is!" said the younger of the two. The older one, who was obviously his brother, for they looked very much alike, remarked that he had never seen a star in just that spot before.

This talk gradually wandered to a subject very near their hearts — the oppression of their people. The younger man, who was hardly more than a boy, needed very little encouragement to denounce with all the fire of youth the cruel treatment of the Roman soldiers and the grasping publicans who drained the poor peasants of their meagre earnings for taxes to Augustus. He wondered if the great king foreseen by the wise men of old, would ever come to free them from the Roman yoke and set up his glorious kingdom.

When he stopped for breath, the brother who was perhaps five years the senior began to speak more quietly upon the subject. He has obviously thought a great deal about it and seemed calmly convinced of his opinions. Is Roman rule the real cause of our trouble? Would not any powerful leadership, unless thoroughly good, bring about the same result? If neighbors can't get along without squabbling, how can we expect peoples to get along any better? If individuals cared a little for each other's interests, and the strong were disposed to rise up, then what would it matter who held the reins?

His musing was interrupted by the noisy approach of some fellow-shepherds. They looked half-afraid, and yet overjoyed and were all trying at once to relate some remarkable happening. Only when the older brother had drawn one of his friends aside, did he hear the story coherently. It seemed that an angel had appeared announcing the birth of their deliverer in a nearby town. The older brother was troubled, perplexed, and could not believe the tale until it had been verified by all the others. The younger brother, realizing the fulfillment of his dearest wish, proposed that they all go to pay homage to their king.

They found the little family in a stable, and their new King lying in a manger. The older brother seemed relieved by the humility of the surroundings. The young mother was alarmed at their approach and would have withdrawn with her small son, but for a reassuring smile from her husband. She kept her dark eyes shyly fixed upon the child while the exultant shepherds loudly acclaimed their king and thanked God for their deliverer. The older brother breathed a silent prayer over the sleeping child, "O little Saviour, deliver us from greater evils than the Roman power. Teach us how to conquer fear and hatred and selfishness and how to live together in peace."

His prayer was answered.

DOROTHY OATES, '38.

PATTY SEES SANTA CLAUS

ACT I

As the curtain slowly rises on our little drama, we see a tall study dimly lighted by floor lamps standing in each end of the room. Our attention is immediately attracted to a tall Christmas tree, elegantly bedecked with tinsel and multicolored lights which stand out against the dark background of the book-shelves like kind deeds in an evil world. Large, comfortable-looking, leather chairs are scattered about the room at random, and a leather couch is drawn up before a huge fireplace in which a small flame is flickering, small lest Saint Nick be burned. It is late Christmas Eve, and from the mantle is hung a stocking stuffed with toys, while upon a nearby table is a pile of neatly wrapped presents. Suddenly, from between the folds of two billowing curtains which betray an open window, two men dressed in the garb of Santa Claus enter. If it were not for the fact that their beards were obviously borrowed, we would not quite be sure of their identity, but as they come into the light, we know them as burglars, Dick Jorgensen and Tony Golliopi, two of London's best. They immediately step forward and begin to fill their arms with the presents.

Tony (He's older and darker-looking, and although we hestitate to say so, really an unpleasant person): "Yaah, this is one swell joint."

(Dick, who is much the nicer, remains silent).

Tony (We fear rather a whiny individual): "Well, ain't 'cha got nothing to say? You ain't as good as all that."

Dick (Rather slowly): "Right you are, Tony. I was just thinking. In my younger days, I meant to steal diamonds, not kids' Christmas presents. . . I wonder how this kid is going to feel tomorrow morning?"

Tony: "Well, it ain't the first time."

Dick (With his arms full of presents, he is gazing pensively into the fire): "No, and I guess you have something there." (Then he straightens up as if shaking a load off his shoulders). "This beard sure scratches. But it's worth it. No cop is going to stop a couple of Salvation Army men . . . Especially a couple of Santa Clauses. . . . At least we hope not."

Tony (Laden with the presents, turns toward the window): "Well, let's get goin'."

(Dick turns from the fire, and then stops short, staring at an apparition that has appeared in a doorway to the left of the Christmas tree. It is the figure of a small boy dressed in pajamas and a dressing gown, with curly blond hair and eyes that are as bright as a look from Heaven and round as a full moon. Patty Donahue had come down for an early Christmas).

Patty (In tones of awe): "Santa Claus!"

(He advances slowly toward Dick).

Tony (Whirling around): "What the . . . !"

Patty (Indicating the presents in Dick's arms): "For me?"

Dick: "Errh . . . Erh" (Then slowly) . . . "Yes, sonny, they are for you." (He has a strange light in his eyes) . . . "I was a little confused a moment ago . . . delivering them to the wrong person . . . but they're really for you . . . Come here, sonny, and let me give them to you."

(He lays down the presents, however, and picks Patty up in his arms).

Tony (Approaching): "Should I conke him one on the head? If he starts yelling, we'll get nabbed."

Patty (Noticing Tony for the first time): "Who's he?" . . .

Dick (As if pulling himself from an abyss of thought): "He? . . . He's an assistant of mine, . . . an assistant who is going to give you your presents and scram. . . . Pronto!"

(We know now why Dick is called the "Scourge of London.")

Tony (Whiningly): "You can't do this to me.

Dick (In a low menacing tone): "Well?"

(Tony, the queerest looking Santa Claus ever seen, with a frightened look in his eyes, drops the gifts on the floor and backs out through the billowing curtain. We never hear of him again, but we imagine he will spend a good part of his time in jail.)

(Dick continues to hold Patty in his arms and seems lost in thought).

Patty: "Santy, did you bring me the things I asked for?"

Dick: "Well, I guess so . . . Yes . . . Surely . . . I brought the things you asked for . . . Would you have been terribly disappointed if I hadn't brought . . . anything?"

Patty: "Oh, Santy, but you always do."

Dick: "Always?"

Patty: "Always."

(Dick sets Patty down, but continues to hold the little hands.)

Dick: "Well, sonny, you had better be running off to bed." (He straightens up.) "I've got some presents that I've got to, what you might call, redeliver."

(Dick walks toward the open window, and as he is about to pass into the night, turns.) "And, sonny, when they start asking you for an account of your good deeds at the Pearly Gates, you might tell them that you set some things right for Santa Claus, . . . some things that he had kind of got twisted about."

(He turns and disappears. But the moon that night actually saw Santa Claus re-entering several houses of the neighborhood, not through the chimneys, but ill manneredly through open windows and unlocked doors.)

(Patty stands alone before the Christmas tree.)

Patty (Perplexedly): "Pearly Gates?" (Then a smile as sweet as love steals over his face.) "By golly, I've really seen Santa Claus."

PAUL LOWRY, '38.

SCATTERED THOUGHTS ON THE SOLEMN SUBJECT OF CHRISTMAS

Sorrow

We stood beneath
The mistle-toe,
But he, alas,
Was sister's beau.

Despair

I wish that someone
Would please show me
How to brace up
A Christmas tree.

Triumph

Jimmy's decided,
With triumphant grin,
On another ash tray
For Uncle Win.

Strife

I wish we could settle
The family debates,
Whether dear Aunt Emma
Wears sixes or eights.

Exhaustion

I've thought all day,
With weary head,
On what to get
My Uncle Ned.

Gloom

'Twas Christmas Eve,
And dark the night,
For last years' bulbs
Refused to light.

Hope

I hope we're forgiven
For all the lies
We tell describing
Our Christmas ties.

NANCY CROWLEY, '38.

JOHNNY AT CHRISTMAS TIME

AH! What a lucky, little fellow Johnny is! All he has to do around Christmas time, is to be a little polite to those who will give him the largest presents, and do his homework — we humor him by calling his paltry amount of study, homework. He is one of those smart children who realizes before it is too late, that it is much more profitable to believe in Santa Claus longer than his poor sisters and brothers had.

Not yet has he joined the inevitable ranks of handkerchief receivers, so he has something to look forward to. With visions — or rather knowledge — of coming gifts, he goes about whistling, and helping every member of the family, and I think he absolutely deceives them. I watch him with remarkable patience, and, indeed, would control myself very nicely if he doesn't offer to help me on some Latin in a fit of generosity. Nothing pleases him more than to watch the expressions on our faces when he asks us what we want for Christmas within the range of five to ten cents. By the smile on his face when he asks me, I know I am doomed to get the Five and Ten's idea of "Midnight in Paris."

However, nothing ever bothers Johnny, and whether any of us is dissatisfied with his promised gift or not, matters little to him. He's one of those people who live for the present. The most ingenious thing he does around Christmas is to contrive subtle ways of dropping hints, and that he does to perfection. He is in his prime the night before the last shopping day. There we see Johnny in his untrue colors, laughing at anybody's and everybody's jokes, and running errands in grand style.

Nevertheless, I am just like the rest of the family and when it comes time for me to buy his present, recalling with what promptness he found my pocketbook at some time, I buy something that one of his mild hints suggests.

MARY AHERN, '38.

TREES IN WINTER

Cold, stark, bare
Skeletons outlined against a sullen sky,
Bending before the shrill commands
Of the wind
Shriek their mournful tale
Of harsh winter.
Slaves
Straining under the iron bonds
Of a fiendish tyrant
Waiting for their deliverer,
Spring.

ALMA DE COEN, '39.

CHRISTMAS 1937

THE crunch of feet on new fallen snow, the dazzling beauty of golden sunshine across the white blanketed fields, and the frosty invigorating air usher in Christmas morning. Joyous crowds are heading for church and shouting greetings to friends and strangers through the streets. The churches slowly fill and the bells ring out once more the words of the angels at Bethlehem, "Peace on Earth; good will to men."

The first pink flush of dawn breaks over the hills and gradually the upturned, desolated fields are revealed to the sight. Blue snow-crowned mountains loom in the distance, high above the rocky and barren plain which stretches away for miles. The twin white towers of a church rise above the tiny houses of a village nestled among the distant hills. Except for a disturbing rumble in the distance it is a perfect Spanish Christmas day. But the rumble comes closer and closer. It increases into a roar, a scream of hatred, as a wide arc of angry planes sweeps over the mountains. Ear-splitting crashes of shells announce their visit to the peaceful village. Smoke and flames leap high toward the white towers of the church. But here, the bells still ring joyously, and laughing multitudes still shout their happy greetings.

A hot sun beats down upon a muddy Chinese stream which flows sluggishly along, a dirty coffee color in tint. Occasionally a stray shell whines through the air and explodes in the water, throwing up showers of mud and silt. In the distance a machine gun starts its deadly chatter; rifles spit with horrible accuracy; and shells scream as if in agony. Brown clad troops forge ahead through a barrage of shot while the sun mercilessly beats down upon their backs.

The tramp of marching men rings out through Europe. Artillery and tanks rumble by in review before the war lords. Ships, sleek, trim, deadly destroyers slide down the ways amidst special Christmas launching ceremonies. Planes, the people's Christmas gift to their leader, roar in formation across the cloudless skies. The beautiful Russian cathedrals remain silent and desolate, their rafters striving to re-echo the beautiful Christmas psalms of former years.

Here, in America, throughout the land, the bells once more ring forth in exultant happiness the joyous tidings of the Saviour's birth. Good fellowship reigns everywhere, in luxurious estates, in lonely ranches and farmhouses, in crowded city tenements, and in the ships at sea. Johnny and Mary play with their new toys between trips to the kitchen to see how the turkey is coming along, while in every corner of the land the beautiful carols are sung. The bells still echo the thought in every American heart, "Peace on earth; good will to men."

THEODORE ANASTOS, '38.

The REVIEW wishes to announce the Annual Short Story Contest, for which all students are eligible. A prize will be presented to the writer of the story chosen from those submitted by the freshmen or sophomores; and another prize goes to the writer of the story selected from manuscripts of the upper classmen.

All contributions will be subjected to careful consideration in which originality of thought and treatment will be looked for. The chosen stories will be published in the next issue. The manuscripts must be in the REVIEW Office by January 21.

A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

Dear Santa Claus:

I know that you are awfully busy this time of the year making many lovely toys in your home at the North Pole, but couldn't you spare just a few presents for some of my classmates here at school?

Please Mr. Santa Claus, we'll be awfully good—We'll never go up the "Down" stairs again — and we'll never cut Seventh Periods, and we'll always believe in you if you will be generous with us here in C. H. L. S., just this year. Honest! We aren't asking much. Would you give:

Recipient	Gift Suggested	Reason
John Stewart	A sense of humor	Original worn out
Marie Conlon	One order of Chicken Chop Suey with Almonds	Just what she likes
Harper MacKay	A violin	If Buinis can do it, so can Harper
Bill Flaherty	A dictionary	He swallowed his
Josephine Loprete	Twelve inches growth	She needs it
Edna Sullivan	Dreat bid dolly	Ask Edna
Frances Morison	Bigger and better beauty contests	She likes cups
Dorothy DeBye	Charlie McCarthy	She just adores him
Peter Villari	A stooge who can do French	To help the boy
Edith Mazza	A piano	She's been awful good
Lawrence Celluci	A copy of Macbeth	He was actually reading ahead
Ray Guild	One orchid	He passed a math test
Falter Pinchell	Inspiration	A deserving case
Longin Buinis	A violin instructor	Oh yeah!
Lawrence Colgan	Some gasoline	So he can take his car out
Joseph Reardon	A Review	He would like to see his name in print
Betty Conant	A push cart	To carry home her books
Nancy Crowley	A pair of socks	To complete her new winter outfit
Mary Folan	A Rolls Royce	She wants to learn to drive
Marie Ryan	A Latin book	She loves her Latin
Sue Jones	A German book	She wore her first one out
Paul Lowry	A non-leakable pen	Take a look at his fingers

A PRAYER

O that God may stop
The beat of this heart
Before the day
When I shall no longer
Dance to inward music.
Before my pulses cease
To throb and stir
At each new beauty of life.
Before I am forced
To tread with leaden step
A stately measure.

Alma de Coen, '39.

BOOKS TO GIVE A FRIEND

I wish to commence the meal of this essay without the customary hors d'oeuvres. Hence I shall state at once that, in my opinion, there are three types of books to give a friend. I always use my own judgment concerning which type I give, never being influenced by the character, humor, or health of the recipient. Thus, I sometimes regret, too late, my choice.

One type of gift book which "never fails" is the standard classic. These substantial old war-horses, whether liked or not by the reader, always demand a certain amount of respect and exterior liking. Hence, when a man conversing literally with his friend says, "Jane Eyre? Ah, yes! I thought that Bronté's gift for developing plot was remarkable," he really means "Jane Eyre? That book disgusted me. If there ever was a slower, more doddering author than that Bronté, I'd like to hear of her!" That type of book is a fine one for satisfying a secret grudge against a person.

A type of book, read perhaps mostly by those people convalescing in a hospital, is the mystery thriller. Here is a book which one must not give either to one's maiden aunt or to one's professor of English. Notwithstanding, to the ordinary type of person, male or female, the complex plots of Rohmer, Oppenheim, Wells, Fletcher, and the like, have a universal appeal. These books are not recommended to sufferers of insomnia.

A book usually siezed upon as the most logical gift at Christmas, one's birthday, or other occasions, is the latest best-seller. In fiction varying from the "rib-tickler" to the "tear-jerker" and in non-fiction from "personal memoirs" to almost anything, these books show themselves to be not classical but still capable of defending themselves. A person reads one of these books, detests it, sees the press notices on the rear cover and is abashed. One's eyes do not deceive one; hence, when you call a book "awful" and Carl van Doren calls it "adequate," you stop and wonder if, after all, you have not judged too hastily.

Completing this hurried survey of gift books, I wish to reassure the reader that I do not limit my gifts to the three types mentioned. However, in the short time devoted to the composition of this essay, I thought it wisest to choose the three varieties perhaps most representative of the book world. When, next Christmas, you are striving to think of a suitable present for your second or third cousin, do not give him or her a book. If it's a "he" give him a Schick razor; if it's a "she" give her some nice handkerchiefs, and, I warrant, you will never regret your choice.

Harper MacKay, '38.

ON THE AIR

THE time: Nine o'clock of a Wednesday evening. The place: New York City; the eighth floor of perhaps the most exciting building in that exciting city. A thousand people are gathered in a great auditorium, Studio 8H, the largest of the broadcasting studios of the world. There is a stillness unusual in such a crowd; all eyes are turned to the left, resting expectantly upon a young man who stands with arm upraised before a window built into the wall of the hall; spotlights play upon a stage where an orchestra waits — its leader poised to make the downward stroke that will signal it into activity. On the stage, too, are several dinner-jacketed young men and a strange assortment of paraphernalia — a tub of soapy water, a plumber's plunger, some pie pans, a pistol, a hammer, and a squash — a motley collection to the uninitiated, but the tools of the trade to the sound-effects man.

Suddenly the young man drops his arm, an answering signal is made from behind the window; almost simultaneously the orchestra begins to play softly, the music scarcely audible. The audience sighs, sits back, its tenseness gone — for we're on the air!

Millions of people throughout the country are listening, and although they haven't the privilege of sitting in the studio, within a stone's throw of those who entertain them, they actually hear the program before the studio audience does! — for radio waves travel many hundreds of times faster than sound waves. And that unseen audience hears moreover, a better co-ordinated program than does the studio audience, for, after all, it is not the comparative handful of people in the studio to whom the entertainment is directed. The performers speak their lines in lowered voices, the music is muted, the sound effects are made with a minimum of noise. To the studio audience, the program is at times incomprehensible; while those sitting at home beside their radios receive the benefit of the careful planning of the program producers. The engineer "mixes," or blends, the music. It is he who brings out, perhaps, the obligato of a violin or tones down the harshness of a saxophone. And he must see too, that crowd noises and sound effects are relegated to their proper amplitude.

In the center of the stage there sits the presiding genius, the production man. Upon his shoulders rests the responsibility for the split-second timing so necessary in radio broadcasts. It is he who cues the performers, and attends to the thousand and one details that inevitably crop up in the production of a program. On his right is the sound-effects man and his assistant, who must produce their effects at the exact instant the action demands. The sequence of a pistol shot and the fall of a man's body must be timed to a nicety by their skill. At the front of the stage is the announcer and his microphone. At strategic spots are placed other microphones so that every nuance of sound may be faithfully "picked up." The studio is so constructed that every sound is deflected into a microphone or absorbed by special mats on the walls at the will of the engineer.

Radio is no occupation for a slow thinker. A man's mind and body must be well integrated to be an announcer, a production man, a sound-effects man, or an engineer. There are other necessary qualities but, just as in acting this is the most important. In fact, a sound knowledge of the theater (and after all, radio is show business) is as prime a requisite for the engineer who puts the program on the air as it is to the men and women who are producing the program.

Radio is exciting. There is a genuine thrill for everyone who is connected with it, but a great deal of hard work goes into the flawless operation of the hundreds of daily broadcasts. Behind the scenes there are stenographers, office and page boys, clerks, legal experts, writers, and other people connected with the mundane aspects of the business end of broadcasting. Since radio depends upon paid advertising, much of the work is done in collaboration with advertising agencies. These agencies may draw upon the facilities of the broadcasting company for a fixed sum, which includes the use of a studio for rehearsal and the actual broadcast, the use of the broadcasting company's Production, Music, Sound-effects, Continuity, Artists' Service, and other special departments.

The organization used by the Columbia and National Broadcasting Companies is approximately the same. There are in each company divisions called Program, Engineering, Sales, Station Relations (co-ordination of transmitters throughout the country), Legal, and Executive. Of these, Program is perhaps the most interesting. Composed of Production, Literary Rights and Continuity, Music, and Sound Effects departments it is the division that has most of the glamor; the other divisions have counterparts in practically all other industries.

But what is this? Time is up! With amazing precision, the last bar of the music is finished at exactly forty seconds to ten o'clock. The announcer makes his closing announcement in precisely ten seconds, and — we're off the air!

GEORGE EMERSON.

AN INTERVIEW WITH KENNETH ROBERTS

WHEN Kenneth Roberts strode across the platform to speak, on the second day of the First Boston Book Fair, he hardly appeared to be the desperate, moody, genius as A. Hamilton Gibbs, a close friend of Mr. Roberts, had described him in an anecdote a short time before. On the contrary, he was a tall, robust, sun-tanned man who, we thought, would have been more at ease in rumpled tweeds, than in the smooth grey suit he was wearing. Refusing to make a formal address, he offered to answer the questions which those present in the audience wished to ask him about his books.

In reply to most of the questions, he spoke good-naturedly and forcefully, cleverly evading any unreasonable or embarrassing ones. One amusing parry was the answer he gave a gorgeous woman in black satin who asked him with a sentimental quaver how it felt to be a famous novelist. Somewhat at a loss for a moment, he suddenly asked her how she felt when she got on a street car!

After the twenty minutes allotted to Mr. Roberts was up, we approached him with some trepidation and introduced ourselves. He greeted us heartily, remembering at once his promise in a letter from him to grant us an interview, and buffetting his way firmly through the autograph-seeking crowd, he led us to a nearby office. Then he seated himself casually at an enormous desk, and after greeting several friends and signing a few autographs, he faced us, who were waiting breathless with excitement and fear.

We managed to convey the information that though we would like an interview, we did not quite know how to go about it. He leaned back in his chair roaring with laughter, and asked us whether we wanted him to ask himself questions. When we replied that that system would solve everything, he laughed again, and told us to write that down, telling us that that all made an interview, so we dutifully scribbled away and this is the result, although it is a bit scrambled due to the fact that he was talking to four people at a time.

"Of course I think American journalism is as good as foreign journalism. Why shouldn't it be? The thing to do in a speech is to blow your breath out as far as you can, and then take the rap . . . Really? You don't seem to be hurt much by it. The only two things that make up a good journalist are the man himself and his editor. I am awfully glad to meet you."

The remarks about journalism were addressed to a Harvard student from the Crimson; those about giving speeches were meant for Phoebe Atwood Taylor who had refused to speak that afternoon; the acknowledgments were directed to the great, great granddaughter of Major Rogers, who had just introduced herself.

Later, when asked his opinion about contemporary literature, he became deeply serious, stating that he enjoyed all modern literature, except that which was not clean. He meditated a moment and said, "There is a place for filth,— the gutter, not the dining-room table." On the subject of high-school writing, he declared that concentration was the most important thing; with concentration, paper, and ink, anyone should be able to write five thousand words on any subject.

At this point we were politely but firmly ushered from the room by a small gentleman with a determined air. As we left the building, we felt that we could understand much better Mr. Roberts's famous character, Major Rogers, now that we had met his dynamic creator. As we observed him sitting there, dominating the office of Mr. Van Doren, where supercillious looking clerks were buzzing about importantly, the resemblance of his powerful personality to that of Rogers, his famous character, was striking.

Our incoherent notes were somewhat as follows: black, shiny hair — straight and narrow path; flushed, sun-burned complexion — a delightful smile.

NANCY CROWLEY, '38.
ANN WOOD, '38.

TWO SENTRIES

Alone there stands in war-marked field of grief
An up-thrust saber, 'gainst the sky in sharp relief.
From tipmost point thereon, in silent watch doth wind
A striped banner, strewn with five point stars aligned.
Below the flutt'ring emblem, a prostrate form doth lie
A soldier lad, engarbed in gray to die.
His hand in death still grasps the saber's bloody hilt
As mud encloaks him with Nature's own warm quilt.
Close by his side a tawny, living creature stirs,
His dog, whose silken coat is covered now with burrs.
Quite painfully the spaniel with faltering steps doth move
To lick his master's wounded face in loyal love,
Thus do two sentries keep close guard on the gray clad soldier boy
Though speechless both, revere the broken toy.

PAUL HILLERY, '38.

THE HUMAN ELEMENT IN LATIN

THE student of Latin who has successfully mastered four years of this study finds himself, the fifth year, confronted by a group of books, twelve in number, collected into a volume, known as the Aeneid. These are the splendid accounts of the adventures and trials of a Trojan hero, but to the student, they are marred by his having to analyze the verse.

The characters of the verse are many and varied. First we shall consider two people, called Dactyl and Spondee, who are always contesting to see which one can take the greatest number of steps on one line, named Hexameter. Dactyl usually moves along lightly and rapidly but Spondee goes along heavily and slowly. Whoever the winner is, he never gets beyond the six-foot mark. They are a very clumsy pair, for always one of them trips along the way. Their excuse is that one of two spectators, either Caesura or Dieresis, must have thrown something into their path to hinder them.

These two have friends who are not so skilled in racing as they, but who easily outdo them in conversation. One of the most prominent of these is Anomatopoeia, who mocks everything he hears. He is a very fickle person, for very often before he has finished what he is saying, he has grunted, groaned, shrieked, and whispered, and thus he has used his vocal cords in every way possible.

There is also a young fellow by the name of Past Participle, who has from the time of his birth always caused a great deal of trouble. He is a very self-centered person, continually making personal appearances. For four years, he appeared in a play, named Prose. At that time he spoke in a subdued, passive voice, but this year, since he has acquired one of the leading roles in Poetry, he has become a bit haughty and has developed a middle voice.

Nevertheless, in spite of his faults, he is not half so fickle as a group ot actors, known as the Vowel family. If one of these peculiar characters suddenly realizes that he is being closely pursued by one of his own set, he casts such a frightful glance upon the culprit that he resigns from the play and drops out of sight forever.

They are all peculiar characters, but the person who produced this play is the most peculiar of all. On his death bed, Virgil requested his two literary executors to bring him the Aeneid that he might burn it, but they took it upon themselves to do otherwise. What a pity it is that some people do not even respect a person's dying wish!

VALENTINA PAREDES, '38.

ON CHEWING GUM

SOME people make a habit of tobacco, others of narcotics, but I have come to cast my lot with the gum fiends. Gum-chewing is neither expensive nor injurious to the health, but it is a very difficult habit to acquire gracefully.

Gum-chewing may be awkward or artistic depending primarily upon the casual manner of the chewing and the ingenuity of the chewer. If the chewer does not give the impression that mastication of a piece of gum is his sole purpose in life, he may be called, in some degree, an artist.

Chewing, that is, gum-chewing, has become more or less accepted socially during the last year or so although Miss Post, for some reason or other disputes the point, and I feel that a few rules should be set down governing it. First, if you feel an unquenchable desire to chew, look around carefully to see that you are not being watched, and smuggle a piece of gum into your mouth. If anyone speaks to you, stuff it behind a bicuspid and try not to look guilty. The actual chewing is the point to be most carefully considered. Gum must be chewed in the back of the mouth — the most desirable spot is between a wisdom tooth and a twelve-year molar, — and the mouth must be kept carefully closed during the process. Do not chew rapidly. Speed will tire out your jaws, waste your money, and ruin your reputation. A slow, regular, deceitful chew saves your good name and your pocketbook. Such diversions as gum-pulling, gum-snapping, and bubbling are not accepted in the best society. Always dispose of your gum carefully; "parking' 'is not to be endured. Absent-minded persons should never chew gum except in the privacy of the bedroom and study.

Gum-chewing may be a bad habit or just a habit, depending upon the perseverence of the chewer in making it an artistic accomplishment. If these simple rules, which I have set forth, are carefully followed you may become an inveterate addict and no one will ever know.

DOROTHY OATES, '38.

WINTER

'Mid snowy slopes a house-top rises here and there;
Snow-laden trees reach eagerly from out their load;
As swift-pulled, jingling sleighs pursue the winding road,
The countryside serene takes on a festive air;
But soon retires to former quiet dignity,
To calmly rest amidst the Yule festivity.

PAULINE SOREM, '39.

AMONG THE BOOKS

VICTORIA 4.30

Macmillan, 1937 Cecil Roberts

On the train that leaves London from Victoria Station at 4:30 o'clock, many different types of people with widely diversified backgrounds, characters, interest, habits, joys and sorrows encounter briefly, mingle with one another, and then separate at their individual destinations.

Each traveller is considered separately, subjectively. The first half of the book describes their characters and tells of the different motives which sent them across Europe; the second shows the results of the journey for each. There are as many plots as there are characters, each independent and not connected with any other.

Much of the charm of the book lies in the vivid and authoritative picture of central Europe that Mr. Roberts gives the reader, as he follows the travellers through their experiences. The character drawing is good, except for occasional naïveté, as in the author's artless satisfaction in the impression made by General Zoronoff in his full dress uniform, and his unoffensive sentimentality when the Greek waiter decided to marry the crippled girl. Mr. Roberts does not develop any character in the book, but makes the episodes depend upon circumstance, showing the effect of environment on destiny.

The book has not enough action and suspense to make amusing light reading, and it does not contain the depth of thought or feeling to reward serious study. But the style is nice, the interweaving of the stories is nice, and there are a good many nice touches, in description principally. In fact, the only way to describe this book is — "nice!" Agreeably insipid, I should think it might make "nice" reading taken in small doses on rainy Sunday afternoons.

ANN WOOD, '38.

THE TROJAN HORSE

J. B. Lippincott Co., 1937 Christopher Morley

"Troy, become legend
Is everyone's loan,
Funded to satisfy
Debts of our own."

This seems to be the whimsical apology of Mr. Morley for using the events of the siege of Troy, and especially the love story of Troilus and Cressida, as a loom on which he weaves a fantastic pattern of comedy and tragedy, joy and sorrow, ugliness and beauty, in this nonsensical, profound, romantic, realistic book of prose, poetry, and drama. It is unpredictable, provocative, in its transitions from ribaldry to romance, from farce to philosophy.

Prophecying the fall of Troy, Cassandra says: "The gods live only in the moment's beauty:
When the cicada lifts the noon with shrilling,
When the pinewood savors fresh of rain . . .
You are not doomed, unless you doom yourself.
Destroy yourselves in glee! And, re the gods,
See if they care!"

This attitude worries Mama Hecuba terribly. "Poor Cassie," she laments, "She's always been our problem child. I always say, there's enough trouble in the world as it is, without looking into the future. Besides, all that business with entrails and sacrifices, it doesn't seem quite nice . . . I tried so hard to give them all the right training, and eat their cereal."

There is a daily broadcast from Ilium sponsored by the "Evening Trojan," and, according to the irrepressible commentator, "though the goddess only speaks in moments of great national crisis, your favorite newspaper speaks every afternoon in News, Editorials, Features, Advertisements. Okay, Asia Minor, 1185 B. C. marches on!"

In the prologue, Mr. Morley tells us, "We think a lot of Now, but isn't Then always getting the better of it? Let's mix them together and make Always." And he certainly achieves his purpose.

ANN WOOD, '38.

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT

Scribners, 1937 Ernest Hemingway

In his first novel with a setting laid in the United States, Ernest Hemingway has finally succeeded in combining romanticism and realism without too much unwarranted verbosity. Although occasionally resorting to downright melodrama in order to prove its points, "To Have and Have Not" succeeds in being a well-planned and executed saga of a man's struggle for existence. The hero, Harry Morgan, a hard, surly, ruthless Floridian, in spite of his hopeless floundering, manages to make himself a thoroughly understandable character.

Morgan first falls into difficulty by refusing to enlist his power boat in aiding three Cuban revolutionaries to escape a vengeful government, then giving their comrades cause to suspect that he has betrayed them. Resolving, because of his narrow escapes, to lead an honest life, he charters his boat to fishing parties, only to have three hundred and sixty dollars worth of fishing tackle irreparably lost, thus leaving him without means of future

(Continued on Page 15)

AN INTERVIEW WITH JON HALL

AT five o'clock on Tuesday, November 23, I was waiting expectantly in one of the offices at radio station WEEI. At that time I had an appointment to interview Jon Hall, handsome hero of that dynamic production "Hurricane." As I sat there trying to imagine just what he would be like, a tall, tanned, clean-cut young man was ushered into the room. I smiled weakly as introductions were made, for I was too overcome by the realization that I was actually speaking to him to do much else. His warm smile put me at my ease immediately and at that point my fears vanished.

I started off by explaining to him that I was to write an article about him in the CAMBRIDGE REVIEW, our school magazine, and I felt it a great honor to be allowed this interview. He modestly responded that he too considered it a pleasure, and would be only too glad to answer any questions that I would put to him.

I first asked him about himself in relation to the picture "Hurricane." He told me that he had been in Hollywood three years working in stock, on the legitimate stage, and in taking parts in "quick movies" for small producers before he was "discovered" by Samuel Goldwyn for the lead in this, his first big production. He modestly attributed his success to his knowledge of Tahitian life. The picture took six and a half months to make, and he was on location at Santa Barbara, Catalina Islands, and Mexico. He did all the swimming and diving in the picture himself, using no double. I'll add here that after having seen the picture, his swimming prowess is fascinating to watch.

Being interested in his life I turned the conversation towards that channel. He was born in California, but was brought up in Tahiti, where he learned to man a war canoe, spear fish, and swim like a native. He had been through three natural hurricanes there; but none surpassed the man-made one that he experienced in the making of the picture.

It wasn't long before we were chatting like old friends. It was turning out to be a two way interview, for he was asking me as many questions about myself as I was asking him. That wouldn't do, for time was limited. When I asked him about his first screen test, he said that he was very nervous and frightened, and, in fact, is today whenever he faces the camera. I told him that I knew just what that was like, for when I had a screen test for Metro-Goldwyn-Meyer two months ago, under the name of Louise Holdsworth I had quite a case of camera fright. He told me that when he returned to Hollywood he would make it a point to see my test, and would write and tell me what he thought of it. I was thrilled beyond words. Who wouldn't be, when an honest-to-goodness movie star shows such interest?

He isn't at all like a movie star, although it's plain to see why he is one. He is more like the boys who attend Harvard, Tech, Boston University, Boston College, or any of the colleges around Cambridge. When I told him this, he smilingly replied that that was all he was, for he had been graduated from college just a few months before.

Seeing that I was hoping to make acting a career, he gave me some pointers, which coming from him with his experience should prove valuable to me. He said, "Do not think that because you are nervous before the camera you are lost. On the contrary, nervousness is a good sign; it shows you are prepared to give your all. Express your emotions and feelings through the eyes, never with the mouth. If you are making love, crying or laughing, do it with your eyes, for they, more than any other facial feature show your true feelings. Never forget that." I never will.

When he finishes his personal tour through the East, he hopes to go to England. On his return to Hollywood he will begin work on the story "Cardigan," with Merle Oberon as his leading lady. In this picture, a depiction of pioneer life, he will wear, so he tells me, buckskins and a raccoon skin cap.

When our interview was over, I left with the pleasant impression that if all movie actors were as unassuming and friendly as he, they must all be very grand.

May all the success in the world be yours, Jon Hall. You deserve it.

FRANCES MORISON, '38.

THE HUNTER'S SONG

(*Continued from November issue*)

As the story opens a drag hunt is in progress in the fields of Surrey, England. Jeff Bradley a young architect, is in love with Brenda Lane, the daughter of his host, and heiress to a large fortune. Jeff has deserted the other riders and is thinking back to a conversation he has heard the previous evening between Brenda's folks and Bill Cummings, another suitor of Brenda's. He heard Mr. Lane plotting to take Brenda to America along with Cummings so that Brenda would forget Jeff. Brenda had overheard his plan and burst into the room crying "I won't go to America, father! Let's understand this now — I won't go!"

The story continues

"My, she's a plucky girl!" thought Jeff.

"Brenda!" exclaimed Mr. Lane. "How on earth did you hear —"

"That isn't important, father," Brenda answered, cutting him short. "How could you think of such an underhanded scheme? I thought you loved me and wanted to see me happy. Well, I understand things a little more clearly now, and the one thing you can be sure of father, is that I love Jeff, and I won't go to America!"

Jeff heard the door close as Brenda ran sobbing from the room.

"By George!" muttered Cummings. "She's a bit of a spit-fire isn't she, sir?"

Evidently Mr. Lane had found his powers of speech again for Jeff heard him declare emphatically, "She's a spoiled, selfish, ungrateful girl, and she'll do as I say while she's under my roof! Come on Cummings, let's get to bed. We have to be up early for the hunt. Confound that girl! She's robbed me of all my enthusiasm for the hunt by her childish behavior!"

After they had left, Jeff had returned to his room to spend a wakeful night pondering over what would be the outcome of this altercation between father and daughter. What if Mr. Lane was right? What if Brenda only thought of their love as another girlish infatuation?

Now as he rode along slowly in the morning air, he was lost in thought so that when he heard a voice calling his name clearly, he came to with a start. As the rider approached, he saw that it was Brenda. "Hello!" he cried in answer to her call. "What's wrong?"

As Brenda reached his side, she turned her horse sharply and came to a halt.

"There's nothing wrong with me, Jeff, but why are you lagging behind? I missed you five minutes ago, so I trotted back double quick."

"Oh, I say, I'm sorry old girl. You'll never be able to catch up again. Ah — see here, Brenda,— as long as you're here, there's something I want to ask you. I — er — well, darling, what I want to know is, do you still want to string along with me till I have enough money for us to get married?"

There, it was out finally!

"Why Jeff!" Brenda cried in amazement. "You know — Jeff! Has father been speaking to you? Has he Jeff? Answer me!"

"No, darling, no. It's just that I thought —"

"Jeff, are you trying to tell me that you don't want to marry me?"

"Oh, good heavens, no, my dear!" Jeff reassured her grinning broadly at such a thought.

"Well then, let's forget the whole business, and get on with the hunt. Jeff, do you see that high fence? I'm going to take it! Watch me!"

"Brenda, no! No! You'll never make it!"

Jeff shouted in vain for her to stop but she paid no attention to his cries. He watched her as she galloped down the field, his face blanched. A thin trickle of blood ran slowly down his chin as his teeth sunk into his white lips. Brenda had reached the jump! Just as he thought! The horse balked suddenly! As Brenda went hurtling into the air, Jeff set off at a mad gallop till he reached Brenda, who was lying still and white on the ground.

SHIRLEY FRIM, '37.

(*To be Continued*)

NATURE'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

In winter's twilight
Tapering branches sway
With beauty, dignity,
And grace possessed;
By lingering breeze
The snow's soft touch caressed
Bits of shimmering ice
Marked and made gay;
Jack Frost's chilly blanket,
Thus is dressed
The evergreen,
In winter woodland's best.

PAULINE SOREM, '39.

LINE STORMS

THERE are storms, and storms. There are hail storms, snow storms, brain storms, — and line storms. Although you are, undoubtedly, more or less familiar with the first three; the last, unless you are a Bostonian, may cause you some difficulty.

Line storms are supposed to occur at each change in season. I believe the sun, or the moon, or something, crosses some line or other, and then you have a line storm. It's perfectly logical once you get the hang of it. As the sun and the moon, regardless of which one causes these upheavals of nature, are public property, the other sections of the country really have some claim to line storms, but Boston has quietly adopted them as her own particular quirk of the weather. You know how it is with Bostonians. They go in for superlatives in a very unostentatious way. Their cod are the coddiest, their baked beans are the beaniest, and their finely chiseled acquiline features are the most finely chiseled aquiline features in the world.

Yet Bostonians always accept their possessions with gracious ease. When, along about the middle of April or November, a complete emptying of the skies has made the business district look like an overgrown Venice, turned Harvard Stadium into a swimming pool, and entirely inundated the Charles river section, so that even our English cousins would admit that it was a bit *juicy,* your true Bostonian dismisses the whole affair with a casual, "It's just the line storm. We always have one about this time of the year," and plunges merrily on his way.

Well, when line storms pop up about every other week in the spring and fall, and whenever they please in the winter and summer, ruining my best pair of stockings, and half drowning me in the process, I call them something else. In fact, I have quite a sizeable list of terms, but line storm isn't among them.

The last time I was caught in one of those delightful besprinklings, I was trotting briskly to the library for a book which a person of authority said I had to read, or else! I got the book, plus the worst cold I've had in years, and if I go to my Glory from it, I hope he'll at least go to the funeral. Instead, being a Bostonian, he will probably shake his head, and say sadly, "Poor child, she never did care for rain, did she?" I won't object to that, but if anyone mentions line storms in my epitaph, I'll haunt him.

NANCY CROWLEY, '38.

Le Journal D'un Curé de Campagne

Paris: Librairie Plon — Georges Bernanos

Dans ce roman, M. Bernanos présente une étude de caractère à la fois inspirante et accablante. Le curé, dont le nom est caché, a eu le mauvais sort d'être chargé par son évêque des fonctions pastorales d'une paroisse de campagne. Son âge, il a presque trente ans, et son naturel singulier le rendent mal adapté a ce travail. Le plan de cette histoire se tient ensemble au moyen des personnes principales qui prennent part au drame de la vie de la plume d'un raconteur fictif. Le lecteur qui cherche beaucoup d'action dans les livres ne trouvera rien d'intéressant dans celui-ci. Cependant, malgré cela, il y a une lutte continuelle dans l'âme du curé contre lui-même et contre les personnes de sa connaissance. Par conséquent, ce qui est ennuyeux pour les gens qui cherche l'excitation devient une expérience édifiante pour ceux qui réfléchissent.

Le curé a le cancer d'estomac dont il meurt enfin. Il faut savoir cela pour apprécier complètement son histoire, et pour ne pas l'accuser de se plaindre sans raison. Ses plaintes sur sa santé le semblent être hypochondre mais nous avons su sa sincérité en apprenant la nouvelle de sa condition dangereuse de son médecin. Ajouté à ses soucis de sa condition physique est son penchant à s'analyser d'une manière minutieuse. Sans le Curé de Torcy, homme pratique et brusque, il serait tout à fait désespéré. Cet homme conseille le héros et décrit bien son esprit quand il lui dit, "Tu n'as pas de sens pratique."

Ses associations avec les paroissiens démontrent la personalité extérieure du prêtre. Les paysans ignorants et cupides méprisent leur pasteur; les membres de la noblesse ne lui sont pas moins indifférents. Parmi eux, il y a Monsieur le Comte, homme orgueilleux et mondain, et sa femme, Madame la Comtesse, qui avait péché contre l'espérance les onze ans depuis qu'elle avait perdu son fils unique, et qui le curé tire de l'abîme de son désespoir et sa haine a la fin d'un entretien dramatique en lui criant, "L'enfer, c'est de ne plus aimer." La fille de ce couple, Mademoiselle Chantal, est en revolte contre tout, et le curé, malgré ses exhortations, ne peut l'émouvoir. L'instructice de cette demoiselle est une femme des plus odieuses, etant corrompue et malicieuse. Il y a aussi deux docteurs incroyants, l'un se suicide après une vie d'agnosticisme, l'autre s'abandonne a l'usage de la morphine après une vie semblable.

A l'âge de trente ans, la condition physique du curé amène sa mort. Il meurt chez un ami qui avait étudié a la séminaire avec lui, et qui avait quitté la prêtrise pour se marier avec une fille humble, presque faible d'esprit. Sa mort n'est pas malheureuse. Nous l'acceptons, comme lui, sans tristesse mais avec une sorte de joie.

M. Bernanos a créé un caractère tout singulier est original. Il a tellement caché sa personalité, à lui-même, en écrivant ce livre, que nous avons cru lire le journal d'un véritable prêtre. En cet égard, l'auteur est un vrai artiste; il ressemble à un acteur qui se perd complètement dans le rôle qu'il joue.

J. S. Fleming, '38.

A ONE WORD TEST

1. The first man to sail up the St. Lawrence River was:
   Champlain Hudson
   Mussolini Cartier
2. ———— wrote the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."
   Julia Ward Howe George Gershwin
   Francis Scott Key Samuel F. Smith
3. The first English sovereign to use a fork was:
   Richard I Edward III
   Queen Elizabeth Henry VIII
4. The ———— River carries a greater volume of water to the sea than any other river.
   Amazon Nile
   Mississippi Columbia
5. ————first said, "I would rather be right than President."
   Stephen Douglas Henry Clay
   Charles Hughes George Cohan
6. The man who founded our post-office system was:
   James Farley George Washington
   Benjamin Franklin Alexander Hamilton
7. The man who said, "Hold the fort for I am coming" was:
   Sherman Pershing
   Morgan Landon
8. Coal was first used in:
   Egypt China
   Italy England
9. Paper money was first used in:
   The United States England
   Afghanistan China
10. The present head of the Department of Justice is:
    Hughes Lewis
    Cummings Swanson

(The correct answers are on page 16)

(Continued from Page 10)

sustenance. Desperate, Morgan embarks upon a career of crime, sinking from running contraband to murder. Here, author Hemingway makes an end to his hero's story by means of an ingenious working out of the doctrine of dog-eat-dog, during which Morgan kills four bank-robbers whom he is assisting to escape only after he has received his own mortal wound. Picked up delirious and dying, by a Coast Guard cutter, he attempts to voice the dictum which it has taken him his whole life to discover.

Admirers of Mr. Hemingway's gusty style will find in his latest novel much to delight them. Other readers will discover a work which will indubitably leave its mark on the literature of the present day.

HARPER MACKAY, '38.

CHESSMEN

THERE is something quite friendly and fascinating about the chessmen that march bravely to their doom on our brown and yellow checkered board. Since they have been knocked around for many years, the pieces have received a number of nicks on their heads which have produced unique expressions. I never realized what a human looking set we had until someone, I have forgotten who, had to leave a game with me unfinished.

I sat for some time drooping over the chessboard, looking at it, but seeing nothing. Then, somehow, I began imagining that this arrangement of the men would be a perfect setting for a court scene. There was one frail, white pawn deep in the black enemy's line. I couldn't think why he was there, but that didn't matter. The main idea was he was there, and things were looking black for him. By the formidable look on the hostile king's face, I knew the poor chap was doomed to die. A very obliging rook allowed himself to be laid on the ground to serve as a block. The pawn, equally obliging, having received the last rites from the bishop, placed his neck over the rook — but I couldn't go on with such a pitiful scene and besides, there was no way of decapitating the little fellow.

At the end of about ten minutes, the chessmen had been everyone from Cicero and the senators down to Lewis and the "C. I. O." This last scene was quite effective. The white men, the "A. F. of L." came into a merciless conflict with the black men, the "C. I. O."At the height of the battle, I saw the knight's head topple off. This sad event brought me back to reality so suddenly that I forgot to see which side had won.

I think I would be there yet if the ill-fated knight hadn't lost his head, but the chessmen glared so gloomily at me, I thought it was time to withdraw from my interesting little companions and to leave them to their own fate.

MARY AHERN, '38.

Christmas Greetings, fellow students. Here I am again with all the inside facts of your everyday life at Latin . . . Reminder: Just three more shopping days until Christmas . . . Hint: You might send me a new typewriter for a present . . . If Paul Wagner doesn't shave pretty soon he'll look like old Santa in person . . . Methinks a fine book for a review would be "Anthony Adverse." Reading time one month . . . Senior secretary, Edna Sullivan is mighty proud of her high office . . . Specials: To Jim Boyle — You certainly looked like Clint Frank of Yale in the football cartoons . . . To Millie Cassidy and Marie Flynn — Are you girls going to cheer our hockey team on to victory? . . . To Ashod Jelalian — Don't be so modest . . . I know that you're a good mathematician . . . To Joe Casey — Why did you stop playing the mandolin? . . . Flash . . . George Murphy has just annexed an Esquire to his name . . . Joe Fico keeps his hand inside his coat like Napoleon . . . Did you know that Naomi Kaplan is an accomplished pianist? . . . That the article "Blown with the Wind" written by Sylvia Sugarman and Harper MacKay in the last issue kept many students in suspense? . . . That Charlie Linehan is an expert weather forecaster? . . . That Abe Wallace is the mascot of room 95 . . . That no candidates for school offices have asked for a recount? . . . After Vacation . . . You will see Arthur O'Dea with a new Boy Scout knife . . . You will hear Mary Burns making new resolutions . . . You will see Johnny Mahoney going to hockey practice . . . You will see Alma DeCoen writing new poems . . . Why does Pat Sibley disappear so quickly after an introduction? . . . If any one wishes to know the history of Hebron Academy, ask Phyllis Fosgate . . . What does Leslie Read look forward to every third weekend? . . . The freshman class is proud because its football team beat that of Rindge last month . . . Russ Boudreau's blond hair is creating a havoc among the lower classmen . . . A Christmas tree to Paul Lowry and the staff for the last issue of the REVIEW which was excellent . . . likewise to Ray Guild for running forty yards in the Wakefield game to save Latin's only touchdown . . . and to Richard Babish for winning the award at M. I. T. which has brought such distinction to C. H. L. S. . . . Ruth Sturzel gives the impression of a clever business woman . . . Don't Danny Cotman's cartoons tickle you? . . . John Reardon wishes the vacation had been extended until February . . . Don't we all! . . . Steven Spaneas keeps hustling in the theatrical world . . . Kohan, Finstein, and Segal enjoy pursuing their studies every afternoon in the library . . . The librarian is wondering why . . . Valentina Paredes always gets good marks . . . We're wondering why Gene Keefe keeps his car so shiny . . . Every freshman admires Bulger's singular walk . . . Teddy Adelson represents the Y. M. C. A. in grand fashion . . . We admire Peter Kenney's ability to solve the difficult situation . . . With lotions of love, I remain your Latin correspondent, Falter Pinchell, who thinks Parent-Teachers' Night should have been held after the Christmas vacation . . . Happy Holidays . . .

Answers to One Word Test on Page 15

1. Cartier
2. Julia Ward Howe
3. Queen Elizabeth
4. Amazon
5. Henry Clay
6. Benjamin Franklin
7. Sherman
8. China
9. China
10. Cummings

DURRELL DEBATING SOCIETY

AS these notes go to press we find the Durrell Debating Society rolling along in great style.

In the last issue of the REVIEW we mentioned an innovation that was to be made in the club meetings. This new project is the inviting of guest speakers to address our membership.

On November 16th the club heard Mr. John J. Carver, of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company, who gave an interesting and most enlightening talk on "Salesmanship." A question period, which showed the deep interest of the club members, followed the speaker's remarks. The first "guest speaker meeting" holds well for the future of the series, one of which will take place each month.

At the meeting on November 30th, tryouts for positions on the debating squad were held. A goodly number responded to the call and the impressive exhibition of the contestants portends a bright future for the debating team of our school.

The guest speaker for the month of December was heard on the fourteenth of the month. Mr. Russell Gerald, Sunday Editor of the Boston Herald, gave a most entertaining and most instructive talk on journalism.

At this time we are putting on schedule those schools that have already challenged us to forensic matches. In the later part of the season we are to engage in a verbal battle, here at Cambridge, with a debating team representing far off Biddeford, Maine.

With challenges also from Newton, Revere, and Swampscott, the students of this school look forward to interesting debates for 1937-1938.

To the members of the Debating Club and to all the students, I wish to extend the season's greetings and best wishes for an enjoyable Christmas vacation.

MORRIS BURK, '38.

ANNEX NOTES

Paul Lamb and Kevin Griffin are taking their French very seriously . . . most unusual . . . Willie Bartell is looking forward to signing the Year Books . . . George Kenny would make an ideal Professor . . . Charlie Boland has already told us that he will soon be our District Attorney . . . Jerry Breen's ambition is to sing on "Your Hit Parade of 1943" . . . Johnny Randall, our football hero, is a candidate for the hockey team . . . Herbie Lee has already shown us that he has rhythm in those long legs of his . . . Lee is a dancing teacher . . . Harry West is the pride of the Annex and captain of this year's basket ball team . . . Sid Hynes, another Annex athlete, is preparing for a big season with the hockey team . . . Joe Crimmins, the boy with the twinkling eyes, is preparing to sign a Hollywood contract . . . Best of luck, Joe . . . Wallie Kane, a new comer to our school, is a very tiny chap but the best dressed boy in school . . . Wallie says, "Just call me Esquire." . . . Joe Damon is studying to be a musician . . . The next time you see him notice his hair . . . We wonder why Dick Gayne never arrives at school on time . . . Frank Doer and Richard Brackett wish to become lawyers . . . Frank Briand is quite a hockey player . . . Willie Conway reminds your reporter of a walking library . . . Ray Harrington, the boy who plays the bugle, is planning to organize and lead his own band . . . We close our column now wishing you all a Very Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

Buckley: I'm a little stiff from bowling, but —
Coach: I don't care where you're from, get on the football field.

Laurie Field: Why don't you like girls?
Arthur Corkum: They're too biased.
Field: Biased?
Corkum: Yes, biased; bias this, and bias that until I'm flat broke.

Waitress: I have fried tongue, stewed kidney, calves' liver, and scrambled brains.
Buddy Bradley: Don't tell me your troubles, lady, I want a bowl of soup.

Draper Woodfin: I fell over fifty feet today.
Ed Blanchfield: You did? Were you hurt?
Woodfin: No, I was just going through a crowded street car!

Teacher: Define the word puncture.
Bob Sheehan: A puncture is a little hole in a tire usually found a great distance from a garage.

Robert Babish: What is the difference between transparent, translucent, and opaque.
Leslie Bloc: The windows in this building were once transparent, but they are now translucent, and if they are not washed soon they will be opaque.

Glen Perduyn: Am I too late for the garbage?
Collector: No, indeed, jump right in.

Milton Finstein: Was Robinson Crusoe an acrobat?
Ray Guild: No, I don't think so. Why?
Milton: Well, it says here that at the end of the day's work, he sat down on his chest.

Ruth Bee: I'm as tall as you.
Barbara Fawcett: No, you're not; your head doesn't come to my shoulder.
Ruth: Well, I'm as tall as you are the other way; my feet go down as far as yours.

Mother (to teacher): Is my boy really trying?
Teacher (earnestly): Very.

Theodore Anastos: I don't know whether to be a barber or an author.
George: Toss for it — heads or tales.

John Mahoney: I don't suppose you don't know of anybody who don't want to hire nobody to do nothing, don't you?
Ralph Mackay: Yes, I don't.

Grace Wood: You know, I never did understand baseball.
Alice: You don't have to. All the decisions are made by a fellow called the Vampire.

Bobby Shine (at the zoo): Is that a man-eating lion?
Attendant: Yes, but we're short of men this week, so all he gets is beef.

John Stewart: My ancestors came over in the Mayflower.
Tom Campbell: Lucky for you they did. The immigration laws are stricter now.

Mother: When that boy threw stones at you, why did you not come to tell me, instead of throwing them back at him?
Son: What good would it do to tell you? You couldn't hit the side of a garage.

LETTERS TO THE REVIEW EDITOR

Dear Sir:

As a profund student of Boccaccio, Shakespeare, and Milton, I consider myself an excellent critic of School Magazine Editors. As such, I venture to say that your Editor-in-Chief, Paul Lowry, is the best editor the REVIEW ever had.

Yours truly,
P. LOWRY.

I say there, Mr. Editor:

Behind the modest mask of that genius Ann Wood lies a train of thought so brilliant that the REVIEW really is brightened up to the skies. All readers of her Book Review Column agree with me.

Sincerely yours,
A. WOOD.

Dear Editor:

A bouquet for the literary staff! I certainly enjoy reading the vivid and sensational poetry by Alma de Coen.

An ardent admirer of the REVIEW,
A. DE COEN.

Editor:

As a most scrutinous reader of the REVIEW I wish to tell you how much I enjoy the wonderful articles of Nancy Crowley. Her stories are the very ones that make the paper so interesting.

Faithfully yours,
N. CROWLEY.

Mr. Editor:

For twenty years I have been finding fault with REVIEW details! But now I beg forgiveness after noting the excellent writings of Peter Kenney, that remarkable assistant editor. You had better keep that fellow.

Respectfully yours,
P. KENNEY.

My dear Editor:

I am an ardent reader of the REVIEW, especially of the G. A. A. Notes. I count the minutes, hours, days, and weeks which elapse between each edition, because I am so eager to read the marvelous, unsurpassable, incredibly remarkable column of G. A. A. notes. I can't understand how the REVIEW ever managed without this extraordinary writer, Dorothy Twomey. I have subscribed for the sole purpose of reading her notes.

Cordially yours,
D. TWOMEY.

Dear Editor:

Such a good Exchange editor as Thomas Campbell is hard to find. The lad has a future. He is a gentleman and a scholar.

Very truly yours,
T. CAMPBELL.

Dear Editor:

Joe Lovoi is the best business manager in the history of the REVIEW. It is impossible to give him sufficient praise. He is without equal, as he accomplishes the seeming impossible with dignity and poise. Would that there were more men like him in the world!

Most sincerely yours,
J. LOVOI.

Dear Editor:

I wish to commend the magnificent work being done by John Fleming. The REVIEW could never be such an overwhelming success without his geniously conceived French articles and his inestimable book reports. I am fully convinced that it is through his untiring efforts and unlimited talents that the REVIEW is found in the homes of those who demand the best.

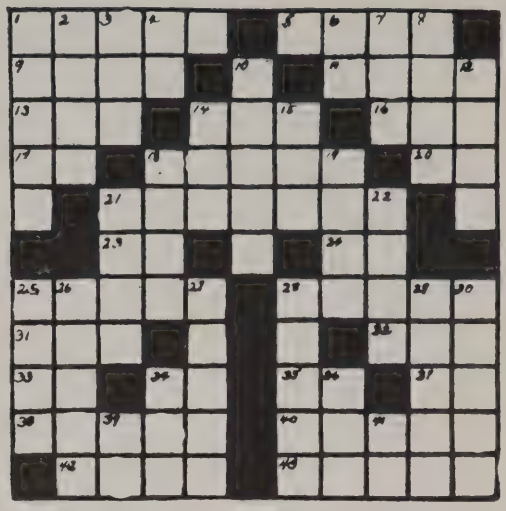
Cordially yours,
J. FLEMING.

DO YOU KNOW...

THAT when America was under the British rule, before the Revolution, the colonists paid $10,000 in taxes on goods brought in, while it took the British $40,000 to collect this sum . . . That the geological period, when fishes were the highest form of life in existence is known as the "Devonian" period . . . That the Pantheon in Rome is lighted by an opening in the roof through which sunshine and rain have poured for eighteen centuries . . . That the Mississippi River valley was once a great interior sea . . . That in the Mammoth Caverns in Kentucky there are fish that have no eyes . . . That if the human lungs were stretched out, the extent of surface where the blood is exposed to the air would measure two thousand square feet . . . That the weight of the material that was removed from the Panama Canal weighed approximately 360 million tons . . . That James Pollock, governor of Pennsylvania from 1854-1857, originated the inscription "In God We Trust" that is found on United States coins . . . That "Pilgrim's Progress" was written by John Bunyan while he was in prison . . . That Harvard's first graduating class consisted of only 9 men . . . That when Daniel Webster ran for Congress in 1824 he received 4,990 votes out of a possible 5,000 . . . That hockey was first played 2400 years ago . . . That a new type of lighthouse sends a beam visible for 100 miles . . . That some animals, as the whale, can live to be nearly 500 years of age . . . and that others as the Mayfly live only a few hours . . . That every fifth person in the world is a Chinaman . . . That gold is so malleable that 300,000 pieces of it can be rolled into a pile an inch thick . . .

ALAN LEWIS, '38.

OUR CROSSWORD PUZZLE



Down

1. Tooth
2. Night before Christmas (plural)
3. Color much in evidence at Christmas time
4. Railroad (abbr.)
6. Personal pronoun
7. Skill
8. Spoken
10. Glisten
12. What we hope the weather will bring at Christmas
14. Part of the verb to be
15. Consume
18. Limbs
19. What a person in search of Christmas gifts must spend much time to do
22. Vessel
25. Over
26. Ideal
27. Nickname given to St. Nicholas
28. What everyone should buy from the Red Cross at Christmas time
29. Of lesser height
30. Name given to years between twelve and twenty
34. Conjunction
36. Humor
39. Down (abbr.)
41. The continent on which we live (abbr.)

Across

1, 5. "The Reviews" wish for you
9. Above
11. Periods
13. Conducted
14. Beverage
16. Metal
17. Like
18. Square measures
20. Perform
21. These may be found in the windows of most homes at Christmas time
23. Part of the verb to be
24. Ejaculation
25. In error
28. Tipped
31. Small child
32. Author of "The Raven"
33. Otherwise
34. Within
35. Expression of disgust
37. Personal pronoun
38. To color
40. Cloth
42. Well-bred woman
43. These led the Wise Men on the first Christmas Eve

CATS VERSUS SLEEP

Ye yowling felines on the back yard fence
You fill mine troubled soul with angry news
As "Z" string wails slide down to mournful mews;
A lonely cat quintette the night air rents.
From bedside close, to sill and outward thence
Is hurtled clock, pursued by brogan shoes;
The choir thus quelled, I drift to fitful snooze
No more that night disturbed is mine aural sense.
Then waked am I by method, Nature's art
Of sunlight streaming through the open glass
While nocturnal naps give rise to sudden start
As through my sleep fogged brain the thought doth pass
That ere the day's advent I needs must find
Shoes replacing those I lost in passion blind,
Moral: Don't throw your shoes at cats in the dark.

PAUL HILLERY, '38.

EXCHANGES

ONE of the first new Exchanges of the year comes from the Dorchester High for Boys in "The Red and Black." Within its pages are found remarkable reading material, excellent photographs, and well conceived cartoons. We especially enjoyed "Famous Anniversaries of October" and "Diary of a D. H. S. Stude" as well as "Laughing With You" and the pages of excellent verse.

We also wish to commend the products of the Industrial Department which are shown in photographs. The following bit is taken from the "Have a Smile" column.

> "How quickly the little ones grow up; you no sooner get through sitting up with them than you're sitting up for them."

We are favored with an Exchange from "The Kalends" of Delaware Academy and Central School, Delhi, New York, and thus we had the opportunity to get first hand information about The Scout Jamboree in an article written by four boys who took part in the great reunion at Washington. This article is well written and crammed with bits of information about the Jamboree. In "The Kalends" is also found a wealth of poetry and short stories.

From the pile of Exchanges the unique cover design of "Trade Winds" from Worcester Trade School, Worcester, Mass., attracted our attention. We found the contents fully as attractive as the cover. We admire greatly the spirited Sports Review given in the Football Issue.

Northeast Catholic High's "Good News" from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, certainly deserves much credit. The headings, especially the Editorials, and the Nech Nachs, are extraordinarily good for a high school magazine. The literature, the jokes, in fact everything about "Good News" is of the highest order and worthy of the school and the staff.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, '38.

TO SHELLEY

O wild creature,
Child of the gods,
Thy destined greatness
Hast reached the sky.
Those who once did
Mock and scorn now lie
Molding in the dust of centuries
Unknowing and unknown,
While thy glory doth increase.
Thy words more beautiful than the notes,
Which from the skylark poured,
Live forever in the minds of men,
A monument to thy immortal soul.

ALMA DE COEN, '39.

DRAMATIC CLUB

WHILE the whole school is eagerly looking forward to the Christmas vacation, the Dramatic Club has spent a busy month in pre-Christmas activities.

One of the most successful entertainments of the year took place December 10th at the annual "Talent Night" featuring the many talented students of C. H. L. S. and the Annex. The usual splendid performances of Shirley Frim, Grace Wood, Barbara Gilbert and the Herlihy sisters, helped to make the event an outstanding success. The entertainment was sponsored by the Chess Club, the Durrell Debating Society, and the Dramatic Club. The members of these societies are sincerely grateful for the co-operation of the entire student body in assisting in the sale of tickets.

The Christmas spirit which has pervaded the school with bustling Yule Tide activities culminated in the Dramatic Club Christmas party. The gala program consisted of Christmas carols by Shirley Frim's harmony trio, a reading by Barbara Gilbert, and many enjoyable selections by members of the club.

Another of our plays directed by the students themselves is a drama entitled "Out of the Mouths of . . ." by Percival Wilde. It is being rehearsed and promises to be another success.

The characters are:

Mrs. Captain.....Grace Wood
Mr. Captain .....Frank Brennan
The Parrot .....An unknown actor

Barbara Gilbert is directing the play and John Callahan is stage manager.

At a business meeting held December 2, a club pin was chosen and arrangements were made so that each member may have one.

MARY BUCKLEY, '38.

K. B. NOTES

ONCE again the K. B. is anxious to start the season's social activities. We hope to have the co-operation of all members in order to make our plans completely successful. Plans are being considered for tea dances and theatre parties.

The officers for 1937-1938 are Mary Buckley, president; and Mary Kelleher, secretary-treasurer. On November twenty-third the initiation of new members was held at the home of Mary Kelleher where all of those present spent an enjoyable evening, due in a great measure to the efforts of Marjorie Shea, Frances Morgan, Mary Buckley, and Dorothy Twomey.

The following applicants were elected to membership: Mary Sibley, Mary Young, Marjorie Shine, Mary Folen, Jane Small, Eleanor Greene, Edna C. Sullivan, Edith Mazza, Frances Jackiwicz, Florence Martin, Barbara Miles, Gertrude Barry,

Olive Erickson, Ann Downey, Catherine Sheedy, Barbara Regan, Doris Fitzgerald, Theresa Ianelli, Alice Bitinas, Phyllis Norton and Grace Wood.

The annual Christmas party will be at the home of Mary Young on December the twenty-third. We can be assured of a fine program as Grace Wood is in charge of the entertainment. Frances Jackiwicz is the head of the refreshment committee, and Frances has many capable helpers including our new member from California, Mary Sibley.

Plans for the K. B. formal in January are underway, and we hope to have tickets in the hands of the members soon. We are confident of having another successful K. B. dance when we have so many enthusiastic members.

MARY KELLEHER, '38.

GOOD news, members! We hear that the G. A. A. tennis tournament has finally been completed. Although the thermometer read 30°, regular football weather, Claire Kelly and Miriam Harney, undismayed by the arrival of Jack Frost, played their way to a victory over Mary O'Rourke and Ruth Sturzel. Medals were awarded to the winners.

We wish to congratulate Miss Brown, the officers, and contributors for the wonderful success of the G. A. A. Thanksgiving baskets. Turkey dinners were distributed to needy families. The G. A. A. hopes to distribute Christmas baskets. We need not remind you to contribute, members, for we know, from previous experience, that you will donate as generously as possible.

The G. A. A. formal was held at the Hotel Commander, Friday evening, November 19. The patrons and patronesses were Mr. and Mrs. Chester Bliss, Miss Johnson, Miss Mary Ayres, Miss MacLaughlin, Miss Mary Doherty, Miss George, Miss Brown, Mr. Kenney, and Mr. Toomey. The favors were made by the G. A. A. officers.

This article would not be complete without a word of commendation for the efficiency of the ushers. The dance was a financial as well as a social success. Its social success was greatly due to the excellent playing of Chappie Arnold and his Orchestra.

The Freshmen are now considered a class worthy of mention. Their basket ball teams were chosen Wednesday, December 1, and they can now begin their basket ball season. Good luck, Freshmen!

The first Senior-Junior basket ball game of the year was played Friday, December 3 in the Girls' Gym. This game was exciting because the two teams are evenly matched. Credit is due to the energetic managers of the junior and senior teams as well as to the coach, Miss Brown. The real managers have not been chosen yet. Edith Meriner is the only candidate so far for the Sophomore team management. Lulu Prentiss is Edna's competitor for management of the Senior team. Miss Brown and the officers are growing indignant at the number of girls who have signed up for swimming and have not appeared. They have determined to exclude such members from the club. Are you one of these? If so, hurry to the Y. M. C. A. next Thursday evening at 6:00 p. m.; don a bathing suit, and get into the swim.

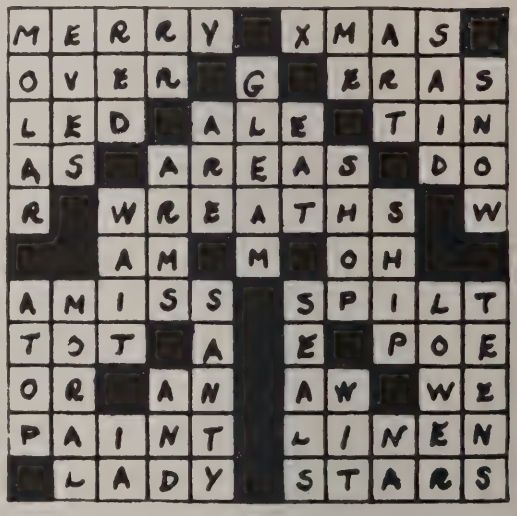
Wednesday, December 1, the G. A. A. meeting was held. A little entertainment was provided for the members, but the real purpose of the meeting was to inform the girls of the coming Girl Dance on January 7.

The Girl Dance, originally intended for December 10, has been changed to January 7, because the Talent Night program which is scheduled for December 10. For the benefit of the Freshmen and other new members, we will explain that at the Girl Dance, some girls dress as boys, others as girls, and go in couples, to the dance. There is no admission fee, but only G. A. A. members may attend.

The G. A. A. wishes you a Merry Christmas.

DOROTHY TWOMEY, '38.

THE SOLUTION



TUTORING

MISS MARY MOULTON, A.B., A.M., ED.M., retired teacher, public and private school experience, tutors in: English, Latin, Spanish, Algebra, Arithmetic, Plane Geometry, at her home

361 HARVARD ST., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Smart High School Men Naturally Turn to Kennedy's Under-Grad Shop for Their Clothes

UNDER-GRAD SUITS
UNDER-GRAD TOPCOATS
REVERSIBLE TOPCOATS
UNDER-GRAD SHIRTS

And a full line of other Under-Grad Accessories

UNDER-GRAD SHOP - 4th FLOOR

KENNEDY'S

SUMMER & HAWLEY

Belluche Photo Service

Developing - Printing - Enlarging

KODAKS AND SUPPLIES

180 FRANKLIN STREET
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

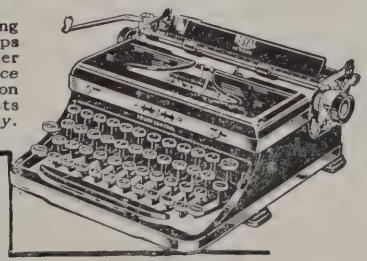
TROwbridge 4966

NO MORE HOOKEY FOR JOHNNY!

Royal Portable makes good students

A Royal makes writing easier, neater, helps students get higher marks. Latest *office* typewriter construction and features. Costs *only few cents a day.*

FREE DEMONSTRATION: You don't risk a penny. Know before you buy.



BEACON
TYPEWRITER SERVICE

1384 Massachusetts Ave. Telephone, TROwbridge 0227 **Harvard Square, Cambridge**

Colonial Beverages

Are Served at

CAMBRIDGE HIGH
LATIN SCHOOL
CAFETERIAS

Manufactured by

THE COLONIAL BEVERAGE CO.

Cambridge, Massachusetts
Rutland, Vermont

Use

"DEMETRA BRAND"
OLIVE OIL

For Health

and

Satisfaction

IT IS THE BEST

AT YOUR GROCER

The

UNIVERSITY SHOP

Leopold Morse

1410 Massachusetts Avenue
In Harvard Square

The Smartest Shop in the Square
Showing Exclusive Correct
Styles at the Prices You
Want to Pay

Katharine Dickson
DANCE STUDIO

1234 Massachusetts Ave., Harvard Square
TRO. 5334

BALLROOM CLASSES

General technique, modern steps, ballroom etiquette, parties

Classes which you will enjoy; social as well as educational

J. COYLE

Motor Transportation

30 FISH PIER **BOSTON**

UNIVERSAL LAUNDRY

43 FREMONT STREET, SOMERVILLE, MASS.

A Complete Laundry Service for Every Home

SOM. 6200 - 6201

BRATTLE SQ. FLORISTS

GOMATOS BROS., *Props.*

✪ ✪ ✪

All kinds of Decorating with fresh cut flowers given special attention. Bouquets for Brides and Bridesmaids. Crosses and Wreaths for Funerals.

✪ ✪ ✪

Open evenings until 10:00 P. M.

✪ ✪ ✪

Flowers telegraphed all over the United States and Canada.

Members of Flower-Telegraph Association.

HARVARD SQ. AND BRATTLE SQ.
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Phone: KIRkland 7089

SHEA BROTHERS

CHURCH STREET PRESS

Printers to the Review

33 CHURCH ST. CAMBRIDGE

At Harvard Square

Telephone: TROwbridge 1360

Massachusetts Conservatory of Music, Drama, and Dance

STANLEY G. MAXWELL, Director

671 MASSACHUSETTS AVE., CENTRAL SQ., CAMBRIDGE. **Trowbridge 3026**

Piano	*Voice*	*Violin*	*Dramatics*
Classical or Jazz Private or Class Lessons	**Private Lesson Free Voice Test**	**Private or Class Lesson**	**Elocution—Correction of Defective Speech. Public Speaking.**

DANCING

TAP, BALLET, ACROBATIC, CHILDREN of 2½ Years Accepted

BEGINNERS, INTERMEDIATES, ADVANCED

Learn all the Latest Ballroom Steps. 8 Week Course For $3.50. We invite you to visit the School

HOURS — 10 A. M. to 9 P. M. Saturdays—10 A. M. to 3 P. M.

Write or Phone for Catalogue. The Faculty is Composed of Professional Teachers

CARL A. WEITZ

FRANKFURTS
BOILED HAMS
PURE PORK SAUSAGES

"Taste the Flavor"

Sausage Products From The House of Weitz Are Tasty and Wholesome

Manufactured under U. S. Inspection

Alex Robbins, Proprietor TROwbridge 2850

ROBBINS FLORIST

Artistic Designers

Flowers For All Occasions

447 MASS. AVE.
CENTRAL SQUARE, CAMBRIDGE

Corsages Our Specialty

Flowers Telegraphed to All parts of United States and Canada

TUXEDOES FOR HIRE $1.50

Full Dress, Cutaways and Accessories

BILL THE TAILOR

2319 MASS. AVENUE ELIot 0600
Harvard Theatre Block, Cambridge
OPEN EVENINGS

Y. W. C. A.

Leisure Time Activities

7 TEMPLE ST.
Central Square
CAMBRIDGE

This XMAS give an ELECTRICAL GIFT

to every member of the family

Toasters
Mixmasters
Roasters
Waffle Irons
Sandwich Toasters
Lionel Trains
Telechron Clocks
Schick Dry Shavers
Hotpoint Flatirons
Movie Cameras
Silex Coffee Makers

EMF

Electric Supply Company

430 MASS. AVE., CAMBRIDGE

Where Cambridge Buys CHRISTMAS CARDS

SPECIAL ON PERSONAL CARDS
50 With Name for $1.50

E. F. HUNT CO.

675 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE

CRONIN'S STATIONERY STORE

INMAN SQUARE
CAMBRIDGE

School Supplies *Greeting Cards*
Periodicals

THIS COUPON IS GOOD FOR 10 PER-CENT
DISCOUNT AT

DANIEL'S SHOE STORE
1154 CAMBRIDGE STREET

Newest Styles
In Boys' Brogues,
Crepe Soles,
And Cordo-Calf Shoes

All Styles In
Girls' Sport Shoes
All Colors In
Crepe Sole Shoes

Standard
Doughnut Company

1398 Cambridge Street
Cambridge

University Tutors
66 CHURCH STREET
(At Brattle)
PRIVATE and GROUP TUTORING
IN ALL ACADEMIC SUBJECTS
The Christmas Recess is
a good time to catch up
in your studies . . . . .

SWIM
IN
THE "Y" POOL
High School Girls — Sat., 9-11 A. M.
Women — Thurs., 6-9 P. M.
Y.M.C.A. 820 MASS. AVE.
Tro. 3860

Complete Line
Shoe Skates, Hockey Sticks, Skis, Sleds
SKATES SHARPENED
PILL
Hardware & Supply Co.
730 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE
CAMBRIDGE
HYMAN PILL, Manager **TROwbridge 0871**

Season's Greetings From the
WATCH HOSPITAL, INC.
Stores Everywhere
30 CENTRAL SQUARE CAMBRIDGE
Telephone KIRkland 1600
All Makes of Clocks and Watches Repaired
Fine Jewelry Repairing
ALL WORK GUARANTEED
Our Reputation Has Been Built On Service and Fine Workmanship

MANTER HALL SCHOOL

PRIVATE TUTORING IN ALL COLLEGE PREPARATORY SUBJECTS
GROUP REVIEWS FOR COLLEGE BOARD EXAMINATIONS

71 MOUNT AUBURN STREET TROwbridge 7532

Popularly Known As "The Widow's"

The Cambridge Protective Patrol

1430 Mass. Ave., Cambridge

We have started a new service which will interest you.

Any one wishing to leave their homes for week-ends may do so free from worry.

We will care for heating plants, feed and exercise pets and water plants for a flat rate of $3 a week-end—from Friday night to Monday morning.

HOWARD F. PEAK

SLATE — TIN — GRAVEL
ASPHALT and ASBESTOS
ROOFING

34A BRATTLE STREET
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Telephones:
Office, KIRkland 8408
Home, ARLington 5699-W

Dr. Edward J. O'Brien

Podiatrist — Foot Specialist

College House Offices
1430 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE
Harvard Sq., Room 415 Cambridge, Mass.
Hours: 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. Evenings by Appointment

HAROLD L. NILES LESLIE C. READ

Niles Management, Inc.

1416 MASS. AVE. HARVARD SQUARE
HEADQUARTERS
for
Cambridge Heated Apartments
KIRkland 1420-1460

WILLIAM J. MALCOLM

Plumbing and Heating
Oil Burners

TROwbridge 7523 - 7524 - 7525
34A BRATTLE STREET
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

JOHN R. MACTAVISH

Apothecary

Prescriptions Called For and Delivered

INMAN SQUARE
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

DAY DIVISION

COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS

Offers a broad program of college subjects serving as a foundation for the understanding of modern culture, social relations, and technical achievement. The purpose of this program is to give the student a liberal and cultural education and a vocational competence which fits him to enter some specific type of useful employment.

COLLEGE OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Offers a college program with broad and thorough training in the principles of business with specialization in ACCOUNTING, BANKING AND FINANCE, or BUSINESS MANAGEMENT. Instruction is through lectures, solution of business problems, class discussions, motion pictures and talks by business men.

COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING

Provides complete college programs in Engineering with professional courses in the fields of CIVIL, MECHANICAL (WITH DIESEL, AERONAUTICAL, AND AIR CONDITIONING OPTIONS), ELECTRICAL, CHEMICAL, INDUSTRIAL ENGINEERING, and ENGINEERING ADMINISTRATION. Students select, at the beginning of the sophomore year, the course in which they intend to specialize.

Co-operative Plan

The Co-operative Plan provides for a combination of practical industrial experience with classroom instruction. Upperclassmen earn a portion of their school expenses and make business contacts which prove valuable in later years.

Degrees Awarded

Bachelor of Arts — Bachelor of Science

EVENING DIVISION

(For Men and Women)

Providing complete courses of university grade, for high school graduates who find it necessary to work during the day but wish to study for further advancement.

SCHOOL OF BUSINESS

Programs in Accounting, Management, Law and Business, and in Engineering and Business, under instructors actually engaged in the fields in which they teach.

73% of graduates hold executive positions in business. Preparation for the C. P. A. examinations. School grants B. B. A. degree. Individual courses available to special students.

SCHOOL OF LAW

Pre-Legal Department

Furnishes to high school graduates a program of studies equivalent to the two years of college work required for admission to the study of law.

The School of Law

Prepares for the bar examination and for the practice of law. Case method of instruction. LL.B. degree conferred.

Graduates of Cambridge High and Latin School may be admitted without examinations if grades are satisfactory to the Department of Admissions

Catalogs or further information sent upon request

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Dedicated to serve the Youth of Cambridge

Don't miss shopping in the Bazar! Get the news, the thrills, the facts of the biggest store in town **complete.** We know you well, boys and girls and fathers and mothers of Cambridge. We know you like to dress smartly and economically. We know you want quality above everything else, too. Only in the Harvard Bazar can you get the whole story—quality, style, value. This is your store. Why not pay us a visit?

- for Girls!

- Official Gym Suits
- Coats, Dresses, Hats
- Hosiery, Underwear
- Shoes, Gloves, Bags
- Sweaters, Jackets
- Skirts, Beauty Shop

- for Boys!

- Suits and Overcoats
- Shirts, Socks, Ties
- Sporting Goods
- Underwear, Hats
- Sweaters, Mackinaws
- Shoes, Sport Trousers

HARVARD BAZAR

"Where Your Family Has Shopped For 62 Years"

CENTRAL SQUARE . . . . CAMBRIDGE

The Cambridge Review

February
1938

The Warren Kay Vantine Studio

160 BOYLSTON STREET At Park Square in Boston

Official Photographer to

The Yearbook and the Class of 1938

A Note on Portraits of Quality . . . . and Price

Our regular $12 portraits are offered at $5 per dozen under the contract prices. This includes an 8x10, framed enlargement and the official Yearbook glossy print. . . .

HANcock 0739, 0743, 0744

The Review Staff

Editor
PAUL LOWRY

Assistant Editors
PETER KENNEY
JOHN FLEMING

Literary Staff
NANCY CROWLEY
ALMA DE COEN
ALAN LEWIS
HARPER MacKAY
PAULINE SOREM
SYLVIA SUGARMAN
ANN WOOD

Photography
EDWARD BLANCHFIELD

Business Manager
NELSON WALDMAN

Asst. Business Manager
WALDO SATERIALE

Advertising
THEODORE ANASTOS
WILLIAM FLAHERTY
PETER VILLARI
PEGGY CASS
CLAIRE NUGENT

Art
MR. JOSEPH SANTORO
THEODORE ANASTOS
BARBARA FOGELIN

Exchanges
THOMAS CAMPBELL

G. A. A.
DOROTHY TWOMEY

Debate
MORRIS BURK

Dramatics
MARY BUCKLEY

Spotlite
JOHN McINTIRE
GERALD SEGAL

Typists
LYDIA LOJA
ALICE BIELENSKI

Faculty Adviser
MISS MARY P. BLIGH

The Cambridge Review

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1938
VOLUME 52 NUMBER 3

Contents

First Prize Story 2
Honorable Mention 3
Thank You, Officer 4
White Eye 5
Dishwashing as an Art 6
These Clear Cold Mornings 6
Questionnaire 7
The Art Club 8
In Memoriam—James H. Leonard 9
The Hunter's Song 10
Our Poetry 12
Spot-lite 14
Junior Class Officers 15
Hockey 15
Fashions 16
Patter 18
G. A. A. Notes 20
Exchange 21
Chess 22
Advertisements .....

Published five times a year: November, December, February, April, and June.
Terms: 75 cents per year; 20 cents a single copy.
Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Member NATIONAL SCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION EST. 1921 1936-37

The Review Short Story Awards

The winners in the Short Story Contest are James J. Lawlor of the Sophomore class, who wrote the Prize Story "Midnight in Normandy" and Daniel Shargo, a member of the Freshman class, who submitted the Prize Story "White Eye." "The Montressor Heritage" by Bertha Humez deserves First Honorable Mention, and "Thank You, Officer" by Barbara Gilbert receives Second Honorable Mention. Both Miss Humez and Miss Gilbert are in the Sophomore class.

We regret exceedingly that there were no stories submitted by members of either the Junior or the Senior class which the judges consider worthy of a prize. This is a lamentable situation. We wish to maintain a high standard of writing, yet we should have been happy to award prizes for good short stories in each class.

We congratulate the writers of the stories which we publish herewith.

FIRST PRIZE STORY

Sophomore

MIDNIGHT IN NORMANDY

IN Normandy, France, there stood a strong old fortress, the towers of which stood high above the earth, sturdily withstanding the merciless blasts of the wind. Surrounding this castle was a moat, now quite impassable, the drawbridge having been drawn up. It was here, the stronghold of Anne, Queen of France, on a certain fateful night, that the destiny of this land was changed.

Anne had valiantly tried to rule this turbulent country but her attempts had finally ended in failure. However, she was not to blame, for even a person suitable for the rule, which Anne was certainly not, could hardlly have kept his throne in such times as those of the eighteenth century. When she realized that she was defeated, she decided wisely to take refuge in this province. However, she had not given up her reigning power and although it was of no use to her, no one else could take her place unless she abdicated. This was the condition of France at that time; without a ruler, without a government, without laws.

With Raymond, a servant in her command, Anne was in her suite one evening.

"Ah, Raymond," she sighed, "will things ever be as they should be here in France again?"

"I am afraid not, your Majesty," replied the servant. "At least not while Jacques attempts to rule."

"You are right," agreed Anne, "but Jacques cannot reign unless I abdicate and I shall never do that. My brother Charles must regain the rule. He will save France!"

There was a thunderous crash outside the queen's apartments.

"Good Heavens! The drawbridge!" exclaimed Ann. "I'll see what has happened."

"Pardon me, Your Highness," cried Raymond, blocking her passage, "I must prevent your leaving this room."

"Let me pass, Raymond, I command you!"

There was a short struggle which ended as the doors of the room were thrown violently open, and a tall man in a red cloak, followed by numerous soldiers in battle array entered her presence. A scream broke from Anne's lips and she tore away from Raymond. When she tried to take a gun from a table, the tall man threw her to the floor.

"You!" she gasped, "what do you want?"

"You know very well what I want," answered the man. It was Jacques.

"Yes, I know what you want," bitterly murmured Anne. "And you, Raymond, and all my servants, all are common traitors."

For three long hours, the queen was held prissoner in the apartment while an anxious discussion continued; finally, however, it terminated in this manner:

"This is my last warning," threatened Jacques. "You will be wise if you sign this paper of abdication giving me the rule of France. You may live in peace here in Normandy."

"You are able to lie even more convincingly than I gave you credit for, my dear Jacques," complimented Anne, "but you don't convince me. I wouldn't believe anything you said. As soon as you sat on the throne of France, you would conviently—shall we say—silence me. And, even if I could trust you, I should never give you the rule for I know that your only motive is greed. No, Jacques, you'll never sit on the throne of France."

Suddenly, Anne wrenched the sword from the hand of the soldier standing beside her and raised it to strike the sneering Jacques. He, however, throwing his hand out before him, pulled the trigger of his gun! The shot echoed weirdly through the gloomy corridors of the castle as Anne limply dropped to the floor.

"I am sorry, Anne," said Jacques. "I meant only to slightly wound you. You might just as well sign this document."

Silently, Anne took the paper from his hand and with her last strength, flung it into the fire in the hearth.

"You—will never—sit—upon the throne—of—France!" murmured the queen and she fell back lifeless.

As Jacques and his guards turned to leave, they were confronted in the hall by Charles himself, with thirty soldiers, who, at a sign from their leader, led Jacques and his men away to the dungeons of the castle.

Horrified at the sight which met his eyes, as he entered the room, Charles hurrying to the body, discovered that she was dead.

"Poor Anne; I arrive too late to save you. But you have not died in vain. From you, I have learned courage. I shall not fail you, for I shall save France from the doom to which Jacques would have condemned it. Rest in peace, my sister, for I am King of France."

James J. Lawlor, '40.

FIRST HONORABLE MENTION

Sophomore

THE MONTRESSOR HERITAGE

"HERE it is, Paul," said Jean du Montressor, placing a violin into the hands of his friend. "It is old and stringless, as you see, but it will be all right, as you say, you have strings."

"Ah, it is beautiful!" breathed Paul. "To have a violin of my own—my very own, at such a meagre price! You are almost giving it to me, Jean!"

"Bah, it is worth no more. And you, Paul, with your great talent, you will go far, and then I shall be proud to say that I sold you your first——"

"Jean!"

He turned and stared at the old feeble figure in the doorway.

'Why, grandmère! You, standing? Let me help——"

"Give me the violin!"

She silently received it from Paul and placed it in her arms. Without a word she turned and hobbled back to her comfortable chair in the next room.

Flushing with shame at his grandmother's inexplicable and, to him, unpardonably rude behavior, Jean returned to his friend.

"I am more sorry than I can say, Paul," he said miserably . "I had no idea she had such a passion for it. I am afraid I cannot get it now."

"It is nothing, Jean," said Paul, comfortingly. "I shall work for my other, as I had planned. Are you coming skating?"

"Do not wait for me, Paul," said Jean. "I have mislaid my skates and may not be on time."

"Eh bien, au revoir."

"Au revoir."

Jean watched his friend until he disappeared and then turned to mount the stairs.

"Jean!"

"Yes, grandmère?" he answered, his foot on the first step.

"Come in here."

He patiently opened the door and entered his grandmother's simply furnished room.

"Bien, grandmère?"

"Sit down a moment. I wish to tell you a story."

Jean sighed and obeyed.

"Long ago, Jean," said Madame du Montressor, "there lived an ancestor of ours, Pierre du Montressor. He was a very great violinist. All over the world he travelled, and played to kings and queens who gave him diamonds and pearls.

"He was a very proud man, Jean. He thought, 'There, I am a genius. I am famous, there is no violinist like me in the wide world!' People who knew him as he really was, disliked him for his great conceit.

"One night he was playing before a very rich man and his family, and a peasant, who hated the rich man because he oppressed the poor, set fire to his house, while all sat enthralled by the music flowing from the maestro's violin.

"Suddenly the odor of smoke reached their nostrils. They rushed to the doors, flung them open, and were stopped by a sheet of flame at each opening. . . .

"Jean, Pierre du Montressor was the only one to escape alive from that terrible fire, and he soon wished that he, too, had perished in the flames. His face and arms were horribly scarred with burns, and he was totally blind.

"One night the thought suddenly struck him. 'These poor people, these peasants, how they must suffer to be driven to murder! How they must have been goaded!' As if in a looking glass he saw himself as he had been, proud, disdainful, contemptuous of the poor people. He remembered, too, that he had once refused to play at an old woman's funeral because there was more money to be acquired elsewhere. He could see the face of her fair little daughter, pleading and offering her poor little savings to him.

"Jean, he took a solemn oath: 'I swear that this violin with which I have played before crowned heads shall henceforth be given to the service of the poor! Wherever it is needed, there will I go to play it, and wherever man desires that its voice be heard, there shall I pour forth my sweetest melody! And when I am dead, I shall send it down to posterity to be used for the poor; for it and I, who have disdained them, do now declare ourselves their slaves!'

"For the rest of his life he wandered about among the peasants playing at every occasion of happiness or sorrow with all the matchless beauty of his genius. He died, beloved as the 'Dark eyed Fiddler of the poor folk.'

"This violin is the one that he played, Jean. It is not immensely valuable, but for years it has been passed down from generation to generation of Montressors, until it has come to you.

"Jean, it is our most precious heritage, to be treated with love and respect, and to be used only as its first owner ordained."

Jean rose very quietly and kissed his grandmother.

"I understand, grandmère," he said softly. "You may trust me."

"You are going skating, Jean?"

"Yes, grandmère. I shall be home early."

"Au revoir, Jean."

"Au revoir, grandmère."

He left the room, and a moment afterward, carried his skates down to the ice pond.

Three hours later he returned. With a cheery greeting on his lips, he opened his grandmother's door . The greeting died away.

In her chair by the window sat his old grandmother, a sweet smile on her lips; and in her arms, clasped close to her silent heart, lay the Montressor heritage, the maestro's violin.

BERTHA HUMEZ, '40.

SECOND HONORABLE MENTION

Sophomore

THANK YOU, OFFICER

OFFICER O'Reilly was strolling along on his beat. He was reflecting on how lucky he was to have Marchand Road to patrol. This popular road was in an aristocratic residential district and was beloved by every patrolman because of the gererosity of its residents and the shortness of the street itself. Officer O'Reilly was new to this section and well satisfied. As he ambled along, he studied the various houses and tried to imagine what their occupants might be like. He had just decided that the austere brownstone house on his right sheltered a haughty old dowager and her weak-minded son.

Suddenly he stopped and stared hard at another imposing structure across the street. He saw a shadow move stealthily around the back. O'Reilly controlled his first impulse to blow his whistle and race across the street. Instead, he leisurely crossed over and entered the yard. A man approached from the rear, dusting his hands. In the dim light, O'Reilly observed that he wore an overcoat and a scarf which partially covered his features. A felt hat also served this purpose.

Just then the man perceived O'Reilly and came forward more quickly.

"Ah, an officer! How fortunate! I wonder if you would be willing to help me. You see, this is where I live. I just came home on a flying trip from Florida and I've forgotten my key. The only ones in the house are the servants and I don't want to awaken them, if I can help it. However, I've got to get in. Do you think you can help me?"

O'Reilly's suspicions had disappeared for he recognized culture in this man's voice and in his bearing. He scratched his head.

"Well, now, let's see what we can do. Do you know of any open windows?"

"I think they are all locked. Can't take chances, you know. But there is a window on the east side that has a rather loose catch. We might try that."

"O. K." The two walked around to the east side, the resident leading. As the patrolman passed the front door he noticed that the number was 684, and for some obscure reason this fact seemed to lodge in his memory.

"This is it. Now if you would be willing to boost me up to it, I think I can get it open."

The patrolman graciously agreed and the owner fumbled and pushed at the window. After a few fruitless attempts it slid up, noiselessly. With the officer's assistance the man succeeded in getting in. He leaned out and spoke to O'Reilly, who was adjusting his uniform.

"I can't tell you how thankful I am. You don't know how much trouble you've saved me. Would you give me your name and I'll see that you are properly rewarded."

The officer was gratified but embarrassed.

"You don't have to do that, sir. Anybody else would have done the same thing that I did."

"Nonsense! I insist on repaying you." He took a small black notebook and pencil from his pocket. "Your name?"

O'Reilly was reluctant no longer. This was too good a chance to be passed by.

"Patrolman Timothy J. O'Reilly, sir."

"Thank you, officer. Goodnight, and again, let me thank you. You are a true example of the good police of this city. Goodnight."

"Goodnight, sir!"

Officer O'Reilly continued his beat, very well satisfied with himself.

Next morning at the breakfast table he was still self-satisfied. He had just finished recounting the night's episode to his wife, and he now took up the newspaper. He glanced at a headline and began to read with interest. As he continued, his face turned very red, then ghastly white. Finally he gave a horrible groan and fell back in his chair. His frightened wife hastened to read the article which had caused her husband's agitation.

DARING BURGLARY

The beautiful home of the wealthy Van Hoppers was robbed last night of many priceless furnishings. This spacious dwelling is located at 684 Marchand Road of this city.

It has been proved to the satisfaction of the police that the intruders made their entrance and getaway by an east side window on the ground floor.

The robbery is thought to be the work of Highbrow Harry, a criminal who is distinguished for his charm and culture. However, a strange fact has been uncovered. Harry invariably operates alone, but the footprints of another and larger man were also found.

The police are ———

BARBARA GILBERT, '40.

FIRST PRIZE STORY

Freshman

WHITE EYE

ONE warm spring morning a colt was born in one of the many wild horse herds of Timber Mountain. We shall call him White Eye, because he had a pure white ring around his left eye.

His mother fed him warm nourishing milk for a few weeks, and then he learned to eat grass. As White Eye grew older he became tired of racing the other colts because he always won. He liked to wander to the outskirts of the herd and explore the mountain side.

One day he decided to watch the leader of the herd. He heard so much about him from his mother, and he longed to watch him fight with other horses which guard the herd. When he came near, the leader dashed at him, and sent him back to his mother. This happened many times and the leader soon noticed that here was a fine colt that some day would be a magnificent stallion.

"If he keeps growing," thought his mother, "he will be the leader of the herd."

A year later the leader decided to advance his herd to a different location. This proved to be an exciting adventure for White Eye, because he always wanted to see what was on the other side of the mountain. The herd reached the top of the slope and climbed the rocky incline.

The leader stopped and pricked up his ears, for there before them a large herd of cattle stood grazing. White Eye stared with wonder at these clumsy creatures, for he was eager to investigate.

The herd whiffed the odor of the fresh grass and water at the base of the mountain, as they trotted down to quench their thirst.

While they were grazing and watching the cattle, two cowboys rounded the mountain, and seeing the horses dashed forward and before the leader had a chance to warn the herd, he himself was caught.

White Eye dashed to the front of the herd and whinnied loudly. The herd, having lost its leader, turned and followed White Eye. Instead of running away from the men, he dashed between them and led his band of horses to safety.

Upon the slope of the mountain a horse with a white ring around his eye looked back and neighed triumphantly. The herd now had a new leader.

One of the cowboys vowed that he would set out to catch that horse with the white-eye.

Yet years later a wild herd of horses still roamed the mountains and valleys, and always it was known they were led by a stallion with a white eye.

DANIEL SHRAGO, '41.

THE PLEASURE OF MUSIC PRACTICE

AFTER attending a concert of a great musician, a member of the large and appreciative audience might make a remark such as this to a friend:

"Amazing, wasn't it? Just think of how many hours of slow, weary, monotonous practicing has gone into that performance!"

That sentence, my friends, contains both truth and untruth. That the musician has spent hundreds of hours at the keyboard perfecting his technique and interpretation is a certainty, but that all the time thus spent seemed slow and monotonous is an absurdity. Great patience alone does not make a man a great artist in any field. He must have ability, and he must love his work. Thus it is with a great pianist. The drabest scale in music may assume a personal significance all its own if so willed by the player. While striking a single note the musician must think of the position of his body, arm, elbow and wrist, the tempo in which the note is played, the tone which is produced, the quality, and the accuracy. The mastering of these details simultaneously, a thing which few have ever been able to accomplish, will serve to ward off boredom for even the most unimaginative. Besides, in a composition, be it sonata or carol, the knowledge that one plays just what was written by the composer affords an unequalled satisfaction.

A person, who, after perhaps five years of conscientious practicing still feels that the work is drudgery, should never attempt to excel. To be able to play for one's own pleasure during an evening after having spent four hours practicing in the afternoon is to open a heretofore impenetrable gate to the purest of pleasure. A great pianist once said, "If you are fatigued after a long and arduous period of practice, the best means of relaxation is to sit down and play a few of your best-loved pieces, and thus ease your nerves."

HARPER MACKAY, '38.

DISHWASHING AS AN ART

IN dishwashing, as in all art, the conception and the execution, the broad scope of the imagination, and the subtle details may vary with the temperaments of the artists; but all true dishwashers have a professional code of ethics, which includes artistic integrity, devotion to the glory and traditions of the dishpan, and a great contempt for rival performers.

Dishwashing is not an affair to be undertaken lightly. Only when moved by the spirit, where just the right exalted mood of self-abnegation and glorious devotion to the cause of suffering humanity is upon us, do we modestly, and sometimes reluctantly, consent to exhibit our skill. However, inspiration bloweth where it listeth, and cannot be forced rudely by the unfeeling rabble around the table, with no conception of the sensitiveness of our fragile, flower-like, unappreciated souls. Was Raphael asked to paint a Madonna each night, under the critical guidance of a little brother, a terrier, and—oh woe!—an older sister?

Of course, sisters do come in handy, especially if I can produce evidence that she has washed one breakfast and two dinners, whereas I have washed two breakfasts, one lunch, and one dinner. After having orated crushingly for six and a half minutes, I stride majestically out of the room seething with righteous indignation—into the kitchen. The water will be hot by that time.

The art has its lofty aspects. There are dozens of ways to pile up dishes in the drainer, but personally I prefer the Taj Mahal. Sometimes I become so much absorbed in the problem of adjusting the strainer at an angle of one hundred and seven degrees, to act as a minaret, that I drop a few pieces of Spode, quite by accident. Of course I am very sorry when that happens, and sometimes I am quite embarrassed by the remarks of the family as they pour out their full, collective scorn, in strains of quite, quite unpremeditated art, but—well, as punishment usually I am not allowed to wash dishes for a couple of weeks. It's all quite sad, as I listen to the radio for a week or two, instead of cleaning up the kitchen. However, my family is quick to forgive and forget, and soon I am restored to favor and the wielding of the dishmop. Sometimes I think that my youthful mind really needs more strict discipline.

However, the age of commercialism is crowding out poetry, and the great old time-honored art of dishwashing must yield to the popular demand for speed. The machines do the work now, but where is the symphonic inspiration of the rhythmic swish of the suds, clash of the silver, crash of the plates, the sudden eloquent silence, the deep bass of a masculine voice, the—I have gone far enough. My spirit is heavy, as I think of those far dead days beyond recall. I mourn the inevitable passing of the golden age of the dishwasher!

ANN WOOD, '38.

THESE CLEAR COLD MORNINGS

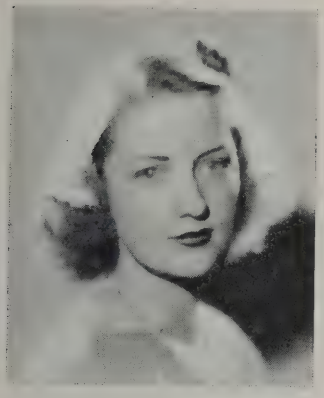
ON these clear, cold mornings of February, you briskly arise at dawn, jump into an icy cold shower, roughly towel yourself until you glow, swiftly dress, race around the block, and fill your lungs with the fresh clean air of a winter morning. You feel all glowing inside and ready to study an hour before breakfast. Remember I'm talking about you, however, not me. I'm curled up in bed under a pile of covers as I bitterly regret my raising the window two inches instead of one. I'm lazily soaking in a hot bath until there is imminent danger of my being late for school. I'm groggily snatching a piece of toast and bemoaning my unfinished homework. I am, on the whole, having a very unpleasant time. I would much rather be you and have all your boundless ambition; but there is something about getting up an hour early on a clear, cold December morning that runs contrary to all my basic principles.

I have been, and frequently am, called lazy not only by numerous unpleasant individuals but also by some near and dear relatives; but I don't think that laziness has anything to do with my unhappy propensity of lingering in bed on clear cold mornings. In the first place, there is something treacherous about these said mornings that repel me. I wake up, gaze through the upper panes of the window, and look up at a sky that is as blue and clear as in summertime, and at a sun whose rays are dancing on the neighboring roof tops. Then I glance downwards, and invariably behold, depicted on the bottom panes, numerous fragile designs etched in *ice*! You can imagine the effect on my disposition.

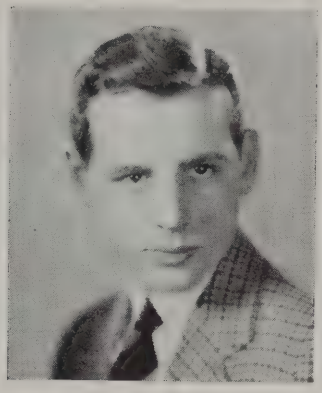
Moreover, clear, cold mornings always have a damaging effect upon my ego. I have an intense admiration of those decisive souls who never know doubt; and on these mornings, I lie in bed, idly watching my breath freeze in front of my nose, as I am haunted by indecision. The question of my relative freezing points is such a delicate one. Do I absorb more cold in racing to the bathroom clad only in pajamas, or in succumbing to the frigid embrace of icy slippers and bathrobe? And then there is always the possibility of a return trip. After a scurrying rush to the bathroom, the door may be locked. Sister, bless her heart, may be taking a bath.

PAUL LOWRY, '38.

The Review Questionnaire for Seniors



Florence Martin



John King

THE SENIOR QUESTIONNAIRE IN THE REVIEW

ON Friday, January 29, the seniors were given ballots on which they were asked to designate their choices on certain subjects.

Some very interesting facts were discovered. It was found that the college-course girls and boys, and the commercial-course boys prefer to go to the movies in their spare time. The commercial boys chose Sonja Henie, Mae West, and Clark Gable as their favorite stars; both the boys and girls in the college course picked on Ronald Colman as their favorite, but the boys agreed on Myrna Loy as their favorite feminine lead, whereas the girls chose Loretta Young. The commercial girls showed a marked preference for dancing, but agreed with the college girls in their choice of favorite stars. Both the commercial boys and college girls picked dancing as their second choice of amusement, but the college boys apparently do not dance. Benny Goodman was everybody's choice for the favorite orchestra, with Guy Lombardo running a poor second.

Reading was the third preference of each group, but the reading matter differed widely. Both the boys and the girls of the college course agreed on Dickens as their favorite author, with Zane Grey and John Galsworthy, the second choices respectively. The commercial girls pointed out Temple Bailey and Kathleen Norris as their preferences, but the boys, evidencing a taste for action, picked Zane Grey and Jack London. When in a lighter vein, all evidently make a rush for the newstand, seeking "Life," or as a second choice, "The Reader's Digest." The favorite feature in the "Review" is the Spot-Lite.

When a senior boy picks up the evening paper, however, he first reads "Blondie," and then "L'il Abner" and "Popeye," but the girls evidently turn to "Jane Arden" before they seek "L'l Abner."

The radio also proved to be a popular diversion, getting a large vote in all divisions. Jack Benny, Charlie McCarthy, and Fred Allen are everyone's favorite, but the girls also show a leaning towards Eddie Cantor. 44.5% of the commercial students listen to the radio while studying, whereas only 33.4% of the college pupils do. English is the favorite subject of the college girls, but it comes in a close second to History for the college boys. Both the boys and the girls in the commercial course show a marked preference for typing.

Bing Crosby and Nelson Eddy seem to be the universal favorites as singers, while "Bie Mir Bist Du Schoen," "Gold Mine in the Sky," "True Confessions," and "Rosalie" are the most popular songs in the order named.

The most irritating characteristic of both boys and girls is held by all of the seniors to be excessive self-esteem; whereas they were not so unanimous on the subject of the hours spent on studying. Results ran from none to five hours studying each night, but the general average was about two hours except among the commercial boys who, we fear, study a wee bit less.

The results of the popularity poll were as follows:

Florence Martin.....Best looking senior girl
Jack King
Best looking and also most popular senior boy
Ray Guild .....Best natured senior student
Mary Buckley
Most popular girl among college courses
Edna K. Sullivan
Most popular girl among commercial courses
Walter Boudreau .....Favorite Athlete

THOUGHTS ABOUT THE WEATHER

DID you ever really contemplate the weather? I believe that we get so accustomed to the weather, as something which is always here and about which nothing can be done, that we overlook its true attraction. There can be as much romance in the weather as in Holliday's "Fish Pier." Like Holliday, I too, feel that genius had, indeed, erred in neglecting my pet subject. Of course much has been written about the effects produced by the weather. Even Shakespeare has used the weather to lend atmosphere. Rain to produce gloom, fearful storms for terror, and sunlights for happiness are continually used. Neither have the poets passed by this entrancing subject. Shelley in "The Cloud" refers to the lashing hail and the snow dissolved in rain. Yes, the weather creates moods, and effects, and atmosphere, but the romance of which I am speaking is quite another thing, like a sparkling vivacious adventure, which most people miss entirely.

Take, for instance, those engaging radio reports, heard at frequent intervals. An unseen commentator drones: "Heavy rain will continue over Southern New England tonight, followed by——" or some other delectable tid-bit such as: "Temperature at ten forty-five, fifty-six degrees, the highest reached today." Such a wealth of information of which the common soul is entirely ignorant! Whether or not we understand these elaborate phrases, we cannot help but catch some of the glamour of the weather bureau.

Then, too, there are the reports in the newspaper. They have a literary press style designed to catch the eye of the most blasé reader. Usually they run: FAIR TODAY, in blazing capitals, followed by The Forecast for Boston and Vicinity: "Fair with rising temperature today. Rain and warmer tomorrow. Variable winds becoming south-east. Complete Report on Page Two." Here, on page two is found the piéce de resistance column upon column of unintelligible figures, referring to mysterious conditions in every nook of the world.

First there is an amusing little piece, concerning the hottest, coldest, wettest, and other superlative days to date. Then there is a description of a disturbance rapidly moving eastward over the plateau and northern Rocky Mountains, which would awake romantic images in all but the most prosaic mind. Following this are talks of the barometer, relative humidity, velocity and precipitation which are at first puzzling. After reading the items several times we gradually become accustomed to taking them for what they are worth—nothing. Strangely enough the positive determination of the weather man that it will rain tomorrow is too frequently followed by sunshine.

Many of my readers may have regarded the weather as a topic of conversation to be snatched at a dull moment. If this essay has awakened them, even in the slightest degree, to the true romance surrounding the weather, there need no longer be these boring lulls in conversation.

SHIRLEY FIELDING, '38.

THE ART CLUB

ALTHOUGH we are only in our second year, we of the art club feel that we are doing a great deal toward furthering the interest in Fine Arts among the students in our school. We think that a knowledge of the present day artists is as useful to those studying art, as is a study of the old masters. Therefore, this year, we have inaugurated a series of trips to various art galleries in Boston, including the Vose Galleries, Doll and Richards, Grace Horne, Guild of Boston Artists and occasionally to the Boston Museum of Modern Art.

In the last month or so, we have seen some of the best art on exhibition in America. Outstanding among various exhibits was the watercolor exhibition of John Wharf, a young man, whom we had the pleasure of meeting, who today ranks as one of the greatest watercolor artists of America. Another interesting exhibition was the brilliant display of tropical scenes done in watercolor by John Lavalle.

Other exhibitions that proved favorites were John P. Benson's marine paintings done in oil. F. W. Benson's watercolors and oils, Mr. and Mrs. Murphy's flower paintings and scenes, and Dwight Shepler's ski paintings. We also had an excellent opportunity of viewing one of E. C. Tarbell's portraits.

It has been remarked, during the various trips, that the average high school student does not care for the modern artist or his works. By the term "modern artist" I mean the surrealists and impressionists. These students prefer those artists who record photographically, or in such a manner that the subject of the painting is immediately recognized. Mr. Santoro, who directs our trips and who offers much constructive and instructive criticism, explains that our understanding of art is not sufficiently developed for us to clearly understand those paintings which do not express things exactly as we see them.

These tours have been most popular. We invite everyone who desires to see the interesting work being done by our present day artists to come along on our next trip. Mr. Santoro in Room 81, or Theodore Anastos in Room 78 will be glad to furnish information.

THEODORE ANASTOS, '38.

IN MEMORIAM:
JAMES HENRY LEONARD

The death of one of the most revered men in our academic circle introduced a note of sorrow into the Cambridge Schools. James H. Leonard was a prominent figure in the life of the schools and the loss which the High School has suffered through his death will probably never be completely estimated.

Mr. Leonard was endowed not only with rare teaching and administrative ability but also with an unusual personality. Those who sat with him in the classroom found education to be not a laborious task but a pleasant and inspiring pursuit.

Familiarity with him bred respect. No love was greater than that which he had for his work and for his pupils, and this love was in a great measure reciprocated by them. If he had ever cared to sum up his philosophy in words, he would have said thus:

"Serve your fellow man nobly so long as the day lasts and let your life be such that when the Master calls you at evening, the memory of you will be an inspiration and a solace to those who loved you."

The Master has called, and he is resting from his labors. To the school which he so dearly loved, he has bequeathed a priceless legacy, the lesson of how to live, a lesson taught by example and written only in the textbook of the human heart.

THE HUNTER'S SONG

Synopsis

JEFF BRADLEY, a young architect suitor to Brenda Lane, heiress, overhears Brenda's father and another suitor of Brenda's, Bill Cummings, plotting to break up Jeff's romance by taking Brenda from England to America. Brenda overhears their plans and emphatically refuses to go. Next morning, as Jeff is riding several yards behind the rest of the hunters in a drag-hunt, pondering over what the outcome of the conflict between father and daughter will be, Brenda comes riding up to meet him. After Jeff assures Brenda that there is nothing wrong with him, Brenda starts out on a fast gallop to take a high jump just ahead. Jeff's warnings to her go unheeded, and as she reaches the jump she is thrown high into the air. Jeff reaches her side.

(The Story Continues)

PART III

Jeff sprang to the ground and tenderly raised Brenda in his arms. With difficulty he suppressed a mad desire to shout hysterically for aid. Instead he called softly, "Brenda—Brenda darling! Speak to me! It's Jeff."

There was no response from Brenda, who lay white and limp in his arms. Placing her carefully on the ground once more, Jeff ran back to his mount in order to get his canteen of water. He was pouring the water onto his handkerchief, when he heard the hunter's bugle sounding the song that told the catch was made, and the hunters were on the way back.

"Thank heaven!" breathed Jeff as he hurried back to Brenda. He proceeded to bathe her forehead with the damp cloth. Soon her eyelids began to flutter. Jeff held his breath expectantly.

By this time the riders had reached the spot where Jeff and Brenda were. They all came to a halt upon seeing an accident had occurred. Mr. Lane went dashing toward where his daughter lay.

"Brenda! Brenda!" he called excitedly. "What has happened? Is she hurt? For heaven's sake do something, Bradley!"

"If you'll just give her air, please," Jeff addressed the dismounted riders who now surrounded the little group. "I think she'll be all right. She's coming around now."

Slowly Brenda opened her eyes and seeing herself surrounded by people, proceeded to raise herself.

"Brenda, wait, dear," Jeff said, assisting her. "Are you sure you're all right? No bones broken?"

"I'm all right, Jeff," Brenda smiled waveringly. "Just a—nasty blow on the head."

Seeing that his daughter was not seriously injured, Mr. Lane regained his blustering attitude. "Why didn't you keep your eye on Brenda, Bradley? You might have known she couldn't take that high jump! A fine husband you'll make if you can't even take care of her before you're married!"

With clenched fists and an icy glint in his eyes, Jeff turned away from Brenda until he faced Mr. Lane. In a quiet, clipped tone he addressed him. "I've had just about enough abuse from you, sir! I

want you to know that there isn't anything in the world I wouldn't do to protect Brenda. I was even contemplating giving up my happiness and going away, so that Brenda wouldn't suffer the consequences of your constant bickering over our engagement. And—believe it or not—I was even thinking of you too, for little as you show it, I know you love Brenda and want the best for her. I'm sure I can't give her the best. But you don't even deserve that much consideration!"

At this point Jeff's voice rose excitedly and he shouted, "Let me tell you now, Mr. Lane, that if Brenda is still willing to marry me, I'll marry her tomorrow—and nothing you or anyone else can say will stop me!"

With these words, Jeff swung on his heel and was off in a cloud of dust, leaving behind him a group of awed and admiring people.

Mr. Lane was the first to speak. "Humph," he muttered to himself. "Didn't think he had it in him." Then in a louder voice he addressed the riders. "Well, let's bring this so-called hunt to a close."

There was a dash for the horses, and the group went riding back to the Inn with the barking dogs trailing close behind them.

As they entered the courtyard, the hunters dismounted and a piece of large beef, or the "kill" was thrown to the excitedly barking hounds. After this ceremony was over, the men and women all trooped into the Inn for breakfast. The sun was now shining brightly, and the party had taken on a joyous attitude with much laughing and conversation.

The merriment subsided when Brenda came in on Jeff's arm and they took their places at the table. Jeff remained standing by his chair, and addressed Mr. Lane. "Well, sir, Brenda and I have talked it over, and we've decided to be married next week. We'd like your blessing, but—if you refuse to give it I'm afraid we'll have to go on without it. I'm sorry I lost my temper this morning, but it's better that you should know how I feel about the whole situation."

At this point all eyes were turned upon Mr. Lane, who was blushing up to the roots of his hair. He sputtered and stammered but finally said with much effort, "Hmph—well—er, I suppose everyone else here will give you his blessing, so—ah—I might as well give mine, too. God bless you both!"

Jeff's hand and Mr. Lane's met over the table in a firm clasp.

The End

SHIRLEY FRIM, '38.

DO YOU KNOW THE ANSWERS?

1. Who invented the telegraph?
2. What is the largest island in the world?
3. Where is the original House of the Seven Gables?
4. Who is the present Prince of Wales?
5. What was the maritime call for help before SOS was adopted?
6. What famous baseball player of the past was recently elected to the National Baseball Hall of Fame?
7. What state has the lowest tax on gasoline?
8. Where is Kalamazoo?
9. Where was the first textile establishment in America?

Answer the above questions, then turn to page 20 for the answers.

DIARY OF A DIZZY DAMOZEL

WELL, let's see, what happened today. Oh, going to school I was so impressed. Laurie Field leaped over a snowdrift, gracefully — just like a fawn, or something. Guess what! Edmund Kennedy confided to me that he is planning on being a diplomat — that is, more or less. Then he tapped his head. You know how gallantly he taps his head, diary dear!

I've finally learned the value of absolute, unquestioning faith. Nowadays, whenever I see a great, big bracelet coming along, I just take it for granted that Marguerite Steadman is somewhere beneath it. It's really wonderful.

Oh, I just had the most terrible thought. What if Peter Kenney talked in his sleep? I mean it, it might make it embarréssing, in history class.

Ah me, Lydia Holland and Nancy Crowley both have naturally curly hair, while I,—oh, well, there are lots more important things in this life than mere external appearances. (Sniff, sniff.) No, I'm not jealous—except maybe of Sylvia Sugarman's green eyes.

Paul Lowry is a Communist! He couldn't quite explain why, but I suppose feelings like that lie too deep for words. It seems that everybody ought to have everything he wants. I think that's so noble.

Alan Lewis explained very earnestly that he never saw beauty till he came into English class, at which all the girls were werra werra thrilled. Today Sheldon Land asked whether love could not be considered as a weakness of human nature, and, with a sigh, added especially when it was unrequited. Of course, it's probably just a purely abstract theory of his, diary dear.

Of all the fishes in the sea, Martin Ryan would rather be a bass. He said so himself, and I think it's beautiful to have the courage of your convictions like that.

Our Poetry

THE REWARD OF INIQUITY

I saw a book upon a desk,
And it was wondrous fair;
I wondered who its owner was
And who had left it there.
Its smooth brown covers tempted me
To open them and read,
But, fearing what its owner'd say,
I dared not do the deed.
It rested there invitingly
Before a lovely chair,
And seemed to say: "Come, open me,
And read my stories fair!
I tell of gallant knights and maids,
And many a sprightly fairy!"
I opened it—but O, alas—
It was a dictionary.

BERTHA HUMEZ, '40.

WINTER FLOWERS

Winter,
With crystal buds
That blossom into soft
And snowy petals, heralds thus
The Spring.

PAULINE SOREM, '39.

How fraught with loneliness
Seems the world.
How futile
The struggles of men
As on a towering cliff
I stand and gaze
With fascinated visage
And undiminished awe
To far below
Where beats the churning sea
Against my haven
Reaching forth
Hungry, death entwining arms
To clasp me close
To its frothy bosom.
Seeking
To drag me and all creation
With one unending roar
Of triumph
Beneath its swirling surface
To destruction.

ALMA DE COEN, '39.

REFLECTIONS ON EXHILERATING SPORTS

SKATING

I made my twirls
With grace and ease,
And here I lie
Beneath the trees.

SKIING

I had a friend
Whose name was Ned.
He tried that jump,
And now he's dead.

COASTING

I tried to coast
Down Longby hill.
I did my best,
But here's my will.

BOB-SLEDDING

Oh, yes, I made
The bob sled run,
But not in fear—
No, 'twas all in fun.

TOBOGGANING

Did you ever ride
On a big toboggan
It's not so bad,
But it's awful joggin'.

DOG-SLEDDING

He rides along
With happy smirk,
But the poor little dog
Does all the work.

NANCY CROWLEY, '38.

A PRAYER FOR COURAGE

Oh, what a sorrowful, dreary day!
The skies are so cloudy, so misty, and gray.
The sun has been hiding, and can nowhere be found,
And even the birds in the trees make no sound.
I've waited for daylight through a long dreary night,
Waiting to welcome earth's sweet morning light;
The night dragged so slowly, towards cool morning dawn
I hoped that by morning, all gloom would be gone.
Oh, please God, send down the sunlight and song,
Just for a moment, not very long!
The sun gives me courage, its rays give me light,
And You give me spirit to live and to fight.

EDITH MAZZA, '38.

BEAUTY

Beauty is found
In such small things,
The delicate hues
Of a butterfly's wings
Faintly seen from afar
As it joyfully flies
On a quiet melodic bar
Of the transient wind
Near the earth and in the sky.
The soft, gentle spattering
Of shining, crystal rain
A lulling strain doth sing.
A satin petal of a rose
Exquisitely wrought
From nature's finest metal,
This is beauty.

ALMA DE COEN, '39.

THE FROZEN RIVER

The frozen river
A helpless captive,
Kicks up his feet in a futile effort
To free his aching arms
From the cruel bonds of ice.
But now his faithful friend, the sun,
Silently and painstakingly breaks the chains
To let him race through the snow,
Fleeing from his master, frost,

ANTOINETTE SAWYER, '38.

JACK FROST'S BALLET

(A TRIOLET)

Snowflakes danced o'er the ground
To a soft symphony
Of the wind's crooning sound—
Snowflakes danced o'er the ground.
Hand in hand spun around,
And then bowed daintily,
Snowflakes danced o'er the ground
To a soft symphony.

PAULINE SOREM, '39.

Life
Is the haunting melody
Of a magic violin
Throbbing and glowing vividly
Then—fading into nothingness.
Death
Is the passing of time
First slow—then gathering momentum
Sweeping all before it
Inevitable—never ceasing.

ALMA DE COEN, '39.

FAITH

Is there a man who fully knows of this
The sweetest and most precious gift of all?
Why He bore the wormwood and the gall
To save creation from the dark abyss?
Can it be truly thought or said of man
That he believes and questions how his life
Is guided through this world of sin and strife,
To reach at length that yet more glorious span?
Yes, there are those who put their trust in God.
To them be everlasting peace and rest,
Since they for their unerring faith are blest
And called to walk the paths where He hath trod.

HELEN SKILTON, '38.

LAMENT OF AN UNHAPPY MAIDEN

I wish I knew
Some words to write
On a poem I didn't
Read last night.

The picture was called
"The Girl at Dawning";
There was a poetry class
The following morning.

I went to bed
With the poem unread
For I knew we'd read
The poem instead.

The following morn
'Twas oh! so sad,
For a substitute teacher
I found I had.

She made me sit
And write a tome
On the author's mood
When he wrote the poem.

NANCY CROWLEY, '38.

SALT SEA KNAVES

Oh I sing
Of a thing
With a wriggly tail.
A horseshoe crab,
A big black snail.
Of scaly fishes
With horny heads,
And a fat mud turtle,
Heavy as lead.
And little sea horses
Riding the waves,
And all Mother Nature's
Salt sea knaves.

HELEN SKILTON, '38.

C. H. L. S. Spot-Lite

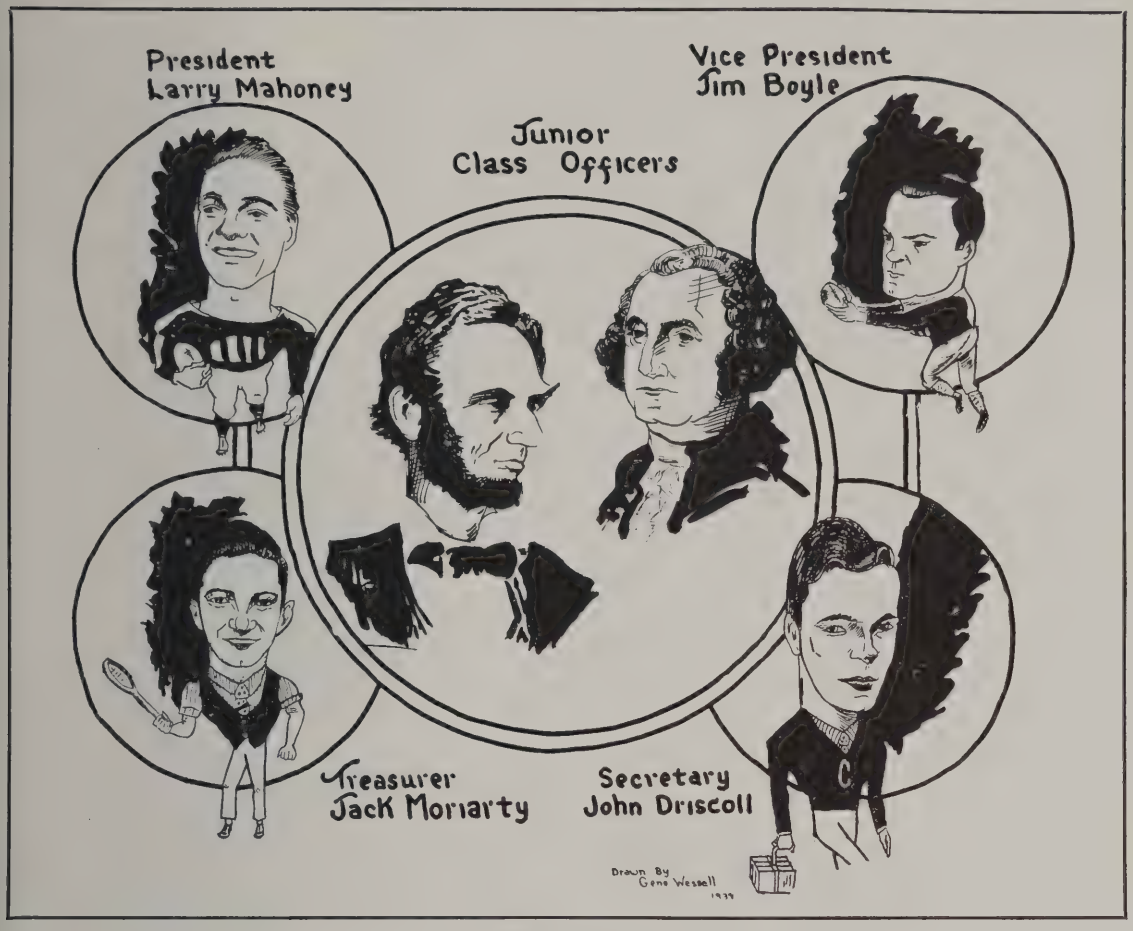
I peek through the keyhole,
I listen at the door,
I print what I hear,
Do my readers roar!

Well, it looks as if I'm going poetic again . . . After reading the mail from my thousands of readers, ahem, I find that nicknames are popular . . . Dot Kelley is called "Tessie" by her friends . . . Isadore Pickler picked up the name of "Dusty" . . . He must have been to see "The Hurricane" . . . Miller, Gardner, and Marshall — what a group of arithmeticians . . . Doris Glassman writes stories like a veteran writer, don't you think? . . . Table number eight in the lunchroom is reserved for Bob McNally . . . Grace Wood is not only a politician but also a singer . . . While on the subject of singing, one must remember Tom Curran, for his chanting is also very good . . . Ralph Parsons is a critic on new plays and movies . . . Specials . . . To Esther Frongello: Where did you get that perfume? . . . To John Hodoian: Why don't you play Rhett Butler in "Gone With the Wind"? . . . To John Reen: That's quite a large letter you have on your sweater. Did you play squash, ping pong or were you a candidate for the track team? . . . Did you know that . . . There was a "red-headed" line on the hockey squad . . . This line was made up of Bob Mulcahey, Mort Buckley, and Red Powers . . . that Mary Toomey collected quite a few of the graduation pictures . . . That Helen Crowley followed up the hockey games to cheer C. H. L. S. on to victory . . . that Walter Greycul dislikes crowded buses . . . That Mort Buckley was picked the 10th best athlete in the entire state . . . WARNINGS . . . Watch out for George Lobban, the P. G. He may sell you an insurance policy now that he works for an insurance company . . . Avoid Ed Blanchfield or he'll snap your picture . . . What a resemblance between Jerome Crowley and Gordon Buchanan . . .

Our "swing" band in the hall draws a number of listeners after school . . . Charlotte Knight certainly didn't like to be locked in the coatroom on the second floor . . . Attention . . . John Brogan's wrist watch works . . . What's this, Edna Sullivan is an actress . . . Bob Baxter claims he'll soon be eligible for sports . . . Is Beatrice Quint still winning games for the chess club . . . When is Paul Wagner going to produce that car we hear so much about . . . For exercise, Remo Caroselli walks around with Big Jim Gardner . . . Flashy Herb Boudreau is some puck passer on the ice . . . Classified Ads . . . Cleaner: To help clean Bob Sheehan's desk. Experience is essential. See Horace Roewer for details . . . Informer: To inform Tony Accardi and George McMahon when the lunch period is over . . . Sophomores Veronica O'Donnell and Mary Hart just won't wear their rubbers . . . Art O'Dea is gunning for me, Falter Pinchell . . . Well, aren't they all, Arthur? . . . I do not wish to receive any more threatening letters from "The Phantom" . . . Can you image Jim Boyle wants to sue me for libel? . . . Gene Wessel can certainly draw . . . Chick Meehan does not believe in capital punishment . . . He means homework, I guess . . . At the hockey games—where was Wally Boudreau? . . . Charlie MacElroy, the boy with the fine disposition, is a friend in need. Do you know that George Makris is one of our most ardent hockey fans? . . .

Alan Lewis has received a bid to the fire department after grasping a fire extinguisher and putting out one or two sparks in the Chem. Lab. . . . Room 78 ought to be complimented for its original performance at the senior assembly starring "Archibald" Land, Kay Ricker, Ray Guild, and the five stooges . . . Peter Kenney would make an ideal ad for Ovaltine . . . Although hydrochloric acid is capable of eating through wood, when recently spilled on Lewis's pants it didn't even make a pin hole . . . It looks like one of the best senior dramas in the history of the school . . . The recent departmentals showed how much we seniors do not know . . . The C. H. L. S. hockey squad at the time of the writing is playing championship hockey only one point behind Rindge . . . Talk of rings, pictures, year-books, and the long sought-for graduation is floating around the senior corridors . . . I wonder where Claire Nugent got the name of "Shotgun?" . . . She doesn't seem to be the explosive type . . . John Sheridan must like icy water. He is constantly falling through the ice while skating . . . Walter Feeley looks like a page from "Esquire." The colors of his costume clash gorgeously . . . Lefty Linehan has the cheeriest smile your Falter has been in a long time . . . Boy Tynan has to help Don Campbell put on his coat after the sixth period. Is Don so worn out by then that he is too feeble to put on his own coat? . . Kay Hayes and Eileen MacCarthy look enough alike to be sisters . . . Ellen Sullivan is a wonderful skater. She can cut figures like Sonja Heinie . . . Dot Bee, Marie Flynn and Louise Leahy are loyal hockey fans. They haven't missed a game . . . Bob Stuart is a direct descendent of the Royal Stuart family in Scotland . . . Jimmy Branscombe is a direct descendent of General Joseph Hooker. Who says C. H. L. S. has no celebrities?

Well, readers we bid you a very fond adieu until April.



Hockey

The following are the scores of the C. H. L. S. hockey games up to January 22, 1938. The last game resulted in a 1 to 0 victory over to Medford, thus putting Latin one point behind first place which is held by Rindge.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 2 RINDGE 2

One of the finest exhibitions ever witnessed was that of the Cantabs opening game. Frank Briand and "Herby" Boudreau did the honors for Latin against her city rival, Rindge. Latin was leading 2-1 with but 10 seconds to play when sensational Fishy Dumond desperately shooting from mid-ice tied the score by edging the puck by goalie Carey.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 4 NEWTON 1

Still encouraged with the previous week's good playing spirit, Latin easily trimmed its old old rival Newton. Ben Mason of Newton put spirit in his fellow "rooters" by leading the attack against Latin. Briand and Sid Hines continued to play well for Latin by securing the whole four points.

CAMBRIDGE 2 MELROSE 3

Perhaps it was overconfidence, but Latin lost to the clever Melrose team. Our team suffered its first defeat of the season through the excellent breaking up of our rushes by footballer Bob Priestly, All Scholastic end.

Again Frank Briand and Herby Boudreau maintained Latin's hope for victory by scoring 2 goals.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 5 BELMONT 1

Smarting from its defeat, our Latin team greatly overpowered Belmont. The clever skating of Captain Buckley and Red Powers didn't allow the opponents to get started. Leading scorer, Frank Briand, acquired several more notches in his gun by sinking goals past the bewildered Belmont goalie.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 1 STONEHAM 0

One of the fastest and cleanest games ever witnessed by the schoolboys brought forth a Cantab victory over the powerful Stoneham sextet, 1-0. Captain Buckley and Ace Carey kept Stoneham from blinking our red light with their stubborn resistance. A perfect pass by Herby Boudreau to Red Mulcahy resulted in Latin's sole goal.

ON REGULATING GENIUS

NATURE will not be told what to do. Yet there is a movement afoot in the world today that is trying to dictate to nature. Natural forces can, to a certain extent, be controlled by man's will; but man cannot overstep his limits. Waterpower may be harnessed, but not genius. Rather, it is left to Nature's discretion to distribute natural talent.

However, a certain group of college professors have proposed a plan whereby only college graduates shall marry college graduates. In this way, they hope to increase the intellectual ability of future generations. Their argument is based somewhat on the old saying that "like marries like"; and their idea is to give the child of the future a home with a cultured background, a home that will provide the proper environment. But the most ideal conditions will be of no use, if the child has not the mental capacity. It is their belief also, that if both a child's parents are highly intelligent and very well educated, the child himself will be brilliant and may in time exceed their mentality. Although this may be so once in a hundred cases, it is not a general truth that children of extremely bright persons will be as sagacious as their progenitors or that they will come near being geniuses.

Past ages have disproved this statement. Many of the most gifted men of all times were born of uneducated parents. But because of that divine spark, they were able to raise themselves and leave their "footprints on the sands of time." The name of William Shakespeare is the greatest in the world of literature and perhaps in the whole universe. Yet his father was a poor, unschooled shopkeeper, and his mother could not write her name. Keats's parents were of the poorest class of Londoners and Keats himself was born in a small tenement over a livery stable. In spite of his inauspicious beginning, his name is linked with those of the greatest poets of the world. Beethoven's mother was a German peasant woman of the poorer class; nevertheless her son became one of the greatest musicians who ever lived. In case you are apt to think that only in the old days were geniuses born in adversity, there is an example of a modern man that runs along these same lines. Thomas Alva Edison, the late inventor of the incandescent lamp, was left at an early age to seek his own means of living. Although the odds were greatly against him, he won great recognition by perseverance. And, lest we forget, the Greatest ever to exist was born in a stable. His parents were humble and poor.

These and many other illustrations are definite proofs that man cannot dictate to Nature. He is powerless to sway nature's decisions to suit his own fancy. It would be useless, therefore, to try any scheme to "plant" genius, so to speak. Nature knows what is best for us and acts accordingly, even though we fail to follow her train of thought at times. Why then, you ask, do these professors stubbornly insist that their plan will work where other attempts have been unsuccessful? Because they have not yet learned that although times and customs may change, human nature does not.

HELEN SKILTON, '38.

FASHIONS

THIS is the time of the year that you feel like taking all your old clothes and chucking them in the ash barrel. You're bored stiff with them. You feel like buying all new things, but you can't. At least I can't. So, there's only one thing to do and that is to fix up what you have.

If you have a sweater that you once liked but you're sick of looking at it now, buy yourself a pin. A large crazy, freakish looking one. There are all kinds—dogs, rabbits on skiis, cows jumping over moons, and a million more. Put the pin right in the front of your sweater. It's a small item, but when people comment on "your pin" your spirits will begin to rise.

There's a darling new fad out. The Wellesley girls started it. It's half sweater and half shirt! It's a combination of both. This sweater-shirt affair is made on a shirtmaker style, of a soft warm fabric that is perfectly dear. You can wear it with anything or under a ski suit, and if you get it with a crew neck you can wear pearls or other accessories. And girls, it washes as easily as cotton, and they're only a dollar. They come in all shades and colors. They're just keen. Incidentally, if you do get one with a crew neck buy two clips and place them about four inches apart. It adds immensely to the whole outfit.

Now we come to something that most of us think is just about impossible to doll up—the skirt.

What can we do to the skirt? You can't remodel it.

Très simple, use a belt. Not just a belt. Get something different. I saw one girl with a brown belt which had silver paper clips stuck all around it. It was a novelty. Use your brain and think up new ideas. Another girl tied a bright scarf around her waist. What it didn't do for the skirt! The skirt took on new shades.

Getting a new dress? Grand. But when you're getting it get one that has a several-usage neckline. By that I mean one that a kerchief or beads or pins can be used on. People will think that you have a host of dresses.

The joy of every girl's heart is an evening gown.

Dame Fashion doesn't say that sweet and frilly is the style, or smooth sophistication is in the foreground. It's up to Milady. In Boston, in a leading store is a white net with full skirt and a bolero jacket affair that is the very height of femininity. Right near it is an ice blue Grecian draped gown that is perfectly feminine but a trifle more sophisticated than the white. A foot away is a white taffeta with violet color accessories. It's simply a matter of choice, but for heaven's sake keep to your type. If you're tall and rather awkward don't go in for sweet sixteen types. Any saleslady would be perfectly willing to help you out, so don't be afraid to ask her. You are bound to look like a dream once you get set, because the dresses today are made to bring out your best lines.

For evening gowns that look sick beside sister's new one, don't give up hope. Has your gown puff sleeves that droop like a dying daisy? Get your mother to buy some good stiff material, I think the name of it is bafoon, and ask her to sew it in the inside of the sleeves. The reason I said "mother" is that I am afraid you girls would make a mess out of it. Those sleeves of yours will rise and shine like the first flowers of spring. Take off the old accessories and get new ones in a different shade. Really it isn't hard. Just you use your brains and consult some good magazines that will give you some clever pointers. When you do step out, Johnnie will think you are perfection personified.

LILLIAN GRACE, '39.

TO THE BOYS

I hereby proclaim that I am not responsible for the publishing of the article on Fashions. My authority has herein been violated, but the women insist on their rights.

THE EDITOR.

RICHARD BABISH RECEIVES HONOR AT M. I. T.

OUR school has recently been honored by the presentation of a book from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in recognition of the outstanding work in Calculus by Richard Babish. To qualify for such a recognition, a school must have a graduate student who is among the upper five of his class in one of his major subjects. This honor is therefore granted only to an extremely small number of schools. We wish to congratulate Richard on his work, and to add that we are proud to be represented by his type of student. May such achievements as this of Richard Babish stir us on to new heights of endeavor.

HONOR TO MR. JOSEPH SANTORO

Mr. Joseph Santoro of the Art Department has been honored by being selected for a Louis Tiffany Foundation Award. A small number of outstanding artists from all over the United States, ten in number, are chosen to paint during the summer at Oyster Bay, Long Island. In the winter an elaborate exhibit is held in New York City. This is a splendid recognition of Mr. Santoro's ability as an artist.

DURRELL DEBATING SOCIETY

THE activities of the Durrell Debating Society, at the present time, are being centered about the forthcoming interscholastic debates.

The first squad has been divided as follows:

Affirmative	*Negative*
Joseph Connolly	Mary Buckley
Phillip Jones	James Cole
Morris Burk	Harry Oster

The subject chosen for discussion throughout the high schools of the country by the Governing Board of the National Forensic League concerns State Government Reform.

Later on in the year we meet Watertown, Revere, Biddeford, Maine, and other opponents afforded us through out participation in the tournaments of the National Forensic League. Our schedule points to a very busy forensic year, and we hope, to a successful one.

MORRIS BURK, '38.

TUTORING

MISS MARY MOULTON, A. B., A. M. ED. M., retired teacher, public and private school experience, tutors in: English, Latin, Spanish, Algebra, Arithmetic, Plane Geometry, at her home

361 HARVARD ST., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Teacher: Mary, can you tell me the Latin verb "to swim"?
Mary Ahern: No.
Teacher: Correct.

Terry Twomey: The class of '38 is a monarchy?
Esther McGloin: Why?
Terry: It's lead by a King.

Speaker (on platform): I want civil service reform. I want educational reform. I want industrial reform. I want——
Martin Ryan: Chloroform.

He: What's the name of a movie represented in this sentence: James, go pick an Easter flower?
She: "Picalily Jim."

Bill: What song is represented in this sentence: Charles is the official hangman?
Jack: "Swing it, Mr. Charlie."

Rowe: What's the name of a book and movie (same one) represented in this sentence: Two cats were born with one tail?
Feeley: "The Tale of Two Kitties."

Ann Singer: What movie is represented in this sentence: The Kettle danced gaily on the stove?
Gertrude Bond: "Rhythm on the Range."

Fred Fallon: Tried your new auto yet?
John Galvin: Yes, I had a fine ride.
Fred: Go fast?
John: Not so fast as the cop. That's where the fine came in.

Wm. Kelly: When you're thirsty drink some milk. It's good for your blood.
Bernard Alperin: I know; but I'm not blood thirsty.

Tramp: Could you spare me something for a cup of coffee?
Sandy: Hoot, mon! D'ye think I carry lumps of sugar around in my pockets?

Robert Navien: When it comes to that man's job, he's got it all over everybody.
Leo Villari: Why? What does he do?
Navien: He's a tattoo artist!

Tom Lovett: You say you flunked in French? Why I can't understand it.
Jack Kane: Neither can I. That's why I flunked.

Jim Cohen: Honestly, now, you'd never think my car was bought second-hand, would you?
Dave Ryan: Never in my life. I thought you made it yourself.

Ruth McGowan: Didn't you promise when you sold me this car that you would replace anything that broke or was missing?
Dealer: Yes, sir. What is it?
Ruth: Well, I want four front teeth and a collarbone.

Joe Lovoi: What's the difference between vision and sight?
Waldo Sateriale: That's easy. My girl is a vision. Yours is a sight.

Instructor: Be sure to eat the fruit with the skin on. What are your favorite fruits?
Herbert Beckwith: Bananas and cocoanuts.

Mary Quinn: How's your sister coming along with her driving?
Mary Crowley: She took a turn for the worst last week.

Milton Finstein: What made you flunk your Latin course?
Ray Guild: I wasn't in the proper mood.

Glenn Perduyne: What is green and purple, has four legs, and flies through the air and sings?
Bob Sheehan: Why, I don't know. What is it?
Glenn: Oh, I haven't made up the name yet.

John Cotman: Have you a cigarette lighter?
Charles Strathopolous: No, they're all the same weight.

Jean Alden: I dropped my watch in the river once and it's been running ever since.
Anne Groden: What! the same watch?
Jean: No, the river!

Lady: Does your mother know you smoke:
Little Boy: Does your husband know you speak to strange men in the street?

Leslie Bloc: This month's report card showed four V's and one P. What would you advise me to do?
Robert Babish: Enter your garage, close and bolt all doors and windows, start the motor and lie under the exhaust. Inhale deeply until relieved.

Jim Cohen: My best girl friend turned me down. Alas! What is there left in life for me?
Dave Ryan: Have you tried Aspirin?

To the Editor: My friend and I were throwing snowballs while leaving school last week. By chance, one hit Mr. Downey in the eye. Please advise me.
Advice: Hire any taxicab in sight, knock out the driver, and take the first road to the left marked, "DANGER—BRIDGE OUT." Ignore this sign and let nature take her course.

Visitor to C. H. L. S.: You have a wonderful school here.
Waldo Sateriale (modestly) : Thanks.

Marie McCabe: (In Domestic Science) May I have some pepper, please?
Joan Fitzgerald: Red pepper or black pepper?
Marie: Block pepper, to do some Latin on.

John Driscoll: Have you a pin?
John Moriarty: Common, rolling, ten, safety, bar, stick, hair, hat wrist, beauty, scarf, tie or fraternity?

Guide: And in the large room in the rear we have several dyeing vats.
Bernard Alperin: Oh isn't that a shame! Can't you do a thing for them?

Alma Regnier: I am writing a book on confetti.
Ethel Crehan: Why don't you use regular paper?

Alice Ray: I'm here for study.
Francis Nugent: Well, it'll be a new experience for you.

Nancy Crowley: Where is your chivalry?
Alan Lewis: I turned it in for a Buick.

Paul Lamb: Gosh you're slow. Why don't you get an encyclopedia?
John Conroy: The pedals hurt my feet.

Longuin Buenis: Give me three examples of a collective noun.
Mike Rizzo: Three examples are fly paper, a wastepaper basket, and a garbage can.

Lieutenant (roaring with rage): Who told you to put those flowers on the table?
Private: The Captain, sir.
Lieutenant: Pretty, aren't they?

Westerner: Listen, fellow, that means fight where I come from.
Richard Davis: Well, why don't you fight then?
Westerner: 'Cause I'm not where I came from!

Marie Conlon: Did you ever see the Catskill Mountains?
Florence Martin: No, but I've seen them kill mice.

Jack Moriarty: I've eaten beef all my life, and now I'm as strong as an ox!
John O'Neil: That's funny, I've eaten fish all my life and I can't swim a stroke.

Eddie Linehan: My little sister ate some chicken yesterday.
Don Doyle: Croquette?
Eddie Linehan: No, but she's very sick.

Fred Coolen: How did the accident happen?
Glenn Perduyn: I was trying to please all three of the back-seat drivers.

G. A. A. NOTES

GREETINGS, G. A. A. members! Another issue of the REVIEW and more news of the G. A. A.

The Christmas party, which was a great success, was enjoyed by every member present. Everyone remarked how sweet the Freshmen carolers, under the direction of Anne Sullivan, a Junior, appeared. These carolers were Olive Carmen, Joan MacLaughlin, Margaret Foley, Theresa Twomey, Betty Fawcett, Mildred Farrell, and Esther McGloin.

I hope no one missed the Girl dance which took place in the Girls' Gym on January 7. Anyone of the large number which attended, will tell you of the good time. The orchestra was especially good. We extend our thanks to the girls who served on the Refreshment Committee, in charge of Anne Sullivan and Miriam Harney, and also to those on the Door Committee in charge of Claire Kelley. Without these efficient committees, which were chosen with great care by the officers, the dance could not have been successful. We especially wish to commend the ushers, Betty Ambler, Jean Cameron, Lorraine Keefe, Betty Fawcett, Mary Fair, and Jane O'Hara, who conducted themselves with such ease and grace.

More fun for G. A. A. members! On Friday evening, February 11, an old-fashioned masquerade will be held in the Girls' Gym. A costume of any country or any period will be suitable. Be sure to come masked!

Now, to turn from social interests to athletic ones! The Seniors are fighting for their laurels, in the inter-class championship games. The Seniors won two out of the three games. Then they played the Sophomores, and, over confident of victory, the Seniors were shocked, when the Sophomores outplayed them 16-13. If the Seniors win the second game, which will be played Wednesday, January 26, the decisive game will take place on the following Friday, January 28. The Seniors intend to play two games that week.

The spirits of our basket ball girls were rather dampened by the defeats which they suffered in their first game with Arlington. The Senior team, especially, suffered an overwhelming defeat of 26-0. The swift Junior team was beaten by one point, 13-12, and the Sophomores bowed to Arlington 27-9. However, each of these teams made a wonderful comeback at Belmont, Friday, January 21. The determined C. H. L. S. Seniors defeated Belmont 15-12. The equally hard-fighting Juniors were victorious by a score of 17-10, and the Sophomores overwhelmed Belmont by a 20-13 score. The schedule for the remaining games of the season is as follows:

February 4—Newton at Cambridge
February 7—Waltham at Waltham
February 11—Needham at Cambridge

The inter-class swimming meet will take place sometime before the February vacation. There are still some girls who signed up for swimming and who have not attended. This is not fair to Miss Brown, the G. A. A., or the special swimming instructor, who has been hired by the G. A. A. Show your sportsmanship and hurry down to the Y. M. C. A. Thursday evening!

The G. A. A. dues, according to the Constitution, may be paid any time beginning January 31, and ending Friday, February 4.

The sports offered by the G. A. A. are numerous, our social affairs are frequent, therefore take advantage of your final opportunity this year to become a G. A. A. member.

DOROTHY TWOMEY, '38.

Answers to Questions on Page 11

1. Samuel B. Morse
2. Greenland
3. Salem
4. There is none
5. C. 2. D.
6. Grover Cleveland Alexander
7. Missouri. 2 cents a gallon.
8. Michigan
9. Waltham

ONE IN A MILLION WITH THE

Alertness of Peter Kenney.
Complexion of Sheldon Land.
Sweetness of Barbara Fawcett.
Dignity of Edmund Kennedy.
Piano playing ability of Harper MacKay.
Petiteness of Anita Singer.
Ability of Theodore Anastos.
Sportsmanship of Dorothy Twomey.
Debating ability of Morris Burk.
Personality of Sylvia Sugarman.
Friendliness of Ann Wood.
Patience of Mary Ahern.
Style of Beatrice Saroff.
Red hair of Charles MacElroy.
Sociability of Edna K. Sullivan.
Beautiful hair of Florence Martin.
Pep of Betty Lofchie.
Generosity of Dorothy Oates.
Slowness of Thomas White.
Brilliance of Dorothy Pollack.
Good nature of Helen Skilton.
Humor of Walter Feeley.
Violin playing ability of Longin Buinas.
Determination of Eloise Humez.
Agility of Dorothy Perkins.

Dramatic Club Notes

THE plan of student directed plays has passed the experimental stage and is now an established method of production in the Dramatic Club. The excellent dramas presented during the past semester have proved that members of the club are not only capable of casting plays but also of directing them.

"November Afternoon," co-starring Edna Sullivan and Jerome Crowley has been produced both for assemblies and for night school classes, while "Overtones," with Katharine Ricker, Josephine Panariello, Alma de Coen and Shirley Fielding, has also been presented at assemblies in the past month.

On Friday, January 14th, try-outs were held for three new plays which will be directed by our veteran members, Shirley Frim, Nancy Crowley, and Josephine Panariello. The plays to be presented are three of the most outstanding dramas for high school production. They are Barrie's famous "The Admirable Crichton"; that rollicking comedy, "The Flattering Word"; and to balance the program that very dramatic play, "The Valiant." The casts for these plays are unusually large using new as well as more experienced members. The results of the tryouts are as follows: for "The Admirable Crichton": Dorothy Twomey, Dorothy DeBye, Jane Boltz, Peggy King, Everette Hart, Harper MacKay, Frank Brennan and James Leydon; the characters in "The Flattering Word" are: Harriet Ford, Pauline Enkowska, Jerome Crowley, Alma deCoen, and Tom Curran; the cast of "The Valiant" are Christopher Burke, Joseph Connolly, Claire Nugent, and Edward Osborne.

As soon as these plays are ready they will be presented at assemblies.

A short business meeting was called January 19th at which the members of the club were invited to attend a senior drama at the Curry School of Dramatics.

The mid-year tryouts for membership in the Dramatic Club were held January 7th. Fifteen new members were added to our already large membership enrollment.

MARY BUCKLEY, '38.

EXCHANGE NOTES

"The High School Record" from Camden High School, Camden, New Jersey, is a splendid magazine with a number of exceptionally fine wood cuts. One of its best features is "We Cover The World." It has a fine poetry section profusely illustrated. The editorials and book reviews are among the best. But what we especially noted was its ingenious setup and the remarkable cover.

"The Crimson and Gray" from the Mary E. Wells High School, Southbridge, Massachusetts, presents a striking appearance in its brilliant crimson and gray cover. It is an excellent magazine with a wide variety of departments. We wish to congratulate the advertising department.

"Ecolian," published by the students of the Dover High School, Dover, Delaware, is truly praiseworthy for its excellent humor, and poetry.

We were delighted with the four school songs which are both spirited and well conceived.

"The Student's Pen" hailing from Pittsfield High, Pittsfield, Massachusetts, afforded us a very enjoyable time reading its wealth of literary material. We admire the excellent candid camera shots as well as the photographic "Who's Who," and the humorous cartoons.

"The Clipper" with a magnificent sketch of a clipper ship gracing the cover made its appearance in our recent exchanges. It hails from The Barnstable High School, Hyannis, Massachusetts. With timely editorials and high rating stories "The Clipper" is a credit to the school and its staff. Among the humorous articles written by the students are "How to make Enemies and Antagonize People," "Musings of a Rambling Skunk," and "On Gummed Labels." There was also an article concerning Horace Mann, which was original in treatment.

"The Echoes" of the Eleanor McMain High School, New Orleans, Louisiana, is a literary goldmine, containing full ninety-six pages packed with interesting writing and photographs. Throughout the magazine we found artistic linoleum cuts accompanying many of the stories. We are sure that the "As Seen on the Campus" and "As Seen in the Class Rooms," which are candid shots, make a big hit with the students. "Bait for Bookworms" a book review column, makes one almost run to a bookstore or library to read those books which were found so enjoyable by the "McMainiacs" as they call themselves.

We have received many delightful high school magazines in exchange which have been an inspiration to us, as we hope our REVIEW has afforded pleasure to others. We are grateful for those who have sent us their papers—and we are happy to send ours to our many friends.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, '38.

C. H. L. S. SONG HIT PARADE

Have You Got Any Castles, Baby?
The Chess Team
Peckin' .....Lunch Period
Me, Myself, and I .....Bob Sheehan
The Moon Got In My Eyes.....The Latest Excuse
That Old Feeling.....Report Card Time
So Rare .....Vacations
All You Want To Do Is Dance.....Dot DeBye
Whispers in the Dark
Between Pictures at the University
Can I Forget You?.....Parent-Teacher Night
They Can't Take That Away From Me
The Brookline-Latin Football Score
In Our Little Wooden Shoes
P. G.'s Walking in the Corridor
You Can't Have Everything.....The Honor Roll
You Can't Stop Me From Dreaming
During Study Periods
Smarty .....Honor Students
Strike Up the Band
School Orchestra on Friday Afternoon
Happy Days Are Here Again.....Vacation Time
Time on My Hands.....P. G.'s
Night and Day .....Study

THE Chess Team still remains undefeated. Since the last issue of the Review it has proved itself superior by winning over Huntington Day High School by a score of 8-0, Brookline High School at Brookline 14½-2½, Worcester High 3½-1½, and Rindge 8-0.

Stanley Ramonas, our first board player, has entered the Interscholastic Chess Tournament to represent our school. There are eight schools from New England competing, and the finals are to be held in the City Club on February 22.

Richard Babish, one of the best players of former years, comes frequently to play and to instruct us. Besides having the pleasure of Dick Babish's visits, we have been honored by visits from Helen Hanson who was the only girl player on the regular team last year.

SUSAN CIAMPI, '38.

Photograph by BARBARA FOGELIN

Smart High School Men Naturally Turn to Kennedy's Under-Grad Shop for Their Clothes

UNDER-GRAD SUITS
UNDER-GRAD TOPCOATS
REVERSIBLE TOPCOATS
UNDER-GRAD SHIRTS

And a full line of other Under-Grad Accessories

UNDER-GRAD SHOP - 4th FLOOR

KENNEDY'S

SUMMER & HAWLEY

BURDETT COLLEGE

Courses for
Young Men and Women

Business Administration-Accounting (Pace), Secretarial, Shorthand, Typewriting, Business, and Finishing courses.

One and Two-Year Programs. Previous commercial training not required for entrance. Leading colleges represented in attendance. Students from different states.

Write or telephone for Day or Evening Catalog

60th year
BEGINS IN SEPTEMBER

Offers

BUSINESS TRAINING

needed to

MAKE THE RIGHT START
MOVE STEADILY FORWARD
ACHIEVE SUCCESS

(with a Degree Plan for those who wish it)

and in addition

VOCATIONAL COUNSEL AND PLACEMENT SERVICE

156 STUART STREET, BOSTON • Telephone HANcock 6300

Colonial Beverages

Are Served at

CAMBRIDGE HIGH
LATIN SCHOOL
CAFETERIAS

Manufactured by

THE COLONIAL BEVERAGE CO.

Cambridge, Massachusetts
Rutland, Vermont

University Tutors

66 CHURCH STREET

(At Brattle)

PRIVATE and GROUP TUTORING

IN ALL ACADEMIC SUBJECTS

The February Vacation is a good time to catch up in your studies . . .

The UNIVERSITY SHOP

Leopold Morse

1410 Massachusetts Avenue
In Harvard Square

The Smartest Shop in the Square
Showing Exclusive Correct
Styles at the Prices You
Want to Pay

JOHN R. MACTAVISH

Apothecary

Prescriptions Called For and Delivered

INMAN SQUARE
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

J. COYLE

Motor Transportation

30 FISH PIER **BOSTON**

UNIVERSAL LAUNDRY

43 FREMONT STREET, SOMERVILLE, MASS.

A Complete Laundry Service for Every Home

SOM. 6200 - 6201

BRATTLE SQ. FLORISTS

GOMATOS BROS., *Props.*

✪ ✪ ✪

All kinds of Decorating with fresh cut flowers given special attention. Bouquets for Brides and Bridesmaids. Crosses and Wreaths for Funerals.

✪ ✪ ✪

Open evenings until 10:00 P. M.

✪ ✪ ✪

Flowers telegraphed all over the United States and Canada.

Members of Flower-Telegraph Association.

HARVARD SQ. AND BRATTLE SQ.
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Phone: KIRkland 7089

SHEA BROTHERS

CHURCH STREET PRESS

Printers to the Review

SHEA BROS. PRINTERS

33 CHURCH ST. CAMBRIDGE

At Harvard Square

Telephone: TROwbridge 1360

Massachusetts Conservatory of Music, Drama, and Dance

STANLEY G. MAXWELL, Director

671 MASSACHUSETTS AVE., CENTRAL SQ., CAMBRIDGE. Trowbridge 3026

Piano	*Voice*	*Violin*	*Dramatics*
Classical or Jazz Private or Class Lessons	Private Lesson Free Voice Test	Private or Class Lesson	Elocution—Correction of Defective Speech. Public Speaking.

DANCING

TAP, BALLET, ACROBATIC, CHILDREN of 2½ Years Accepted

BEGINNERS, INTERMEDIATES, ADVANCED

Learn all the Latest Ballroom Steps. 8 Week Course For $3.50. We invite you to visit the School

HOURS — 10 A. M. to 9 P. M. Saturdays—10 A. M. to 3 P. M.

Write or Phone for Catalogue. The Faculty is Composed of Professional Teachers

CARL A. WEITZ

FRANKFURTS
BOILED HAMS
PURE PORK SAUSAGES

"Taste the Flavor"

Sausage Products From The House of Weitz Are Tasty and Wholesome

Manufactured under U. S. Inspection

Alex Robbins, Proprietor TROwbridge 2850

ROBBINS FLORIST

Artistic Designers

Flowers For All Occasions

26 Central Square, Cambridge

Corsages Our Specialty

Flowers Telegraphed to All parts of United States and Canada

TUXEDOES FOR HIRE $1.50

Full Dress, Cutaways and Accessories

BILL THE TAILOR

2319 MASS. AVENUE ELIot 0600
Harvard Theatre Block, Cambridge
OPEN EVENINGS

Y. W. C. A.

Leisure Time Activities

7 TEMPLE ST.
Central Square
CAMBRIDGE

AN
ELECTRICAL GIFT
For Every Member of the Family

Toasters
Mixmasters
Roasters
Waffle Irons
Sandwich Toasters
Lionel Trains
Telechron Clocks
Schick Dry Shavers
Hotpoint Flatirons
Movie Cameras
Silex Coffee Makers

EMF
Electric Supply Company

430 MASS. AVE., CAMBRIDGE

Greeting Cards . .
Stationery - Large Showing

O'BRIEN on Avenue

675 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE

SUCCESSOR TO
E. F. HUNT CO.

CRONIN'S STATIONERY STORE

INMAN SQUARE
CAMBRIDGE

School Supplies *Greeting Cards*
Periodicals

SALE! SALE! SALE!

ENTIRE STOCK REDUCED

DANIEL'S SHOE STORE

1154 CAMBRIDGE STREET

Newest Styles
In Boys' Brogues,
Crepe Soles,
And Cordo-Calf Shoes

All Styles In
Girls' Sport Shoes
All Colors In
Crepe Sole Shoes

BUY NOW AND SAVE

Belluche Photo Service

Developing - Printing - Enlarging

KODAKS AND SUPPLIES

180 FRANKLIN STREET
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

TROwbridge 4966

TYPEWRITERS

For Better Home Typing Practice

- - RENT OR BUY - -

A Standard Office Machine — Same as Used in School and Office

Royal - Underwood - L. C. Smith - etc.

Mention this ad for Student Rates

BEACON TYPEWRITER SERVICE

1384 Massachusetts Ave. Telephone, TROwbridge 0227 Harvard Square, Cambridge

"THE TYPEWRITER SHOP"

MANTER HALL SCHOOL

PRIVATE TUTORING IN ALL COLLEGE PREPARATORY SUBJECTS

GROUP REVIEWS FOR COLLEGE BOARD EXAMINATIONS

71 MOUNT AUBURN STREET TROwbridge 7532

Popularly Known As "The Widow's"

MIDDLESEX UNIVERSITY

Middlesex University, chartered by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, offers professional courses in medicine, pharmacy, podiatry, and veterinary medicine.

Two-year pre-medical, one-year pre-veterinary and 4-year courses leading to A.B. and B.S. degrees are given in the College of Arts and Sciences.

Faculty of specialists for each school. Laboratories are modern, completely equipped. Spacious 95-acre campus.

Choose one of the following schools for thorough professional training:

School of Medicine—Four-year course leading to M.D. degree.

School of Veterinary Medicine—Confers D.V.M. degree in four years.

School of Podiatry—Three year course. Degrees: D.S.P. or Doctor of Surgical Chiropody.

School of Pharmacy—Prepares for State Board examinations. Comprehensive two-year course.

Graduates of Cambridge High School admitted without examination.

Write for catalog.

MIDDLESEX UNIVERSITY, Waltham, Mass.

MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL OF PHYSIOTHERAPY

Evening Classes — Co-educational

Graduates qualify for positions in Medical Offices and Hospitals as Physiotherapists and Medical Masseurs.

One-year comprehensive course (including Electro-therapy — Scientific Massage).

Individual Instruction by Physicians and Technicians.

Graduates of C. H. L. S. are admitted without examinations and are prepared to qualify for State Board Exams.

Catalog on Request **Address Registrar**

285 HARVARD STREET, CAMBRIDGE

Phone: Kirkland 5552 (7 p.m. to 9 p.m.)

THE FAY SCHOOL

For Girls

52 Beacon Street **Boston, Massachusetts**

■

One-year and two-year courses in Academic and Secretarial Science offering, in addition to the conventional business courses, training in the development of attractive and efficient business personality. The environment is homelike and highly cultural. Catalog.

■

M. IRENE FAY

Director and Vocational Adviser

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

DAY DIVISION

COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS

Offers a broad program of college subjects serving as a foundation for the understanding of modern culture, social relations, and technical achievement. The purpose of this program is to give the student a liberal and cultural education and a vocational competence which fits him to enter some specific type of useful employment.

COLLEGE OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Offers a college program with broad and thorough training in the principles of business with specialization in ACCOUNTING, BANKING AND FINANCE, or BUSINESS MANAGEMENT. Instruction is through lectures, solution of business problems, class discussions, motion pictures and talks by business men.

COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING

Provides complete college programs in Engineering with professional courses in the fields of CIVIL, MECHANICAL (WITH DIESEL, AERONAUTICAL, AND AIR CONDITIONING OPTIONS), ELECTRICAL, CHEMICAL, INDUSTRIAL ENGINEERING, and ENGINEERING ADMINISTRATION. Students select, at the beginning of the sophomore year, the course in which they intend to specialize.

Co-operative Plan

The Co-operative Plan provides for a combination of practical industrial experience with classroom instruction. Upperclassmen earn a portion of their school expenses and make business contacts which prove valuable in later years.

Degrees Awarded

Bachelor of Arts — Bachelor of Science

EVENING DIVISION

(For Men and Women)

Providing complete courses of university grade, for high school graduates who find it necessary to work during the day but wish to study for further advancement.

SCHOOL OF BUSINESS

Programs in Accounting, Management, Law and Business, and in Engineering and Business, under instructors actually engaged in the fields in which they teach.

73% of graduates hold executive positions in business. Preparation for the C. P. A. examinations. School grants B. B. A. degree. Individual courses available to special students.

SCHOOL OF LAW

Pre-Legal Department

Furnishes to high school graduates a program of studies equivalent to the two years of college work required for admission to the study of law.

The School of Law

Prepares for the bar examination and for the practice of law. Case method of instruction. LL.B. degree conferred.

Graduates of Cambridge High and Latin School may be admitted without examinations if grades are satisfactory to the Department of Admissions

Catalogs or further information sent upon request

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

- for Girls!

- Official Gym Suits
- Coats, Dresses, Hats
- Hosiery, Underwear
- Shoes, Gloves, Bags
- Sweaters, Jackets
- Skirts, Beauty Shop

- for Boys!

- Suits and Overcoats
- Shirts, Socks, Ties
- Sporting Goods
- Underwear, Hats
- Sweaters, Mackinaws
- Shoes, Sport Trousers

If it's Fashion - Right

it's from the Bazar

If it's from the Bazar

you bought it for LESS

Ask your parents

THEY KNOW!!

HARVARD BAZAR

"Where Your Family Has Shopped For 62 Years"

CENTRAL SQUARE . . . . CAMBRIDGE

The Cambridge Review

Cambridge High and Latin School
Cambridge, Massachusetts
April, 1938

The Warren Kay Vantine Studio

160 BOYLSTON STREET At Park Square in Boston

Official Photographer to

The Yearbook and the Class of 1938

A Note on Portraits of Quality . . . . and Price

Our regular $12 portraits are offered at $5 per dozen under the contract prices. This includes an 8x10, framed enlargement and the official Yearbook glossy print. . . .

HANcock 0739, 0743, 0744

The Review Staff

Editor
PAUL LOWRY

Assistant Editors
PETER KENNEY
JOHN FLEMING

Literary Staff
NANCY CROWLEY
ALMA DE COEN
ALAN LEWIS
HARPER MacKAY
PAULINE SOREM
SYLVIA SUGARMAN
ANN WOOD

Business Manager
NELSON WALDMAN

Advertising
THEODORE ANASTOS
WILLIAM FLAHERTY
PETER VILLARI
PEGGY CASS
CLAIRE NUGENT

Art
MR. JOSEPH SANTORO
THEODORE ANASTOS
BARBARA FOGELIN

Exchanges
THOMAS CAMPBELL

G. A. A.
DOROTHY TWOMEY

Debate
MORRIS BURK

Dramatics
MARY BUCKLEY

Spotlite
JOHN McINTIRE
GERALD SEGAL

Typists
LYDIA LOJA
ALICE BIELENSKI

Faculty Adviser
MISS MARY P. BLIGH

The Cambridge Review

Member NATIONAL SCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION EST. 1921 1937-38

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1938
VOLUME 52 NUMBER 4

Contents

On Convalescing 2
The Big Top Comes Down 3
Styles Then and Now 4
An Interview with Nelson Eddy 5
Opera by Radio 6
What Is a Gentleman? 7
Among the Books 8
Quill and Scroll 9
A Letter 10
Honor to the REVIEW 11
Our Poetry 12, 13
Spotlite 14
Mary Buckley 15
Class Notes 16
Exchanges 18
Athletics 19
G. A. A. 20
Chess 21
Advertisements .....

Published five times a year: November, December, February, April, and June.
Terms: 75 cents per year; 20 cents a single copy.
Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

COLUMBIA SCHOLASTIC ASSOCIATION PRESS

INTERNATIONAL QUILL & SCROLL

ON CONVALESCING

THE state of convalescence, that borderland between sickness and health, has in the eyes of most of us that same mirage-like quality that a big warm prison must have in the eyes of a cold and hungry tramp. None of us actually want to be sick, but when burdens seem a little heavier than wont, the prospect of a day in bed does exert a charm; the thought of doing nothing for a while is not exactly repulsive.

Convalescing is pleasant for most of the morning hours. On waking up and feeling very jovial without a care in the world, customarily we first indulge in a hearty laugh over the suffering of our usual fellow-sufferers. "Ha, Ha," we think, "those loafers at this point are probably sweating drops of blood in one of those awful English tests." You notice, in our enthusiasm, we even go so far as to use the term, loafers, although, as we lie there idly gazing at the ceiling, we know that this is far from true since so often we ourselves have described the amount of work that is forced upon that same English class in most vivid terms.

The pleasure of rejoicing in others' sorrow, although no end amusing, soon, however, does pall as pangs of hunger sweep over us in painful waves. "Food, food!" we clamor, and on someone's approach with a glass of orange juice, we hastily gulp it down merely to whet our appetites for the plate of ham and eggs that is sure to follow. Has innocence ever been so deceived? To our consternation and infinite pain, the humblest of pleading is not able to produce more food. We wonder if we are to be starved, but no, more liquids are soon forthcoming. In fact, before many hours have passed, compared with orange juice, castor oil seems like nectar itself, and we hope that we may die before we ever willingly touch liquid to our lips again. From that point on, convalescing begins to lose its charm.

Moreover between the onslaughts of the liquids, we are beginning to find ourselves bored. The squares on the blankets have been counted and recounted; the frill on the edges has all been braided; the cough drops have been eaten, except the menthol kind, and they're no good anyway; all the neighboring roofs have been scanned, and the pigeons carefully aimed at with our finger. There seems to be nothing to do. Reading hurts our eyes. Finally toward mid-afternoon, while solemnly wishing that we were dead, to show the world how completely and utterly we are bored, we begin to get our English homework out to write a theme.

PAUL LOWRY, '38

MY MAIDEN EFFORT

IN the beginning, let me say that I do by no means vouch for the verity of the circumstances of my maiden effort. Since, at the time, I had been in the world only around eighteen months, my little brain did not have the power of grasping events which could be retained for future reference fifteen years later. Hence, I must depend mostly upon the authority of my fond parents for the necessary information.

At the time, I was reclining in a handy little contrivance called a crib, which is, I believe, still used to support infants during their long sleeping hours. I, however, was not asleep. Quite to the contrary, I was making a great deal of vocal clamor, to which fact I have the testimony of several outraged neighbors. The reason for this infantile disturbance on my part was that for several minutes, I was left entirely alone in the household just at the time when the fingers of hunger had commenced plucking upon the strings of my overpowering instinct of self-preservation. Putting the thought plainly, I was hungry.

It was at this point that I conceived a plan which one would think could not possibly have occurred

in the mind of one so young. If, thought I, the mountain would not come to Mahomet, why not let Mahomet go to the mountain? In other words, why could not I myself fetch the food? I could walk a bit, surely to the ice chest where I knew the food was kept. Appalled at my own brilliance, I wondered what must happen if mother came home and found me, straying loose about the house. However, as the pure adventure of my scheme dawned on me, I dismissed such thoughts as trivial and turned my mind to the more important consideration of ways and means. My first important problem was to effect an escape from the four-sided, barred enclosure which imprisoned me.

Deciding that the side of the crib on my right, being the lower, would be the most easily negotiated, I wasted no time in thrusting one chubby foot over the top. Seeing no difficulty in this phase of my transposition, I caused my other foot to join its mate. Then, I proceeded to hoist myself over the side and slide down on to the floor. But, in the process of sliding down, my right foot caught somewhere in the bedding and held the lower part of my anatomy effectually suspended while my upper part came hurling past and made a neat three-point landing on the floor, midway between my head and left shoulder. Thus had my maiden effort ended in disaster!

At this junction, mother happened to enter, and, taking in the situation at a glance, reprimanded me severely while restoring me to my former confinement. As punishment, I had, of all things, to go without supper!

HARPER MACKAY, '38.

THE BEAUTY OF COMMON WORDS

LINGUISTS tell us that most of our common English words are derived from the Anglo-Saxon tongue. We would hardly expect the language of that hardy, barely civilized, sea-coast people to be very beautiful in sound. In fact, many of our common words are not very pleasing to the ear but have their charm in their connotative appeal. Words that refer to our homelife and the appointments of our homes are often harsh and dissonant but seem lovely to us because they call to mind the congeniality of home life and the many experiences that have made up our lives. Simple words recall simple pleasures, which, after all, are the most real and lasting. We learned our first words by pointing to an object and struggling with our babyish determination to name it. We greet those familiar words now, as childhood friends.

In "The Vicar of Wakefield" Goldsmith uses simple language in a homely atmosphere to develop great moral truths. The very naïveté of the Vicar's little sermons make them evident and convincing.

What could be more simple than that beautiful pastoral poem, the "Twenty-third Psalm"? The psalmist expresses in the simplest terms of nature an absolute faith in God. How heavily ornate, in contrast is John's allegorical description in "Revelation" of his conception of Heaven!

The great Galilean used simple language in His teaching because he was attracted to such simple people as fishermen and ordinary workmen and because He loved simple things. The Sermon on the Mount was directed to the simple, country people of the Galilean Hills. He took His parables from the everyday life and scenes of the times —the sower, and the lily of the field. He wished to present the simple and beautiful truths in the most appealing and convincing manner. Is this not the supreme argument for the beauty of common words?

DOROTHY OATES, '38.

THE BIG TOP COMES DOWN

BEFORE the people are all out of the big top, the circus crew is heaving the collapsible seats, plank by plank, onto a wagon which is drawn by a hugh pair of horses. Out and away they go! Soon, all the supporting poles of the tent are removed, except for the three main ones. Meanwhile, other men empty the tent of the safety nets, the wires and ropes, the circus rings and stages, the amplifying system, and all loose paraphernalia including the trapezes, aerial bicycles, and spotlights.

Now a cry goes around as scores of men release the ropes they are holding, and the Big Top sinks, like an undulating ocean to the ground. The sections are then separated, rolled tightly, and loaded onto a waiting truck. The stakes, so important to all tents, are pulled from the ground in pairs by a special stake-pulling machine.

The trucks rumble off the field; the crowds saunter homeward; and at midnight, I am left alone on an empty field.

It was such a short time ago that the show was in full swing that I can almost see the clowns amusing the crowds, the trapeze performers swinging high in the air, and the bareback riders whirling round and round in the circle.

It is all over for a year, for the people of the city where the performance has been given; but not for me, for I am traveling with the show, and I had better hurry or I shall miss my train. This is the life of the circus man who feels the call of the road, and who loves the excitement of the big tent! I wouldn't change it for the best white-collar job in the world.

ERNEST CROWLEY, '38

STYLES THEN AND NOW

IT is a fact that styles change with the times. In the "gay nineties" when grandmother and grandfather hitched up the old mare and went sporting, their clothes were as gay as themselves. Grandma's dress was symbolic of the girl who modestly flickered her eyelashes when a young gentleman had the audacity to approach her. A long skirt covering tons of petticoats personified the conservative viewpoint of the times. The hats showed the wearer to be a lover of nature: birds, feathers, and fruit surrounded the heads of pretty damsels, making them look like a walking forest.

To the young girls of today who are supposed to desire more style than their coy ancestors, those ladies of the nineties seem a bit old-fashioned. What does this word, old-fashioned, mean? To some it means out of style. Well, that is the meaning I shall take, as I try to uphold youth of today by contrasting their styles to the aforementioned styles of the nineties.

Today, the dresses are like an elevator going up and going down. Right now, however, the dresses are at a standstill in the upper floor. They are very short; they are typical of the American girl of these times, extreme, but beautiful. The hair dress tries to diminish the apparent age of the woman; such a coiffeur as the "page boy" sometimes makes a woman of forty look younger. Well, in modern times the wheel of style revolves so quickly that, without a bit of exaggeration, the clothes you wore last week are passé. Instead of bustles being in style, those bustles which we have seen in the attic where mother keeps cherished memories, the swing skirt swirls into fashion. Swing, swing, swing, is the cry of modern youth. The clothes, the music, the dancing, everything has swing.

College girls think they are original in wearing kerchiefs tied under their chins. However, my grandmother in Europe used to wear the same kind of kerchief, and she is considered old-fashioned. As I said, time marches on. What may have been the style years ago again becomes the rage in these days.

Today "anything goes" in style. Hats look like dilapidated pancakes and shoes are so cut out that I often wonder that they are to be worn on the feet. Yes, I am sorry that I was not put on this earth half a century ago. Then, I, too could go riding in good comfortable clothes and be a model not only for posterity to giggle over and criticize but also to imitate.

SYLVIA SUGARMAN, '38

A DEFENSE OF GOLF

ONE may notice a disposition on the part of certain writers to speak of Golf as a foolish game, unworthy of the leisure time of a thinker. Refuting that imputation, I can only say that, down through the ages, the mightiest brains have occupied themselves with this noble game and that, if I err in defending it, I do so in excellent company.

Leaping back twenty or more centuries we find Publius Syrius not disdaining to give advice on the backswing: "He gets through too late who goes too fast," Diogenes describing the emotions of a cheery player at the water hole "Be of good cheer. I see land," and the good Doctor Watts, who, watching one of his drives from the tee, jotted down the following couplet on the back of his score card:

"Fly like a youthful hart or roe
Over the hills where spices grow."

And, when we consider that Chaucer, the father of English poetry inserted into his Squiere's Tale the line, "Therefore behoveth him a full long spoone," though,—of course with the modern rubber-cored ball an iron would have obtained the same distance—and that Shakespeare himself, speaking querulously in the character of a weak player who held up an impatient foursome, said:

"Four rogues in buckram let drive at me" we may, I think consider these objections answered.

And, supposing we left the confines of English literature, who knows what evidences of the effect of Golf upon the writings of genius, hidden away in dusty archives, abandoned and long-forgotten, we might not bring to light?

HARPER MACKAY, '38.

SPRING FEVER

(A Freshman Theme)

IT'S strange that Charles Lamb never included among his essays, "Popular Fallacies," one on Spring Fever, for indeed, the popular notion, that mental and physical laziness is the chief symptom of spring fever, is hardly a true one.

No doctor's diagnosis of a baseball "fan" would ever reveal these symptoms. Why, every other fellow I talk to asks me who I think will win the pennant this year; whether I think the Red Sox will finish in the first division or whether the "B's" pitching staff will be stronger this year than it was last. It certainly seems to me from all these questions that spring fever has excited a great deal of mental activity among these baseball enthusiasts, and when you see the same fellows out on the field batting out flies and running around bases, we can hardly think them "sick" with physical laziness.

ROBERT SHAINE, '41

THE NELSON EDDY

WE ALMOST INTERVIEWED

WHEN Nelson Eddy came to Boston, we decided that he should be allowed to have the inestimable honor of being interviewed by two star reporters of the REVIEW, Yours truly and Yours sincerely. When Sunday morning dawned bright and clear, we had not received an answer from Mr. Eddy, acknowledging our polite note in which we had expressed our desire to meet him for an interview. So we reached Nelson Eddy's manager, Mr. Brown, by telephone, and informed him of our chagrin. He is a singularly unresponsive fellow, Mr. Brown, but not a bad chap when you get to know him. Mr. Brown informed us politely, although a bit unenthusiastically, that we could interview Mr. Eddy at Symphony Hall after his concert.

Came four-thirty, and your young reporters were goggling in amazement at a crowd of nearly one thousand women who had thronged about the stage door of Symphony Hall. However, undaunted by this unexpected obstacle we moved around to the edge of the crowd where we found a squad of Boston's own mounties had conveniently opened a path straight to the door, upon which we knocked. Then broke the storm of "no's" that fluttered unceasingly over our heads for the rest of the afternoon.

Upon being told at the box office that Mr. Brown had not been there all afternoon, and then being informed by the hotel that the elusive gentleman was not there either, we engaged in a whispered consultation with the result that a message was left for Mr. Brown to the effect that the two interviewers from the CAMBRIDGE REVIEW would wait at the hotel to meet Mr. Eddy.

The meeting then adjourned to the Statler where the reporters were whisked to the twelfth floor (Oh, how we were to remember those twelve floors) to await the arrival of Mr. Eddy and his manager.

The elevators came and went, and people stalked in and out, until finally one elevator ascended to our floor, stopped, the door was flung open and He strode out. Girls, he was so close to me that I could have stuck my foot right out and tripped him!—but I didn't. Imagine having the opportunity of making the idol of 50,000 feminine hearts fall flat on his face at your feet—and not taking it. By the time my eyes had lost their glaze, Mr. Eddy had zoomed down the corridor, flanked on either side by his manager and a bodyguard, at least six sizes smaller than he, who escorted him with the tender and efficient solicitude of two little tugboats helping the Queen Mary into her berth. All I really saw of him was his left foot and two flying coat-tails. They were lovely coat-tails though, dark blue tweed, you know, and the foot was really quite good sized.

Yours sincerely, who got a better look at his face, says he looks just like his pictures. Isn't that amazing?

A few minutes later we stood with palpitating hearts watching the approach of Mr. Brown, who dashed our hopes to the ground, with the bitter information that Mr. Eddy was completely exhausted from his concert and could see no one. He strode back to his room, and as we dashed after him to show him the error of his ways, we were trampled underfoot by a horde of youngsters who also desired communication with the golden-voiced idol. Just as we were directing ourselves off, we were thrown against the wall by the breeze created by the house officer trying to round up the horde. To make matters worse, we were rounded up with the others, and no amount of sputtering and waving of letters and arguments could prevent our being herded with the others down the hall and into the elevator where we were given a nasty little lecture on the subject of respecting the privacy of the individual.

The only ray of hope in our darkness was a little red door marked "Stairs" just around the corner from the Detective's desk. We kept our thoughts firmly on this door as we dropped out of the lobby and said to the others in a conspicuously discouraged tone, "Well, guess we may as well go home now," and thereupon we trudged out the door.

A brisk walk around the block concluded our strategy, and we ventured into the hotel again, determined anew to do or die. An elevator (a different one) took us to the mezzanine, and casual excursions down various corridors finally disclosed another little red door marked "Stairs." Further investigation revealed a very steep flight of stairs, up which we dashed until we collapsed at the twelfth floor. (Gentle Reader, have you ever run up 12 flights of stairs? Please take my word for it, and don't try). Having somewhat recovered, we peered around just in time to see the House Officer stride by with an efficient look on his very florid face. As soon as he had gone, we tip-toed down the corridor to Mr. Eddy's room, gave a final twitch to our hair, and knocked timidly. His manager came to the door and answered us when we offered the information that we were from the REVIEW Staff, that Mr. Eddy had not yet recovered from his strenuous afternoon and couldn't see anybody. However, he did thaw out enough to give

us the following information, concerning the object of our solicitude. It seems that the poor man's time is completely booked until February 1940, (not even Catherine Ricker is dated up that far in advance) that he returns to Hollywood in May, and to the radio in August. We also learned that he had had nothing to eat since breakfast, (this produced an answering pang in my own stomach) and that the phone was ringing, and would we please excuse him. We thanked him for the interview and walked down the corridor past the Detective's desk (and did we give him a snooty look) down the elevator and thence to home.

The next morning, after reading the papers, we realized why Nelson Eddy even if he is six feet and some odd inches in his stocking feet, refused to allow any females within 50 feet of him. Personally, we don't blame the poor fellow—and even if we didn't interview him, we saw him and had such a charming chat with his manager. I'll always remember the manager—and the twelve flights of stairs.

Yours truly and Yours sincerely,
NANCY CROWLEY AND ANN WOOD, '38

OPERA BY RADIO

PICTURE a man relaxing comfortably in an easy chair, listening to "Music's golden tongue" as it comes pouring into the room. The roll of swelling notes fills his mind and body, flooding out with a great cool wave all the troubles and doubts that usually fret his fevered brain. Visualize next a man seated in the opera house, the actual place where the music is being played. How stiff and bored he looks! His collar scratches his neck; he feels that he is sitting on one of his dress-suit tails, but he doesn't dare to squirm anymore than he has already, for fear of a sharp jab in the shins from his outwardly calm and smiling wife. One of his solid-gold cuff links that Aunt Mattie gave him last Christmas has broken and rolled to the floor next to the treacherous high heel of the woman in front of him. How miserable he feels and looks! How happy he would be if he could recline in an easy chair with his pipe and radio at hand. Then all his physical discomfort and self-consciousness would disappear and he could really enjoy the music.

Perhaps part of the self-consciousness of this second man is due to the appearance and stature of the prima donna and warbling hero on the stage. While "Mr Man," the first, relaxes at home visualizing Siegfried as a tall, blond Viking, striding masterfully through his part, head high, with an unmistakable air of unconscious superiority and grandeur, "Mr. Man," the second, sees trotting about the stage a fat, dark tenor barely reaching his Brunhild's shoulders, and resembling strangely, a scrubby, snooty pekingese. Even though the music may be magnificent, one can't possibly help wishing that the leading soprano had just a little less "avoirdupois." How much better it would be to remain at home and let the imagination create far more wonderful scenes than could ever be produced on the opera house stage! How much more the music can hold for him who does!

If one is a student and listens to the opera not only for its appeal to the emotions and imagination, but also for its educational value in the realm of music, what better place is there to listen than at home by the radio? There the student is free from all distractions, free also to take notes or hum an aria or chorus he wishes to learn.

And, after all, why is it so necessary to be present at the actual scene where the music is being played? The radio has been so greatly improved that the "second-hand" rendition of the music is as good as the original. In fact, there are some people who consider music heard over the radio even better, because the playing may be made soft or loud, as one desires. If the main reason for going to opera in the first place, is to listen to the music, why not listen at home to precisely the same program at a price that will not carve a hole in the family budget?

The answer to this, is that it is "the thing" to see and be seen at the opera in one's newest Adrian gown and Hattie Carnegie millinery creation. There are the debutantes, smiling gracefully above their gardenias and orchids; the mother dowagers, sparkling like Christmas trees with all the family diamonds displayed on their portly figures; the "nouveau riche" hoping eagerly for a nod of recognition from one of those debutantes or dowagers; and the group of school girls, there for the thrill of seeing the beautiful gowns, jewels, and flowers. Very few, indeed, in all that glittering, glowing, perfumed audience would, if at home, bother to turn the dial on the radio and listen throughout the whole opera. And yet they claim they "love" music. Perhaps they even quote Shakespeare, pretending to pity the "man that hath no music in himself."

And yet, I know that I should eagerly grasp the opportunity to attend the opera if the chance were offered me. I, too, should dress my best, criticize the garb and style of others, admire the corsages and the hair-styles, attempt to identify the perfumes, and compliment the orchestra and cast with all the usual hackneyed superlatives! And no radio, no matter how well it produced the operatic score, could induce me to refuse this offered opportunity to go to the opera!

MARY SIBLEY, '38

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

WHAT is a gentleman?

The modern young thing, applying lip-rouge to her screwed-up mouth, answers cynically, "A gentleman? He's an extinct animal."

As we examine this statement, we must remember that the modern young thing *is* very young, for all her sophistication, pretended or real; and, that she associates mainly with equally immature young men who have thrown etiquette out the window, along with the rest in the flaming revolt of youth. They have, accordingly, established a mannerless, blasé Utopia, some call it Dante's Inferno, wherein they can excuse their short-comings by the tense term "old-fashioned." However, "hope lives eternal in the human breast" and the fruits of this hope are being nourished placidly by that pillar of correctness, Emily Post and her Satellites. Taking it by and large, this warped point of view can hardly be called the definition of a gentleman.

Then, what is a gentleman?

The fluttering hostess exclaims, "A gentleman? Oh, someone who knows the difference between a tail-coat and a tuxedo. And, really, they're so difficult to find. The gentleman, I mean, not the tuxedo!"

Here we have a true democrat! Tailors undoubtedly know the difference between tail-coats and tuxedos, as do waiters and politicians. At the same time, many men do not know these important details, but surely there are *some* gentlemen outside of this class?

Webster's dictionary supplies the following information: "A gentleman is one who is entitled to wear a coat of arms; a person of independent means; a well-bred and honorable man."

The first part of the definition, as it stands, relegates nearly all gentlemen to within the boundaries of the British Empire and a few kingdoms. We Americans should protest to our State Department.

The second remark that a "person of independent income" is a gentleman, is astonishingly incorrect. To illustrate, Mr. Al Capone was unmistakably a "person of independent income," definition says nothing as to the source of this independence, but by what stretch of imagination can he be termed a gentleman in the true sense of the word?

It is now quite obvious that the true sense of the word gentleman must be sought further. In his third statement, Mr. Webster says: "a well-bred and honorable man" is a gentleman. At long last, we have reached the gist of the matter. A man doesn't need an income, nor a coat of arms to be a gentleman; he need not know whether a dress coat or a tuxedo has tails, but he must be well-bred, in that he is considerate, helpful, and unselfish in his relations with all others. He must be honorable, he must possess a clean mind, he must have the courage of his convictions, and he must never do an unkind or ungracious deed.

That is the definition of a true gentleman.

RUTH STURZEL, '38.

STOP, LOOK, AND LIVE!

BECAUSE four hundred thousand people failed to obey this simple safety rule, they died. Innumerable others were more fortunate; they only lost the use of their legs or arms or were merely subjected to the horror of life-long blindness. Therefore, if you are interested in taking part in the affairs around you, please take time to employ caution, a course that today is necessary not only for your safety but for your very existence.

The trouble with the majority of our present-day pedestrians is that they are under the faulty impression that they can move more rapidly than a fast moving, stream lined automobile. Others have the even more ridiculous belief that an accident cannot happen to them. Time and time again, cold, hard facts have proven that the chances are comparatively few that we shall pass through life without facing an accident. Human bodies, however strong, cannot stand up under a collision with a speeding, steelframed car. Thousands of actual tests have proved conclusively that the body of an automobile is still slightly stronger and more durable—especially when moving at sixty miles an hour, —than the body of a human being.

Therefore, since we are unfortunately physically weaker than automobiles, we must prepare to protect ourselves, not by putting on armor, but by simply obeying safety rules, and by thinking twice before we cross once. Until the time comes when travel by airplane is the vogue, pedestrians will always have to stop and look in order to live. Until that time, let us lose the minute and save a life!

GERALD SEGEL, '38

Among the Books

THE PRODIGAL PARENTS

ALTHOUGH "The Prodigal Parents" is advertised as "The revolt of the parents against the revolt of youth," the book is much more than merely a problem novel. Mr. Lewis is far too mature and mellow a writer to limit himself to the solution of one particular question, within the compass of about three hundred pages, and to be able to exclude from his work a good deal of his philosophy of life in general; every page gives the reader some new thought-provoking idea, which the author touches upon sometimes flipantly, sometimes seriously, but never pointing with pride nor viewing with alarm. He tells us that a certain young man with radical tendencies was as dangerous to organized civilization as a rattlesnake; and adds that a rattlesnake believes himself an honest, kind-hearted family man. Although the book is concerned with a Mr. Fred Cornplow, a bloated capitalist to his communistic children, they are nevertheless open-minded and tolerant enough to be willing to spend the money he earns as a small-town automobile dealer. The story deals especially with his problems in dealing with his pseudo-intellectual domineering daughter, and his weak, stupid son, nevertheless the author, in his whimsical and undramatic manner, considers the whole problem of existence under the cloak of the slow-moving, not particularly absorbing plot. The book does not flow smoothly to an inevitable climax; on the contrary, Mr. Lewis seems to jot down whatever comes into his head. Thus, is could not be classed as a good novel, since it lacks unity of theme, an interesting plot, and a particular aesthetic appeal. Although it can not be pigeon-holed as a novel, it is very worth-while reading. It is simply a chunk out of life, and in real life there is little continuity or inevitable destiny; quite the opposite, it is rather spasmodic, and as for any lofty "theme" which is so necessary in literature, from the jingling morals in Mother Goose rhymes to the most sonorous sermons of very, very wise men, it is apparently quite lacking in life, sad to tell. The author says, "Like every other philosopher since time was . . . he gave up trying to master the question entire." This novel does not try to master the question entire, and thus succeeds where many have failed. ANN WOOD, '38

NOBODY'S IN TOWN

IN her latest work Edna Ferber has written two short novels. In them, she has revealed her extraordinary vision, her insight, and her ability to pose the past against the present and reveal their mutual significance. Completely independent of each other in treatment and theme, they are yet linked, as they complement each other in their ironic implication.

The first, "Nobody's in Town" consists of a series of vignettes of New York life, giving us a cross-section view of those who must stay in the dry, sun-broiled big city when "everybody who is anybody" is vacationing abroad or at some summer resort. Authoress Ferber's gift for unusual similies is used to good advantage several times as, when describing a negro pianist in action she says:

"His long fingers seemed to flow over the keys like chocolate sauce on vanilla ice cream."

The second novel "Trees Die at the Top," is a sharp and moving study in contrasts which asks pointedly the bitter question: are we as a nation, worthy of the magnificent and hard-won heritage which our pioneer past has given us? For we are shown how the pioneer spirit, the spirit which made America, that pushed her frontiers to the western ocean, has faded—the tree is dying at the top.

All things considered, Miss Ferber's latest work should delight her old admirers as well as win for her many new ones. HARPER MACKAY, '38

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION FOR C. H. L. S.

IN a short time the senior class will be scattered. Graduation, will cause the termination of many friendships which have been formulated during our four years at C. H. L. S., for after that night we will seldom have the opportunity of seeing many of our classmates whose comradeship we have enjoyed so much.

Our school lacks an active alumni association which might afford former students an occasion to renew and preserve the friendships of their Cambridge Latin days. Many other schools have such organizations which in addition to engaging in social activities take an active interest in civic and charitable works. In the past, a few half-hearted attempts to organize the alumni of C. H. L. S. have been made, but through lack of co-operation they have failed. We, the seniors, are reluctant to allow our class to drift apart without making any effort to preserve it; it is up to us, therefore, to take the initiative.

No one can question the benefits of an alumni association; under competent leadership and with the co-operation which is characteristic of not only this but also past classes of C. H. L. S., this venture cannot fail. Needless to say the REVIEW will give its whole-hearted support to such an enterprise and will do all in its power to help it to success. PETER KENNEY, '38.

Photo by Vantine

THE CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL CHAPTER
OF THE QUILL AND SCROLL

an International Honorary Society of High School Journalists.
Peter Kenney, Paul Lowry, Harper MacKay, Ann Wood
(Nancy Crowley and John Fleming were absent from school the day the picture was taken)

THE REVIEW was highly honored when six members of the staff were admitted as charter members of the international honorary society of high school journalists, The Quill and Scroll. The work of these members was considered exceptionally well written by the Committee on Admissions of the Society. The new members Paul Lowry, Peter Kenney, Harper MacKay, John Fleming, Nancy Crowley, and Ann Wood were presented with gold pins and certificates of membership by Mr. Cleveland at the senior assembly. There will be an initiation party some time this month. The new members wish to extend their deepest thanks to our faculty adviser, Miss Bligh, who has helped and encouraged us in our work until it has reached its present state of efficiency.

Mr. Edward Nell, the Executive Secretary of the Quill and Scroll, has made the following comments in his letter to Miss Bligh when he sent the charter membership certificates and badges.

"The fine production records of these students, the assignments of responsibility they have fulfilled on the staff of THE REVIEW and your enthusiastic words of appraisal prove that they are able and efficient journalistic workers, well deserving of Quill and Scroll recognition. We warmly welcome them into our organization therefore, confident that they will do all in their power to uphold its high traditions and standards. . .

"I particularly want to commend the new members upon the well written work samples which accompanied their applications. These indicate that they are putting to good use the training the have received in the fundamentals of writing for print. On the whole, I should say that their writing is far above average and you justifiably may be proud of their unusual talents. We hope they will keep up the good work . . .

"With this splendid nucleus of charter members, we look forward to the establishment of a strong and active chapter at Cambridge High and Latin School. We shall be observing your future development with a high degree of interest."

HARPER MACKAY, '38.

A LETTER FROM AN OLDER BROTHER

Dear Jim,

I was delighted to receive your letter yesterday. It's nice to know you still think of your "big brother" once in a while. It makes me feel swell, even though I know you're really three inches taller than I. But Jim, the tone of your letter worried me a bit. I feel rather shy about giving advice, but I think you could use a little. It's the easiest thing in the world to give advice, Jim, and the hardest thing to take, but if my scanty experience can be of any value to you, I shall be well rewarded for undertaking so risky a job.

I know how concerned you must feel about your future. Your present indecision about college is a serious matter. A year or two ago I should have unhesitatingly advised you to go on to college; today, I can but tell you to give careful thought to what you yourself really want to do. Don't think of going to college because your friends do, or because you think you can get a better job when you are graduated, or because of any one of the thousand reasons people give for going to college. Every reason but the right one—Knowledge! Go to college if you feel a compelling urge to learn, stay away if you don't. Oh, I know, athletics and parties and "contacts" have their importance, but even an all-American halfback or a big fraternity man fails to get ahead in spite of all the "contacts" in the world if he doesn't have what it takes.

Of course, a great deal depends upon the choice of college or university. Four years at a college of business administration may prove to be an excellent investment if you bear in mind that a lack of cultural background can be a mighty big hindrance to future advancement. I have noticed that a good many of the men running the firms I have worked for are not graduates of liberal arts colleges, but most of them exhibit a sound knowledge about the world and, what's more important, a keen interest in what is going on about them, which, unfortunately, a fellow doesn't pick up at a commercial school. They realized that a man whose only mental equipment is a knowledge of business is at a serious disadvantage in dealing with his business associates. These men had the desire to acquire knowledge which is the essence of culture. They knew their shortcomings and corrected them, which is no easy thing to do, I can tell you.

Jim, it may sound like a strange thing to say, but I don't know you very well. I know very little about your dreams or your hopes, about your weaknesses or your capabilities. You've said very little about what you want to do, or do you know what you want to do? It's time you thought seriously about it. A high school senior is approaching the most important crossroads of his life. What you do, Jim, in the next two or three years may fairly well decide your whole future. So whether you are going to college or not, make up your mind that you are going to develop yourself to the utmost. Get to know people; you will never be able to escape them, so learn to get along with them. Learn to dance and to play bridge. Never belittle the social graces, for a young man who is socially adaptable will find a great many doors open to him that would otherwise be closed.

I would, of course, like to see you go to college. Both my Wall Street and radio experience has shown me what I have missed in not being a college man. It's a great thing to be able to feel that you belong to a group, that you are a Harvard man, or a Tech man, or a Siwash man, for that matter. If Dad is willing and able to foot the bills, take advantage of his generosity, but be true to him and to yourself. Go and play football or help edit the college paper. Get in all you can, but don't forget *why* you're going to college—to learn to think. But I want you to realize that in the long run, it's only what you make of your capabilities that really counts. What you are speaks louder than a college degree or the lack of it.

Now, about your capabilities. As I said before I don't know much about them, but if I were you, I would make it my business to find out what I could best do. We are living in an age when such things can be reasonably well determined. I understand that there is a man in Boston who does a very good job of measuring a person's aptitudes. His name is Johnson O'Connor, and he has played a great part in the development of aptitude testing. It might be a good idea to go in to see him. The fee is something like ten dollars and, from what I hear, it is certainly well worth it.

I guess I've said enough for one letter. There is a great deal more I'd like to say, but likely enough you're thinking this a very dull letter indeed. Anyway, I hope you will give serious thought to some of the things I've suggested. Incidentally, you might show this to Sis. Most of it could very well apply to her. See you soon—

BOB.

GEORGE EMERSON, '38.

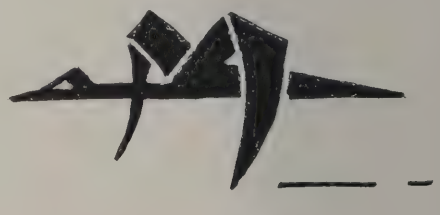


Photo by Vantine

SOME MEMBERS OF THE STAFF PREPARING COPY FOR THE REVIEW

SITTING: Peggy Cass, Peter Villari, John McIntire

STANDING: Claire Nugent, Harper MacKay, Nelson Waldman, Theodore Anastos

HIGHEST HONORS FOR THE REVIEW
GOLD MEDAL AWARD

AT the annual meeting of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association held March 11 and 12 at Columbia University, in New York City, the REVIEW was honored in receiving the Medalist Award, which is the highest possible rating given by the Association. Winning 915 points out of a possible 1000, the REVIEW, from its former position of second place, passed over first place to attain the rank of Medalist. We quote from the Score Sheet:

RATING

"Medalist rank includes publications from the First Class group selected at the discretion of the judges for outstanding quality, but, as a group they are intended not to exceed 10% of the class entries."

The Columbia Scholastic Press Association is an organization representing high school journalists from all over the United States. Its judges consider the participating periodicals from the standpoint of literary worth, make-up, content, departments, and advertising. The staff is indeed proud since this is the first time in the history of the REVIEW that we have attained such a high rating. Much credit is due to the untiring efforts of our faculty adviser, Miss Mary P. Bligh, who has worked untiringly with the members of the staff to give us a thorough training in the principles of journalism. The success is due entirely to her generous encouragement of every attempt of the staff members to better the REVIEW with each edition.

We know that our readers will be pleased to read the following summary which we quote from our Score Sheet:

"Constructive Comments: Humor is excellent. High grade Essay, "People Who Live Next Door." Very well done. Congratulations on financial status. I like the magazine. It reflects a rather joyous personality."

H. M., '38

Our Poetry

THE CAPRICE OF THE WIND

Whispering through fragrant hemlocks,
Softly swaying silent pines,
Stirring 'mid the leafy shadows
Where the silver moonbeam shines.
Gentle, thou, and dancing lightly
Through the darkness like a sprite,
Make sweet fairy music ripple
O'er the stillness of the night.

Changed in mood to gloomy sadness
Moaning round the nooks and eaves,
Whimpering through heavy treetops,
Sulky, scattering the leaves.
Thou, o wind, art like a miser
Who, on losing all his store,
Lays the blame on twists of Fate and
Cursing, vainly weeps for more.

Often thou art roused to anger
Then to rage like chained beast.
Lashing, whipping, biting, stinging,
Driving madly from the east.
Whistling with ghostlike weirdness,
Shrieking out a dismal dirge,
Ruffling great crested Neptune,
Killing like a dreaded scourge.

After this, thy greatest madness,
Comes a light and soothing breeze,
Harbinger of longer-for sunshine,
Peace, and calm, and tranquil ease.
Then thou seekest out a haven,
Thou will find it in the West,
There to nestle 'gainst some cloudlet
Sighing, as if glad to rest.

HELEN SKILTON, '38

THOUGHTS ON SEEING THE PORTRAIT OF A VIKING

Once you lived,
Knew mingled joy and sorrow,
Drank in the winelike air,
And sang in mighty bursts
Of melody, the ancient chants.
Conquering the savage elements
In tiny, frail craft.
Ran fleetingly o'er the sunlit hills
Bare foot against the pulsing soil.
Fought in leaden armour which
Shone with fresh, streaming blood.
Laughed, in great roars that
Shook your brawny body, at death,
And now death laughs.

ALMA DECOEN, '39

HISTORY

In history class we write and write,
Our hair goes awry, we lose our sight,
Our hands are clamped to a speeding pen,
As we scribble on of deeds and men.

ENGLISH

The English class has lost its air
Of youth and merry mirth,
'Cause the mamma and papa of Edmund Burke
Didn't drown their darling son at birth.

CHEMISTRY

In chemistry class when the battle's won,
When the lecture's o'er and the dishes done,
Comes the plaintive cry of a mournful soul,
"Did the litmus turn pink at the negative pole?"

NANCY CROWLEY, '38

PICTURE MAIDEN

Her face outshines the crescent high in its most argent glow;
Her cheeks are like the holly-blush, crimsoning fresh snow.
As guileless as the frozen lake befringed with black-lash firs,
Eyes, that rival starry skies their azure hue, are hers.
Her lithesome form, as swaying wheat, is blown in mute restraint;
Against a winter's landscape white, she strolls in outline faint.
The idol of my youth and dreams, she holds my heart in thrall
But when I try to speak my love she mocks me from the wall.
She smiles her charming smile at me like Lorelei of old
Knowing well I can but gaze and therefore growing bold.
In turn I laugh a soft triumph and bid her soft adieux!
For she must stay in one fixed place while I may come and go.

PAUL F. HILLERY, '38

SPRING

The awakening world shakes off its cloak,
Of Winter's crystal spun:
All nature stretches sleepily
To reach the smiling sun.
Soft petaled cups yawn thirstily,
Beneath caressing showers
The after-rainbows, mist enclosed,
Bend down to tint the flowers.

PAULINE SOREM, '39

APARTMENT LIFE

Apartment life is hectic,
As apartment dwellers know.
For the man who lives above you
And the family below,
Form a mutual conspiracy
To rob you of all rest.
The former owns a saxaphone,
The latter is a—pest!

And if you've only *just* moved in
You get such icy stares,
As though you were some peddler
A-peddling his wares.
Of course there are "apartment smells,"
You soon get used to these.
The pungent smudge of burning toast,
An overdose of cheese,
Delicious scent of roasting lamb,
And, turning to the right,
My nose says that apartment four
Has cabbages tonight.
And then there are "apartment sounds."
Now these are very queer,
For they always seem so far away
And yet they are so near.
The minute that you start a nap
On Sunday afternoon,
Some woodpeckers begin to drill,
You hear a distant loon.
But the cause of all this racket
Is the family next door,
For they thought they'd hang some pictures
Just to get them off the floor.
Then a baby, wakened by the noise,
Begins at once to wail . . .
That was the loon; the tapping was
The pounding of the nail.
Apartments have advantages.
They've disappointments too.
The china closet's way too small,
The kitchen shelves are few,
The front hall closet's full of mops,
The duster's on the ffoor,
And that's because the kitchenette
Was only two by four.
The walls aren't quite so soundproof
As they're advertised to be,
And Major Bowes comes drifting in
To spoil your symphony.
Oh, my goodness, what scurry
When a person comes to visit!
The bedrooms all get changed around.
It's hardly worth it, is it?
For when the person's had his stay,
Perhaps a day or two,
It takes a week to make your rooms
Look natural to you.

In view of the aforesaid facts,

* * * * *

I'll say once more it's so,
That apartment life is hectic.
As apartment dwellers know.

HELEN SKILTON, '38

TO PAVLOWA

Oh winged, ethereal creature,
You blithely caught the grace
And rhythm of the years
Beauty in motion, motion in beauty.

Woman of a thousand moods!
Now dusky skinned maid
Mouth scarlet as a passion flower,
With moaning, echoing wails

Mourning her dead lover.
Then cold, haughty lady
With stately gestures in staid
Minuet, turning and bowing.

Or capricious, coquettish, Columbine
In silken skirt and shining mask
At riotous carnival, flirting.
Yet whether mournful maiden,

Laughing Columbine, proud lady,
You captured each spirit triumphantly
And with singing pulses, matchless body
Turned it into living ecstasy!
Oh goddess, poetess of the dance!

ALMA DECOEN, '39

MIRACLES

We read of old that blind received their sight,
That sick and weak regained their long lost might;
That deaf men heard, that muted tongues were freed;
That two small fishes served five thousand's need.
We learn that those who long had slept, awoke;
That nets, so full of fishes, all but broke;
That lame men walked, that storms were made to cease;
That minds, sore troubled, found eternal peace.
But often we, in disbelief, cry out
That such things could not happen now, or doubt
The very tales themselves. But we today
May find such miracles in great array—
The anxious surgeon healing life and limb,
The chemist making medicines for him—
Today, as then, the blind may see; the lame
May walk; the weak grow strong; the dumb acclaim
The praise of God in their first spoken words.
The deaf may hear the voice of man and birds.
Such deeds are not confined to ages past,
But will be done each day until the last.

HELEN SKILTON, '38

Names mentioned in this column are not fictitious, and any similarity with persons living is implied and should be inferred . . . Here is an item that will not surprise you. Ed McSweeney and John Reen are long distance walkers . . . What's this! The most popular song with the freshmen is "I want to be in Pinchell's Column" . . . Did you know that . . . Isadore Pickler is my under cover man . . . that William Frank is a real good cartoonist. You should see his drawing of Vincent Doyle . . . that when you speak of Edna Sullivan, the senior, you speak of three Edna Sullivans . . . that Bill McTernan has the walking fever. Bill is always on the go . . . It is reported that Florence Martin is expecting a movie contract . . . Room 74 puts on some excellent dramatizations, with Morris Burk as the leading actor . . . Sophomore Helen Roffer can't wait until she becomes a Junior . . . Did you notice that the very popular Ray Guild tied the 300 yard dash record. Frances Mellrup writes very interesting class notes . . . Attention . . . Those words that come from Art O'Dea are his own. He is not a ventriloquist . . . Why Tony Accardi writes such good shorthand that even he can read it . . . Here are a few secrets . . ."I love to see my name in print," says Florence Hughes. Well, here it is Florence . . . Don't mention "Whistle While you Work" to Henry Sawicki. He tried doing it in an Arithmetic class . . . likeable Bill Art intends to become a salesman for a First Aid Kit company . . . Bert Rodman is known as the merchant of room 91A. He sells tickets for every event . . . Watching our baseballers . . . Joe O'Neil daily gains prominence as our baseball star . . . Jim Gardner and Everett Hart are two promising pitchers . . . Pauline Brunaka is all ready to follow up the games . . . Hurray! someone has sent me a note stating that Bob Barrett loves to attend parties. Judging from the threatening letters I have been receiving lately, Falter Pinchell is revealing everything on everybody . . . I can feel the blade of a knife in my back right now . . . To the seniors goes many thanks for voting our column the best ever . . . Junior Secretary John Driscoll brings more sunshine than a sunray lamp . . . Let us proceed at once to Room 88 . . . Interesting people seen prowling around . . . Bob Demers is a student pilot . . . He recently joined the Cambridge Flying Club and he takes lessons in flying every Sunday . . . "Russ" Arnold is in the U. S. Fleet Naval Reserve, a reserve unit of the regular navy . . . This summer Russ was two weeks late in returning to school because of his training cruise aboard the U. S. S. Wyoming . . . Sylvia Weisman is our sax player , . . She has been in our school orchestra for two years and she plays in an all-girl orchestra outside of school . . . Teresa D'Arrigo was in Symphony Hall, March 27, in the fourth row listening to Nelson Eddy's concert . . . Dan Curtin's face is red when he discovers he is the only boy among a group of girls . . . Why does Ed McGrath come to school so early? . . . It's too bad that Dick Catoumas has come out of his reverie . . . Vicky Tron will make a wonderful politician . . . The Charlie McCarthy of Room 4 is beginning to find that rather embarrassing . . . Peggy Ramsdall likes to go bike-riding . . . Marilyn Cooper's unexpected bursts of song in Chorus are most startling . . . Many comments have been made on Vincent Clark's so-called "whiffle" . . . Kay Davison knows all the new dances including the "Dipsy Doodle" . . . Florence Swyers is very good at playing the trumpet . . . Gilda Sateriale is an accomplished pianist . . . We hear that Lesley Reed spent several weeks in Bermuda . . . Have you noticed that Melvin Kohan is getting just a wee bit chubby? . . . Margery Welsh and Mabel Mason are taking up folk dancing in a big way . . . Jean Bolz is rivaling her pal Vivian in the histronic arts . . . Nancy Crowley walked up twelve flights of stairs to interview Nelson Eddy . . . She says there's only one other man in the world she'd do it for again . . . The question is who is he? . . . Things we admire in C. H. L. S. . . . The Gold Medal Award from the Columbia Scholastic Press Association for the REVIEW . . . Who is the phantom artist who draws little dwarfs all over the blackboards of Room 78? . . . The ambition of every freshman girl is to grow up to be like Mary Buckley . . . This readers, closes another edition of this column, which is read by over a thousand students, maybe ten thousand . . .

CAMBRIDGE LATIN MEMORY CONTEST

Score one point for every correct answer. A senior should get ten answers right, a junior nine, a sophomore eight, and a freshman seven.

1. How many is a baker's dozen?
2. Are there more red stripes or white stripes on the American flag?
3. Who gave away more money than any other Scotchman who ever lived?
4. Who was the author of Poor Richard's Almanac?
5. What is an iconoclast?
6. Why is the village of Oberammergau, Bavaria, internationally known?
7. Whose offices are at No. 10 Downing Street?
8. What city is built on seven hills?
9. What nationally known local festival is held annually in New Orleans?
10. How often is a U. S. National census taken?
11. What product is advertised by the slogan: "Keep that school-girl complexion"?
12. What is the common origin of the words "czar" and "kaiser"?
13. How many U. S. senators are there?
14. What have the words (a) "gauche" and (b) "sinister" in common?
15. What product is advertised by the slogan: "What a whale of a difference just a few cents make!"?
16. What proportion of public school teachers in America are men?
17. Why do the best toothbrush bristles come from Russia and Siberia?
18. How much garlic is used in the U. S. in a year?
19. To what extent is the manufacture of buggy whips carried on yearly?
20. What was the distinguishing characteristic of Medusa?

(Answers to this Quiz are on Page 21)

MARY BUCKLEY

A few weeks ago, the Senior Class voted as its best citizen a girl who possesses every qualification for this honor—Mary Buckley. As a result, she will be awarded, at the graduation exercises, the Good Citizenship Medal of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Mary has long been active in school. She has very capably served the Durrell Debating Society as vice-president, the Dramatic Club as president, and the K. B. as president. In each of these offices, she has contributed her best effort toward the welfare of both school and club.

In addition to her executive ability, Mary has obtained renown as an orator; she is the present State Champion in the extemporaneous division of the National Forensic League. Only recently, she won the Middlesex County Championship of the American Legion Oratorical Contest.

On Friday, April 8, she successfully passed another barrier to State Honors in the American Legion Oratorical Contest. This time she was awarded first place in the Zone Finals held in Lawrence. On April 19 she will complete in the State Finals in Concord.

Despite all her extra-curricula activities, Mary has still found time to make new friends among her classmates. Because of her ability as a leader, her loyalty to her school, her cheerfulness at all times, and her willingness to help her host of friends, Mary Buckley has won the respect and admiration of all who have been fortunate enough to know her.

PAUL GOOD, '37

YOUNG JOHN RIDD WRITES OF HIS LORNA DOONE

Methinks, indeed, my love is like a brook,
Her face is touched with dancing sunbeams bright;
In dreams her laughter ripples through the night,
Since first her small warm hand in mine I took,
While crystal drops upon her eyelids shook,
Her heart, so pure, has been my guiding light,
Toward her mine honoring eyes shall always look.
Each glorious dawn with grateful smile I greet,
I feel her in the breath of each new day.
The air shall ring with young love's vibrant song—
My cup is turned from dull to sweet.
Our lives have met; now both are full. And they
Entwined shall flow peacefully along.

DORIS GLASSMAN, '38

FAIR LORNA WRITES OF HER JOHN

The warm, sweet-scented breath of evening breeze
Stole through my window, whispered in my ear,
And wakened me from peaceful slumber.
I've come out to gaze at the stars, John, to think of thee.
As now I walk along my flower-studded prison vale,
My feet know not they tread where men of evil make their stay;
Mine eyes see not their dwellings close at hand;
I only know myself to be, at last, at home
Safe within thy heart.
And so tonight, though towering mount and busy stream seem to divide us;
Though vales of mist have hid thine eyes from mine;
Though our outstretched arms grasp nothing but the air;
Will you think of me, my darling,
And love me still, forever?

DORIS GLASSMAN, '38

Don Doyle: A Chinaman goes into a dentist's office. What time is it?
Ed. Linnehan: All right, What time is it?
Don: Tooth-hurty.

Bill: Should I marry a girl who can take a joke?
Tom: That's the only kind you'll get.

Farmer: What are you doing up my apple tree?
Ben Medoff: I'm—er—teaching your dog to stand on its hind legs.

History Teacher: What's a Whig?
Alan Lewis: Something used to cover up a bald spot.

Norman Phaneuf: Have you any rat poison?
Grocer: Yes, do you wish to take it with you?
Norman: No, I'll send the rats down for it.

Nancy Crowley: I have a singing tea kettle
Ann Wood: What does it sing?
Nancy: "Home, home on the range."

Sidney Zang: We'll be friends to the end!
Spencer Sterne: You said it!
Sidney: Lend me twenty cents?
Spencer: That's the end!

Ed Sullivan: Can you pass the eraser over here, please?
Bob Watt: I think so, I've been lifting pianos all summer.

Sheldon Land: There are always several things I can count on.
Paul Guad: What?
Sheldon: My fingers.

Dorothy Oates: Tell me about the Mongolean race.
Mary Ahern: I didn't see it; I went to the football game instead.

Judge: This speeding must stop. Have you ever been before me before?
Edmund Kennedy: No, Your Honor. I tried to get before you on the road this morning but my car won't do over fifty miles per hour.

Tom White: Do you know that the next war will probably be fought with radio?
Red Noonan: Well, I'm in training. I've faced some terrible programs.

History Teacher: What's a Grecian urn?
Charles MacElroy: Very little.

Bob Crowley: Say I had two pieces of cake saved. Now there's only one. How's that?
Bob Sheehan: I don't know. I guess I didn't see the other piece.

Cyril Roop: Can we imagine anything worse than a giraffe with a sore throat?
John O'Connell: Yes, indeed!
Cyril: What then, my friend?
John: A centipede with corns!

Evelyn Barenberg: Do you know anything at all about an electrical apparatus?
Eleanor Pearlson: Oh, yes!
Evelyn: What is an armature?
Eleanor: It's one who sings for Major Bowes.

Shirley Fielding: I can't learn the Big Apple.
Barbara Hill: Why not?
Shirley: I don't know. Perhaps I'm too sound mentally.

Eleanor Wells: What's the matter with your sister? She's all broken up lately.
Virginia Mador: She got a terrible shock.
Eleanor: What happened?
Virginia: She was assisting at a rummage sale, took off her new hat and somebody sold it for 35 cents.

Jimmie Nestor: Did you get hurt when you were on the eleven?
Fred Fallon: No, it was while the eleven were on me.

Mary Quinn: What would be the proper thing to say if when you are carving the duck, it should skid off the platter and land in your neighbor's lap?
Jean Crowley: Be very courteous. Say, "May I trouble you for that duck?"

Olive Erickson: You still take your morning bath?
Joan Fitzgerald: Never miss it. Sometimes I take it hot, sometimes cold; and when I'm in a hurry, I take it for granted.

Ann Groden: But supposing this parachute doesn't open?
Pilot: Oh, that's all right. The company will take it back.

Dot Brooks: (to boy leading a skinny mongrel pup) What kind of dog is that?
Boy: This is a police dog.
Dot: That doesn't look like a police dog.
Boy: Nope; it's in the secret service.

Ray Bloom: What time did you get home last night?
John Gould: About twelve o'clock. Mary got out a magazine, I read that; she gave me a book and I read that, but when she brought out the Montgomery & Ward catalogue, I went home.

Father: No, son, I don't know the Latin word for people!
Son: Populi.
Father: How dare you call me a liar.

Pat Sibley: Why do they keep lions at the central telephone office?
Eleanor Greene: Why do you ask such a question?
Pat: Well, when I call home sometimes central says, "The lion is busy."

Nelson Waldman: What kind of doctor is a veterinarian?
Bernard Alperin: One that went through the war.

Teacher: What was Lincoln's Gettysburg Address?
Charles Terry: He never lived there.

Joe: Hey, Tom, busy?
Tom: No, are you?
Joe: No.
Tom: Then, let's go to class.

Specialist: Your methods of cultivation are out of date. Now take that tree over there. Why I'd be astonished if you got eight pounds of apples from it in one season.
Theodore Anastos: So would I. It's a pear tree.

Peter Kenney: It's great, speeding along like this. Don't you feel glad you are alive?
Paul Lowry: Glad isn't the word. I'm amazed.

Lydia Loja: I think you are wanted on the telephone.
Employer: You think! What's the good of thinking?
Lydia: Well, the voice at the other end said, "Hello, is that you, you old idiot?"

Edythe Shore: What is "jumping to a conclusion?"
Hilda Cooper: Well, uh, it's like when you're up in the air and your parachute doesn't open—then you jump to a conclusion.

Joe Raymond: What is steam?
Ray Lyshon: Water in a high state of perspiration.

Employer: Are you one of those girls who watch the clock?
Mary Brown: No, sir; I have a wrist-watch.

MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL OF PHYSIOTHERAPY

Evening Classes — Co-educational

Graduates qualify for positions in Medical Offices and Hospitals as Physiotherapists and Medical Masseurs.

One-year comprehensive course (including Electro-therapy — Scientific Massage).

Individual Instruction by Physicians and Technicians.

Graduates of C. H. L. S. are admitted without examinations and are prepared to qualify for State Board Exams.

Catalog on Request **Address Registrar**

285 HARVARD STREET, CAMBRIDGE

Phone: Kirkland 5552 (7 p.m. to 9 p.m.)

Exchanges

TO start the column off right, here's what the "Quarterly" of Stamford High School, Stamford, Conn., says about our last issue: "Your magazine is one of the liveliest we've ever read, and your contributors have a definite flair for expressing themselves on various subjects. We were amused at Natalie Pierce's opinion of "Sight-Seers" and hope, incidentally, that she didn't mean all sightseers! Your joke page is very complete and humorous. Welcome to our exchange table, and we hope you'll enjoy our magazine almost as much as we enjoy yours."

As for the "Quarterly" itself, it is a clever magazine. From the well conceived silhouette cover to the neatly arranged advertisements, it displays the excellent work of a thoroughly competent staff. We are sure that "Flood!" and "Wild Flowers" were hits with your readers, as we certainly enjoyed reading them too. Besides other interesting stories, a wealth of poetry and many fine cuts add to the attractiveness.

We enjoyed the "Noddler" from the East Boston High School, Boston, Mass. resplendent in its multi- colored, mottled cover graced by an old ship. We were glad to learn that the co-operative course is immensely popular with mechanically inclined students and were intrigued by the photograph of a boy working over a large, complicated-looking machine. The humor found in the joke columns is especially good. An example: "The difference between a Scot and a canoe—a canoe tips!"

The "Tabula" of Oak Park High School, Oak Park, Illinois with its gay green and yellow cover greeted us on the exchange shelf and upon investigation we found it filled with outstanding literary work. "Wolves in the Fold" is a humorous tale which makes very enjoyable reading.

From the "Tabula" we take the following poem which seems especially worthy of reproduction:

PROGRESS

THEN

A horse man, thundering over the plains,
Making a hazardous run,
Eighteen hours in the saddle . . .
But now his race is done.

NOW

Mighty monsters of iron and steel
Roaring through the night.
Huge air liners, that fly the mail,
Making their daily flight.

The "Gazette" from Lynn Classical High School, Lynn, Mass. deserves much credit. The headings, the editorial on "Tact," and the humor page are extraordinarily well done. We enjoyed the satiric letter to dear old Dad under the title of 'Today's Children." We quote from the page of jokes:

Judge: What is your name, occupation, and what are you charged with?

Prisoner: My name is Sparks, I am an electrician, and I am charged with battery.

Judge: Put this man in a dry cell, Officer.

A headline from a Pittsburg newspaper: "Shoots man who would not marry her five times."

"The Optimist," South Side High School, Newark, N. J. "The Christmas Spirit" is, without a doubt, one of the best stories we've come across. My, my, no humor section. That's not so good. Your poetry is excellent.

JUST FOLKS

"Save!" said my granddad, "put away
A portion of your weekly pay.
You'll need it for a rainy day."
"Save!" said my father much concerned.
"A penny saved is a penny earned."
Save! our ancestors preached and somehow practiced
With a troubled brow
I wonder if they could do it now.

In the "Blue Star" we found excellent editorials as well as amusing and entertaining stories, many are accompanied with linoleum cuts. The "Blue Star" is the magazine of the Central High School of Providence, R. I.

The whole magazine is set up neatly and attractively arranged and the numerous photographs throughout make it unique.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, '38

K. B. NOTES

IN the spring the attention of every K. B. girl turns to novel and original social activities. On the evening of March 11, an informal meeting was held at the home of Eleanor Green to perfect plans for the season. The most important business of this meeting was the discussion of a Spring Tea Dance. Mary Sullivan was appointed chairman of the Committee. The enthusiasm of the members predicts another outstanding success of the K. B. social calendar.

Suggestions for a swimming meet culminated in the K. B. Splash Party which took place Monday evening March 21, in the Harvard Pool. Although this was the first sporting activity which the K. B. has undertaken this year, it was supported enthusiastically by all the members. The success of the swimming party has led to suggestions for various other sports. By popular demand Mary Young has organized a group of members for Sunday morning horseback riding. M. B., '38.

Photo by Vantine

FOOTBALL

John Randall, who played the hardest and most successful football last season, was rewarded with the position of captain for next year's eleven. You remember John as the stocky halfback who stopped the charging oncomers and gained ground for his team when it was needed. He is headed for the All-Scholastic title and we hope that he wins it. The players who made Honorable Mention this season were Wally Boudreau, our favorite athlete, Mort Buckley, and Ray Guild.

TRACK

Due to Ray Guild's recent victories in indoor track he was appointed outdoor track captain. In the Boston Garden State Meet he equalled the state record of 34 seconds for 300 yards. This season he was undefeated in the 35-yard and 300-yard dashes earning 25 points for himself. Ray expects to chase after the 100 and 220-yard records this Spring. His fellow letter earners were Captain Coolen, Maletta, Boyle, Nolan, Dupee, Taft, and freshman Kennedy who is going to be heard of this Spring. The hockey team and our State Champion Guild were feted with a banquet and medals by the Cambridge Elks for this season's impressive victories.

HOCKEY

Phil Carey was recently chosen captain of next year's hockey team because of his ability as goal tender. He was runner-up to first place in the Suburban Hockey League with only twelve goals scored on him. He and his colleagues played inspiringly this season and thus earned second place in the hockey league behind our rival, Rindge. Our team played so well that Rindge had to win every game, for our team was only half a game in the rear. Phil expects to lead Red Powers, Russell Boudreau, Herbie Boudreau and Red Mulcahey to first place next year.

BASEBALL

This year's baseball captain, Joseph Sheehan, was one of the best hitters last year. He is a short-stop who loves to field balls coming at top speed. Joe plays best when the weather is hot, therefore, we hope for many warm days this Spring. Pitchers Lefty Rower, and Joe O'Neil expect to extend their winning streak this year. Last season, the team split even, winning eight and losing eight. Anyone who knows baseball can tell that Joe is a natural hitter. He wants to establish a very impressive batting record such as our Ed Waitkus made last season.

G. A. A. NOTES

Spring is here! What welcome news this is to everybody, but especially to G. A. A. tennis, baseball, and bicycling enthusiasts! With the first breath of spring the G. A. A. began to plan its regular Spring Program. A meeting was called on Wednesday, March 30, at which the members discussed plans concerning baseball, tennis, and bicycling. A welcome new feature is anticipated this year. This is the formation of a bicycle club composed of G. A. A. members.

Spring, however, was welcomed rather reluctantly by some of our members. To these girls, Spring only meant another precious basketball season was drawing to a close. Our ordinarily rollicking Seniors were rather more solemn and sad than usual during the final varsity game of the season at Somerville, March 29. This game proved to be a wonderful climax to our basketball season. Although the Cambridge 2nd varsity bowed to the Somerville 2nd varsity 14-8, the C. H. L. S. 1st varsity romped to victory over the hard-fighting Somerville team with the final score reading 24-12. In the two previous games played with Somerville at Cambridge, C. H. L. S. was victorious in both games.

Our Seniors all heaved a sigh of relief as the long-awaited silver basketballs were awarded to them at the annual basketball banquet which took place Saturday evening, March 19 at the Riverbank Court Hotel. These basketballs were awarded as a result of the Seniors winning the inter-class championship. My, what a lot of unexpected talent was displayed that evening! We certainly were surprised at our meek, little Senior Captain, Beatrice Loja. And we sincerely hope that it wasn't conceit which prompted the now-famous remark made by our varsity captain, Melba Martin, during her after-dinner speech! How the little Freshmen surprised us! Why did they conceal the fact that they really boast a class song, until that evening? The programs sponsored by each class were very entertaining, considering the limited amount of time, which each class was allowed to prepare them.

Over this gay banquet, however, a shadow was cast. Everybody, especially the Sophomores, keenly felt the absence of sunny, good-natured Edith Mariner, the Sophomore manager, who has been ill.

We were all very sorry to hear that this year is the final year in which the G. A. A. will hold its banquet at the Riverbank Court Hotel, which has served us for many years. It is up to the Juniors, now to suggest a new place, suitable for the banquet.

What an unexpected surprise the alumni game, played Saturday evening, March 26, in the Girls' Gym, proved to be! The 1st varsity, confident of victory, certainly were shocked, when the graduates cooly outplayed them. The 2nd varsity's victory over the other alumni girls was a slight consolation, however. The final act, which dispelled the gloom of the 1st varsity girls was the serving of refreshments in the lunchroom. The ice cream and cookies were enjoyed by all — especially the Seniors!

The Grammar School Basketball Tournament, under the auspices of the G. A. A., has progressed very smoothly this year. The referees, Claire Kelley and Marion Le Bossiere, the scorers, timekeepers, cashiers, door-tenders, and the girls who patiently remained at street corners to direct grammar school girls, were all G. A. A. members and all are to be commended for their excellent work. All other schools having been eliminated, the two remaining teams, from the Fletcher and Russell schools, contended for the championship Thursday, March 31. The winner, Russell, was awarded the cup, which is given by the G. A. A. and this winning school will play our C. H. L. S. Freshman team in the Girls' Gym. Good luck to both teams!

DOROTHY TWOMEY, '38

DURRELL DEBATING SOCIETY

As these notes are being written we find that C. H. L. S. will meet Watertown and Newton this month on the debating platform. The interstate debate with Biddeford, Maine, which was scheduled for April 1 was not held. The Maine debaters notified us that, due to certain complications, they would be unable to make their proposed trip to Boston.

On February 1, in the school hall, our negative team composed of Harry Aster, James Cole, and Mary Buckley lost a close decision to the Swampscott affirmative group. On the following day the affirmative team, consisting of Joseph Connelly, Phillip Jones, and Morris Burk journeyed to Swampscott and evened the score by gaining a victory. The question discussed in both instances was the Unicameral System of Legislation.

March 12 found the one house state legislature the bone of contention with a Cambridge group, composed of Mary Buckley, Joseph Connelly, and Morris Burk upholding the affirmative. On that day this school engaged the Medford High School in a verbal battle over radio station WCOP and thus inaugurated a proposed schedule of inter-scholastic radio debates. Judges placed in the radio audience gave the decision to our Latin School debaters.

MORRIS BURK, '38

Answers to Memory Contest on Page 15

1. Thirteen.
2. There are seven red stripes and six white stripes.
3. Andrew Carnegie (1835-1919). His benefactions totaled over three hundred million dollars.
4. Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790).
5. A breaker of images; one who assails cherished beliefs.
6. Because every tenth year the inhabitants perform the Passion Play.
7. Those of the British Government, more especially those of the Prime Minister.
8. Rome.
9. Mardi Gras.
10. Every ten years.
11. Palmolive Soap.
12. Both were derived from the Latin "caesar."
13. Ninety-six.
14. Both mean left or left-handed (a) French, (b) Latin.
15. Fatima Cigarettes.
16. One-fifth of all public school teachers in America are men.
17. Because northern hogs grow a tougher coat for protection in the colder climate.
18. Ten thousand tons, 666 freight cars full, are consumed annually in the United States.
19. Some $300,000 worth of buggy whips are still produced annually.
20. Snakes grew upon her head in place of hair.

CHESS

Stanley Ramonas is another student in C. H. L. S. who has recently distinguished himself. In competitive matches with the winners from seven districts: Springfield, Worcester, Boston, New Bedford, Lynn, Cambridge, and Plymouth, at the Boston City Club on February 7, Stanley won the school boy Chess Championship of Massachusetts. The victory in the final match against David Hoffman of the Lynn Classical High School won for him the title of Championship Chess Player in Massachusetts. He will hold this title for a year, and our school will receive a plaque in recognition of his success. We congratulate Stanley Ramonas!

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

PRE-LEGAL PROGRAMS

Applicants for the Massachusetts Bar examinations must have completed one-half of a regular college course before registering in a school of law.

Persons qualified for admission may pursue pre-legal programs in Northeastern University. The day program is restricted to men; the evening program is available to both men and women. These programs prepare for admission to either the Day or Evening School of Law of Northeastern University.

Applications for admission are now being received.

Catalogs sent upon request. Use the coupon below.

Please send me a catalog including the

Check here ☐ evening pre-legal program
☐ day pre-legal program

Name_____

Address_____

_____

16

Boston Business Institute

Practical Training for Business

Save Time and Money

One-Year Intensive Courses in Small Classes

Business Administration - Finishing Courses - Secretarial - Accounting

Secure Other Unique Advantages

Small Classes - Tutorial Methods - Business Trips - Business Contacts

Flexible Programs - Individual Progress - Placement Service

Graduates of Cambridge High and Latin School admitted without Examination.

25 HUNTINGTON AVE., Copley Square BOSTON, MASS.

CLYDE J. CROBAUGH, *Director* - COMmonwealth 5898

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

THE FAY SCHOOL

For Girls

52 Beacon Street Boston, Massachusetts

One-year and two-year courses in Academic and Secretarial Science offering, in addition to the conventional business courses, training in the development of attractive and efficient business personality. The environment is homelike and highly cultural. Catalog.

M. IRENE FAY

Director and Vocational Adviser

Souvenir Photos

taken at the

Junior Hop

BY

JOSEPH P. O'BRIEN

8 x 10 Pictures of Couples and Groups

50 CENTS A COPY

Smart High School Men Naturally Turn to Kennedy's Under-Grad Shop for Their Clothes

UNDER-GRAD SUITS
UNDER-GRAD TOPCOATS
REVERSIBLE TOPCOATS
UNDER-GRAD SHIRTS

And a full line of other Under-Grad Accessories

UNDER-GRAD SHOP - 4th FLOOR

KENNEDY'S

SUMMER & HAWLEY

BURDETT COLLEGE

Courses for
Young Men and Women

Business Administration-Accounting (Pace), Secretarial, Shorthand, Typewriting, Business, and Finishing courses.

One and Two-Year Programs. Previous commercial training not required for entrance. Leading colleges represented in attendance. Students from different states.

Write or telephone for Day or Evening Catalog

60th year
BEGINS IN SEPTEMBER

Offers

BUSINESS TRAINING

needed to

MAKE THE RIGHT START
MOVE STEADILY FORWARD
ACHIEVE SUCCESS

(with a Degree Plan for those who wish it)

and in addition

VOCATIONAL COUNSEL AND PLACEMENT SERVICE

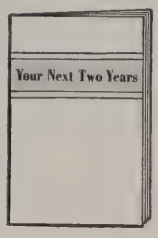
156 STUART STREET, BOSTON • Telephone HANcock 6300

Your Class Prophet Knows!

Without benefit of horoscopes, cards or tea leaves, your class prophet can foretell bright, exciting futures for certain girls of this year's class!

These forward-looking young women are already planning to take the Two Year Course at Katharine Gibbs . . . a well-balanced program of secretarial training and college background courses. Then, with the aid of the Placement Department, they'll be off to a flying start in the preferred positions available to Katharine Gibbs graduates. (More than 2500 positions last year!)

Send for interesting booklet, "Your Next Two Years," for further light on what the future holds for you as a Katharine Gibbs graduate. Write to Entrance Committee, 90 Marlborough Street, Boston, or telephone COM. 2475.



• *Intensive One Year Course also available to high school graduates.*

KATHARINE GIBBS SCHOOL

NEW YORK • BOSTON • PROVIDENCE

Colonial Beverages

Are Served at

CAMBRIDGE HIGH
LATIN SCHOOL
CAFETERIAS

Manufactured by

THE COLONIAL BEVERAGE CO.

Cambridge, Massachusetts
Rutland, Vermont

The
UNIVERSITY SHOP

Leopold Morse

1410 Massachusetts Avenue
In Harvard Square

The Smartest Shop in the Square
Showing Exclusive Correct
Styles at the Prices You
Want to Pay

UNIVERSAL LAUNDRY

43 FREMONT STREET, SOMERVILLE, MASS.

A Complete Laundry Service for Every Home

SOM. 6200 - 6201

BRATTLE SQ. FLORISTS

GOMATOS BROS., *Props.*

✪ ✪ ✪

All kinds of Decorating with fresh cut flowers given special attention. Bouquets for Brides and Bridesmaids. Crosses and Wreaths for Funerals.

✪ ✪ ✪

Open evenings until 10:00 P. M.

✪ ✪ ✪

Flowers telegraphed all over the United States and Canada.

Members of Flower-Telegraph Association.

HARVARD SQ. AND BRATTLE SQ.
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Phone: KIRkland 7089

SHEA BROTHERS

CHURCH STREET PRESS

Printers to the Review

SHEA BROS. PRINTERS

33 CHURCH ST. CAMBRIDGE

At Harvard Square

Telephone: TROwbridge 1360

TUTORING

MISS MARY MOULTON, A. B., A. M. ED. M., retired teacher, public and private school experience, tutors in: English, Latin, Spanish, Algebra, Arithmetic, Plane Geometry, at her home

361 HARVARD ST., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

J. COYLE

Motor Transportation

30 FISH PIER **BOSTON**

Greeting Cards . .

Stationery-Large Showing

O'BRIEN

ON THE AVENUE

675 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE

SUCCESSOR TO

E. F. HUNT CO.

Alex Robbins, Proprietor TROwbridge 2850

ROBBINS FLORIST

Artistic Designers

Flowers For All Occasions

26 Central Square, Cambridge

Corsages Our Specialty

Flowers Telegraphed to All parts of
United States and Canada

Tuxedoes

For Hire $1.50

Full Dress, Cutaways and Accessories

Bill the Tailor

2319 MASS. AVENUE ELIot 0600
Harvard Theatre Block, Cambridge
OPEN EVENINGS

Y. W. C. A.

Leisure Time Activities

7 TEMPLE ST.
Central Square
CAMBRIDGE

AN

ELECTRICAL GIFT

For Every Member of the Family

Toasters
Mixmasters
Roasters
Waffle Irons
Sandwich Toasters
Lionel Trains
Telechron Clocks
Schick Dry Shavers
Hotpoint Flatirons
Movie Cameras
Silex Coffee Makers

EMF

Electric Supply Company

430 MASS. AVE., CAMBRIDGE

CARL A. WEITZ

FRANKFURTS
BOILED HAMS
PURE PORK SAUSAGES

"Taste the Flavor"

Sausage Products From The House of Weitz Are Tasty and Wholesome

Manufactured under U. S. Inspection

CRONIN'S STATIONERY STORE

INMAN SQUARE
CAMBRIDGE

School Supplies *Greeting Cards*

Periodicals

DANIEL'S SHOE STORE

1154 CAMBRIDGE STREET

Newest Styles
In Boys' Brogues,
Crepe Soles,
And Cordo-Calf Shoes

All Styles In
Girls' Sport Shoes
All Colors In
Crepe Sole Shoes

THIS COUPON IS GOOD FOR 10% DISCOUNT

Buy Your Graduation Shoes at Daniel's

Belluche Photo Service

Developing - Printing - Enlarging

KODAKS AND SUPPLIES

180 FRANKLIN STREET
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

TROwbridge 4966

TYPEWRITERS

FOR BETTER HOME TYPING PRACTICE

RENT OR BUY

A Standard Office Machine
Same as Used in School and Office
Royal - Underwood - L. C. Smith - etc.

Mention this ad for Student Rates

BEACON TYPEWRITER SERVICE

1384 Mass. Ave., Harvard Square, Cambridge,
Telephone, TROwbridge 0227

"THE TYPEWRITER SHOP"

Headquarters for

Tennis Rackets

All Makes All Prices

Restringing a Specialty

TENNIS AND SQUASH SHOP

67A Mt. Auburn St., Cambridge, Mass.

Harry L. Cowles Everett E. Poeckert

MANTER HALL SCHOOL

Special Preparation for all College Board Exams.

71 Mount Auburn Street TROwbridge 7532

For Your

College Board Examinations

An intensive two- month review five days a week for eight weeks,

EXPERT INSTRUCTION

By Harvard College graduates thoroughly familiar with the College Board requirements.

SMALL CLASSES

No more than fifteen students in any class.

Periods are one hour each; one half is devoted to instruction and recitation, the other half to careful supervised study.

REASONABLE RATES

The fee is fifteen dollars per subject, thirty-five dollars for three, and forty dollars for four.

REGISTER NOW

Classes begin the last week in April and continue through the last day of the examinations. Register at once for afternoon or evening classes.

University Tutors

WILLIAM SHARP, M. A.
DIRECTOR

KIRKLAND 1204

66 CHURCH STREET - Harvard Square - CAMBRIDGE

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

DAY DIVISION

COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS

Offers a broad program of college subjects serving as a foundation for the understanding of modern culture, social relations, and technical achievement. The purpose of this program is to give the student a liberal and cultural education and a vocational competence which fits him to enter some specific type of useful employment.

COLLEGE OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Offers a college program with broad and thorough training in the principles of business with specialization in ACCOUNTING, BANKING AND FINANCE, or BUSINESS MANAGEMENT. Instruction is through lectures, solution of business problems, class discussions, motion pictures and talks by business men.

COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING

Provides complete college programs in Engineering with professional courses in the fields of CIVIL, MECHANICAL (WITH DIESEL, AERONAUTICAL, AND AIR CONDITIONING OPTIONS), ELECTRICAL, CHEMICAL, INDUSTRIAL ENGINEERING, and ENGINEERING ADMINISTRATION. Students select, at the beginning of the sophomore year, the course in which they intend to specialize.

Co-operative Plan

The Co-operative Plan provides for a combination of practical industrial experience with classroom instruction. Upperclassmen earn a portion of their school expenses and make business contacts which prove valuable in later years.

Degrees Awarded

Bachelor of Arts — Bachelor of Science

EVENING DIVISION

(For Men and Women)

Providing complete courses of university grade, for high school graduates who find it necessary to work during the day but wish to study for further advancement.

SCHOOL OF BUSINESS

Programs in Accounting, Management, Law and Business, and in Engineering and Business, under instructors actually engaged in the fields in which they teach.

73% of graduates hold executive positions in business. Preparation for the C. P. A. examinations. School grants B. B. A. degree. Individual courses available to special students.

SCHOOL OF LAW

Pre-Legal Department

Furnishes to high school graduates a program of studies equivalent to the two years of college work required for admission to the study of law.

The School of Law

Prepares for the bar examination and for the practice of law. Case method of instruction. LL.B. degree conferred.

Graduates of Cambridge High and Latin School may be admitted without examinations if grades are satisfactory to the Department of Admissions

Catalogs or further information sent upon request

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Clip and Save this Advertisement it is

Worth $1 Towards the Purchase of

Our Regular $2.98 Famous Edition

CONCISE ENCYCLOPEDIA

8 Complete volumes $1.98 with this advertisement

Compiled by the same editors as of Encyclopedia Americana. All volumes contain the latest and the most thorough information on all subjects in very concise and easily read pages. Excellent Binding - - - Clear, easy print to read - - - Hundreds of Illustrations.

HARVARD BAZAR

CENTRAL SQUARE . . CAMBRIDGE

SPORTING GOODS OFFICIAL GYM OUTFITTERS BOY SCOUT OUTFITTERS

Commencement Number

The Cambridge Review

Cambridge High and Latin School

Cambridge, Massachusetts

June 1938

The Warren Kay Vantine Studio

160 BOYLSTON STREET At Park Square in Boston

Official Photographer to

The Yearbook and the Class of 1938

A Note on Portraits of Quality . . . . and Price

Our regular $12 portraits are offered at $5 per dozen under the contract prices. This includes an 8x10, framed enlargement and the official Yearbook glossy print. . . .

HANcock 0739, 0743, 0744

The Review Staff

Editor
PAUL LOWRY

Assistant Editors
PETER KENNEY
JOHN FLEMING
JOHN REYNOLDS

Literary Staff
NANCY CROWLEY
ALMA DE COEN
HARPER MacKAY
PAULINE SOREM
SYLVIA SUGARMAN
ANN WOOD

Business Manager
NELSON WALDMAN

Advertising
THEODORE ANASTOS
WILLIAM FLAHERTY
PETER VILLARI
PEGGY CASS
CLAIRE NUGENT

Art
MR. JOSEPH SANTORO
THEODORE ANASTOS
BARBARA FOGELIN

Exchanges
THOMAS CAMPBELL

G. A. A.
DOROTHY TWOMEY

Debate
MORRIS BURK

Dramatics
MARY BUCKLEY

Spotlite
JOHN McINTIRE

Typists
LYDIA LOJA
ALICE BIELENSKI

Faculty Adviser
MISS MARY P. BLIGH

The Cambridge Review

Member NATIONAL SCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION EST. 1921 1937-38

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
JUNE, 1938

VOLUME 52 NUMBER 5

Contents

Senior Honor Roll 2
To Music 2
Caroline Close Essays 3
Wang Loo 5
Andrea del Sarto 6
Surrealism 7
Flights of Fancy 8
Eko and Iko 9
Our Poetry 10
Spot-lite 12
Pictures 13-16
Baseball 17
G. A. A. 17
Patter 18
Madame Curie 20
Exchanges 21
Advertisements .....

Published five times a year: November, December, February, April, and June.

Terms: 75 cents per year; 20 cents a single copy.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

COLUMBIA SCHOLASTIC ASSOCIATION PRESS

INTERNATIONAL QUILL & SCROLL

Senior Honor Roll

WE congratulate the members of the class of 1938 whose names, because of their scholastic record for four years, are on the Honor Roll. Every student whose name appears on the list has brought honor to himself, to his family, and to the school. We are proud of each one.

Ahern, Mary
Anastos, George
Boch, Lorraine
Boch, Louise
Burk, Morris
Daujotas, Blanche
Demurjian, Lillian
Gabalis, Josephine
Geller, Frances
Holland, Lydia
Humez, Eloise
Kenney, Peter
Kohan, Melvin
Lewis, Alan
Lowry, Paul (First Honors)
Lukaszewicz, Helen
McCaigue, Grace
Mazza, Catherine
Medoff, Ben
Oates, Jean
Paredes, Valentina
Ramonas, Stanley
Saint, Edith
Segel, Gerald
Smith, Margery
Sturzel, Ruth
Sugarman, Sylvia
Twomey, Dorothy
Werkowski, Fabian
Wood, Ann
Yankum, Helen

Graduation

COMMENCEMENT days are here, seniors. We are now approaching a significant milestone on the broad highway of Life, our graduation from high school.

We look forward into the future anticipating the grand and glorious moment when we may reap what we have sown, when our eager fingers may grasp at last that diploma, the ultimate end of four years, in some cases more, devoted to the pursuit of knowledge. The time for parting has come and soon we must go our way. Some of us are eager to take advantage of the splendid opportunities of higher education which are so numerous in our immediate vicinity, others of us are prepared to enter the maze of the business or social world.

Many of the bonds of school friendships must be severed as we pass out of the common fellowship, which we have enjoyed under the sheltering roof of C. H. L. S., into a larger sphere of life and duty. Old acquaintances will fade into the cherished background of reminiscence, and new ones will come into our lives to supplant those whom fate withdraws.

On leaving high school we automatically pass to a more advanced stage of maturity. We venture for the first time out into a cold indifferent world; not with the faltering steps of children but with the independent tread of youth entering life's tumultous affray confident of victory.

Many of us in answer to the beck of duty or to the call of the wanderlust may roam far from old Cambridge, perhaps even to foreign shores; yet, wherever destiny may carry us, may we always remember our Alma Mater and the pleasant associations with classmates and teachers which we have enjoyed at Cambridge Latin.

To Music

Thou heavenly opiate of the weary mind,
Thou key to countless realms of hidden joy,
Where but to listen is to find such peace
That nothing earthly can its charm destroy,
Enrich for us this world with lovely airs
That flow as smoothly as a sunlit stream,
And teach us so to hear thy golden voice
That, hearing, we may dwell within thy dream.
Thy silver throat is ever filled with songs
To please each generation in its age;
But some thou hast ordained so beautiful
We find them always written on thy page.
Mankind will ever thrill to solemn strains
Of Lohengrin; and never fail to weep
With Juliet, or laugh at Figaro.
The waters seem to swirl 'mong grottoes deep
In Fingal's Cave; and Mignon still will dance.
Forever man bemoans Aida's fate.
And Elsa's sweetest songs will ever haunt
The soul. Othello is Iago's hate!
Brunhilde rides up Valhalla's starry way
With fallen heroes who have won their rest;
So also Faust and Carmen will remain
Among the names thy memory loveth best.
Thou inspiration of the gifted mind
That knows the deeper beauty of thy grace,
Enfold our longing hearts within thy spell
And let them find a peaceful resting place.
For in a world of dark reality
Where fancy has no chance to play her part,
Where breathless speed becomes the foremost thought,
There is no time to fully know thy art.

* * * * * *

The soul was born to know the greatest bliss,
To sense, if not to see, true beauty; and
When faint from too infrequent cooling sips,
It seeks a spring in music's magic land.

HELEN SKILTON, '38.

CAROLINE CLOSE PRIZE ESSAY CONTEST

WE are pleased to publish in this issue the winning essays of the annual Caroline Close Prize Essay Contest. The students who had attained a high average in theme work during the year were allowed to compete. After careful deliberation the judges have selected the prize essays from among the many splendid contributions. We congratulate those who were successful. We regret that we have not enough space to print the papers judged worthy of Honorable Mention. They, too, are fine examples of good composition work.

English IV

WINNER

Paul Lowry

HONORABLE MENTION

Ann Wood
Mary Sibley
Dorothy Twomey
Antoinette Sawyer

English III

WINNER

Marie McCabe

HONORABLE MENTION

Dorothy Pollack
Mary Cullen
Marie LeGrand
Ann Pitts
John Cotman
Stella Waitkus
John Reynolds
Walter Fraleigh

English II

WINNER

Bertha Humez

English II (*Continued*)

HONORABLE MENTION

Ardella Morrison
Milton Silverman
Irene Traynor
Doris Vellinga
Ruth Muller
Maryjane Drysdale
Eos Spiropoulos
Della Fournier
Jean Gallop
Betty Jones
Marguerite Mooney
Margaret Enos
James Lawlor
Lena Smerlas
Eileen Richards

English I

WINNER

Margaret Miller

HONORABLE MENTION

Craig Williams
Roy A. Dart
June Jackson
Pasqualina Costa
Armane Agahabian
Dorothy Banatt
Ruth MacOdrum
Harry Oster
Victoria Tron

ENGLISH IV — PRIZE ESSAY

THE ART OF IDLING

THE art of idling bears no relationship to the other members of the "fine arts" family except in the inordinate amount of skill that is necessary to become a finished artist. The ability to idle successfully and with that certain delicacy of touch cannot be developed even after years of painstaking effort, nor is it inherited. I will grant that excessive practice has aided many an individual in his struggle along this artistic path, but true talent comes only from the individual soul. Idling above all requires soul.

It has been said that all art springs from the soul; but the soul of the true idler is of a special and unique variety. The idler must be, above all, of a nature that is a fine mixture of laziness and of mental, not physical, energy. To be perfectly frank, he usually tends a bit toward the lazy side, but the idler's laziness, like his soul, is of a special variety. It is not that he does not want to work, but merely that he sees the futility of any endeavor concerning physical labor.

The true idler, first and last and always until eternity, has a perfect contempt for that which requires the use of the muscles which surround the spine. I must especially make this point clear. Physical labor is the sin of sins among idlers. He, who is disfigured by horrid bumps on his arms and legs and shoulders, bumps which among the incognoscenti are commonly called muscles, he, I say, is forever banned from the artistic circle.

What is, therefore, the fine distinction between a tramp and an idler? Well, that is one of those subtle questions that are so difficult to explain to the layman. The idler is a sort of philosopher who has given up studying philosophy, whereas a tramp does nothing at all. I'll admit the distinction is very subtle and very fine, but we idlers, for the pride of our clan and calling, assure you that the distinction exists and it is a definite one.

The art of idling is moreover a great one. Its greatest distinction is its durability. A painter may give up painting, a sculptor may give up "sculpting," an actor may give up acting, but once an idler, always an idler!

PAUL LOWRY, '38.

English III — Prize Essay

CONDESCENSION AND HOW IT AFFECTS ME

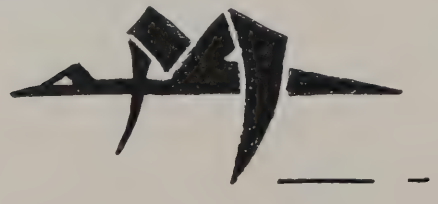
ALTHOUGH, as my friends can tell you, I am ordinarily a sunny-natured person, there is one trait above all others which is guaranteed to sour my sweet disposition. This is condescension. A supercilious lifting of an eyebrow or a rising inflection in the voice affects me as a red flag is supposed to affect a bull. No matter how desperately I try, I find it impossible to suppress the resentment which I feel toward someone who has attempted to show his superiority over me.

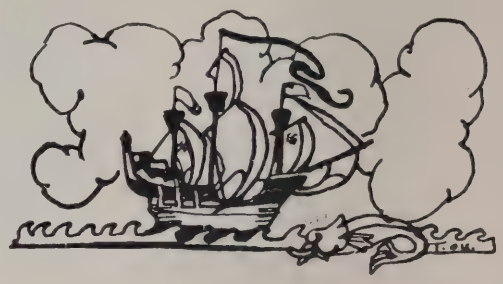
Older brothers are particularly noted for this characteristic. They seem to think that an old battered automobile and a latch-key, two possessions of which they are inordinately proud, place them on a plane high above ordinary mortals like me. I would certainly ignore these over-bearing individuals at every possible opportunity if only I did not find it necessary at times to borrow the car and the key. Then I am subjected to the torture of politely presenting my request to a lord of creation who is obviously deriving a great deal of enjoyment from watching my discomfiture.

Another class of people who are especially condescending are those in public life. Office-holders and would-be office-holders alike, often all are quite confident that the mere fact that they have attained more prominence in the neighborhood than I have, gives them an inalienable right to look down on me. Despite their jovial hand-shaking and back-slapping, I sense behind their friendliness their firm belief that I am thrilled beyond words at their deigning to speak to me.

Perhaps it is a hidden inferiority complex that causes me to view my "betters" in such an uncharitable light. Somehow, I doubt it. Certainly, I don't feel inferior to these people. On the contrary. I cannot see just why they should condescend to me. However, I sincerely hope that my reaction to such treatment will not lead inevitably to condescension on my part. This is beginning to worry me. Only a few days ago, while attempting to help my young cousin with his homework in long division, I found myself feeling very superior to him and I plainly showed my superiority.

Marie McCabe, '39.





English II — Prize Essay

WAITING SHIPS

YOU who know only great, clumsy steamships for ocean travel, come with me to see the forgotten ships — the ships that are waiting to give you your first real taste of the sea!

Down behind many towering, dusty buildings, shrouded in a screen of smoke, rest the ships of yesterday. They lie there patiently, waiting and longing for the sounds of the captain's voice, the merry sea-songs of the sailors, and the crying of the sea-winds. They do not lie silent however, for from high in the skeleton masts comes a shrill, mournful wail. Some call it the wind; but it is the tortured cry of the imprisoned soul of the ship, fettered by creaking, rusty chains to the dingy wharf. The masts, stark and bare against the lowering sky, shiver with the cold, and whimper for the warm, white sails that often caught the wind and hurled it back like a ball into the teeth of the storm.

Below, all is ship-shape and clean. The cabins are in perfect order, and the bunks are neatly made and crying to be used. The ship's logs lie open, pens and ink beside them; the last neat entry is dated years ago. Everything is ready, waiting — and unspeakably lonely.

You who travel in warm steamers with hardly a trace of motion to remind you that you are on the sea, can you not hear their voiceless cry? It is theirs to teach you the meaning and the longing in the words of the wild sea son: "Oh, I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky!"

They lie there, silent,— waiting and longing for the old life of salt sea-spray, the sailors' cries, and the wind's whistle — the life that can never return.

Bertha Humez, '40.

ENGLISH I — PRIZE ESSAY

A VISITOR

"CRASH."

I had knocked over my mother's heirloom, an extremely ugly vase, and it lay on the floor in a state of decomposition. As I recovered from my momentary horror, a voice broke through the wall of complete silence which followed the accident.

"May I help you, little friend?"

I turned quickly, to discover a small, bent figure surveying me with eyes of twinkling blue.

"Who are you?"

"Never mind my name, little friend," the figure replied, speaking with a soft Southern drawl, "but my friends used to call me Miss Julie, long ago, before the Civil War. Oh, I see you don't believe me, my dear. I am ninety, though, and when you are that old, things don't seem so strange."

I murmured indistinctly that I really did believe her, but if she would come in I would make her some tea. As she sat before me I took the opportunity to study her closely. She was dressed in an old-fashioned black lace gown, relieved at the throat by a scarf of gardenia whiteness. A small lace cap rested on her pure white hair, and in her delicate hands she held a reticule of black lace.

"You wonder at my clothing, I suppose. You see, child, I have been a widow for over sixty years. I married when I was but a child, and my young husband was killed while fighting for our Confederacy."

She sipped her tea lightly before she continued, in a sad, reminiscent voice, "I remember so many things — the duels men fought to clear a lady's name — old-fashioned chivalry, I suppose. I remember the yellow-jack epidemic in 1853. My young brother Ted died of the fever. We were so ignorant then, about cleaning out the filth and slime of the many swamps. But we know better now, my dear. Yes, child, times have changed since my day of crinoline gowns and lace."

Her soft voice faded gently as she spoke; her hand relaxed, and my visitor, the strangest little old lady I've ever chanced to meet, passed into quiet, nodding sleep.

MARGARET MILLER, '41.

WANG LOO, THE RICKSHA COOLIE

A ricksha coolie, classed as one of the lowest type of Chinese, lives a difficult yet unusually interesting life. His living conditions are so bad that one should scarcely be surprised to learn that few of these hard-working men live to be over fifty years of age. Let us study a day in the life of Wang Loo, a slaving coolie, who, although he is really not much older than twenty-five, appears to be forty-five.

At the crack of dawn, Wang awakens, and having dressed, he dolefully counts out the required amount of money necessary for renting a ricksha. He leaves his home, which is actually the public lodging place for ricksha coolies, obtains his vehicle, and starts his search for a customer. It is not until after seven, however, that he starts his "roaring trade." By that time every type of Chinese is awake as well as a few foreigners, who are the best customers. A passenger soon is found, and Wang starts his routine of running from one district of the city to another. Fortunately for him, he bears an International Settlement license, which enables him to go into any district.

From seven until eleven, Wang argues and bargains for the price of a ride, but at eleven he stops work and searches for a cheap bakery where he will be able to obtain his first meal of the day. This meal consists of a piece of "mien-bow," which is a piece of pancake-shaped fried dough garnished with cabbage. The price of this meal is about ten coppers, or a little less than one cent.

At noon comes the rush hour. Business men, hurrying to lunch, usually take a ricksha, and one seldom sees an idle vehicle at this time. But in the afternoon there is a lull, and it is difficult to find a passenger. At this time most wise coolies rush to the Navy Y. M. C. A., where sailors, sometimes out of sheer pity pay them a dollar for a ride, while with most people, twenty cents is ample.

After another meal at six o'clock in the evening, this time a real meal consisting of rice, fish or meat, vegetables, and tea, Wang joins some of his comrades and together they make their way toward a small gambling place. Because of the small stakes, little can be lost. Soon Wang, having tired of the game, leaves in search of a few more customers before retiring. It is cooler now and there are fewer rickshas around, thus lessening the chances of a brawl over a passenger. Wang succeeds in finding a few passengers bound for the theatre, and after ten o'clock he returns home and pays for his board. Too tired to sleep, Wang reproaches himself for not having slipped away to some opium den. Well, at least he will be able to do that tomorrow, if business is as good as it was today.

By eleven o'clock most coolies are asleep and Wang slips quietly among his fellow men to rest his aching limbs before starting another strenuous day.

JEAN GALLOP, '40.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Jean Gallop has lived all her life in China. This is her first year in an American school. Her father is an American who is in business in China. We expect that she will contribute more essays and stories on life in China for the REVIEW next year.

ANDREA DEL SARTO

One Paris lord to another on meeting Andrea Del Sarto in the street.

But see my friend, here comes that thieving knave
That dids't deceive the kindly charity
Of our dear Francis. "What ho, rascally rogue!
Dost thou now ply thy infamous pursuits
In open light?" Why, see how patiently
He bears my scorn! He has the loathsome mien
Of injured innocence — deceitful knave —
As if he did not sell our dear King's trust
For pilfered wealth. The King did love him much;
And suffered more from disillusionment
Than from his loss of gold. Ah, yes!
He loved him much. I oft' perceived his Grace,
When Andrea was painting at the court,
To stand behind the painter at his work
And drape a loving arm about his neck.
How would he laugh when Andrea's deft hand
Would sketch with ease some humorous cartoon!
Profuse would be his praise as he remarked
The daily progress which the painter made
Upon the canvas! How reluctantly
He gave the painter leave to go away
So highly did he prize his company!
And like a loving father made him pledge
To make his stay as brief as possible.
He had no doubt of Andrea's intent —
He would as lief distrust himself, so dear
Was that ingrate to him — and did entrust
A monstrous sum to his departing friend,
Requesting that he carry back with him
The works of artists of his native land.
Ah! that wretched painter! I should think
His conscience would not give him leave to rest
So heavy should that deed weigh on his soul.
And yet I doubt he has a soul; for see,
Though branded as a thief by all the world,
He walks erect. But it has caused him pain;
The very deed by which he sought for joy
Now shades as a dark cloud his sun of bliss
And leaves him in the darkness of his sin.
But even now I do believe the King
Would welcome him returning penitent
As did the father greet the prodigal.

PETER KENNEY, '38.

THE SECOND DUCHESS SPEAKS TO FRA RANDOLPH AS HE DRAWS HER PICTURE

We'll place my portrait next to that of her,
My husband's last Duchess. Methinks it were
Best there, and so doth he. Sometimes it seems
As if she were alive. My husband deems
Her but a lovely picture. Well, 'tis all
She'll be to me! I do not wrongly call
Myself the Duchess! Oh, full well I know
Just how, and when, and where my smiles must show,
Or try at least to know when sad, when gay
To be. I'll profit by her fate, I say.
I must be wise, a jewel like this admire,
Canst catch with paint its opalescent fire
Amid this silk and lace? — if I would be
A better wife for proud Ferrara than she,
Who the Duke once said to me, would wear
A simple cherry blossom in her hair!
Oh, I'll be wise! — And yet — one night — I dreamed; —
She came and stood before me, so it seemed,
And whispered soft, and vanished in the night.
"Remember me!" she said. I woke in fright.
I must forget such things! — She hath paid
What she deserved! — I dare not be afraid.

MURIEL HASLAM, '38.

LUCREZIA

Joseph! — Yes, yes, I am late, I know —
My husband kept me — Money? Oh, for that —
Andrea promised me the sum — not quite
The sum, but nearly — But you need so much!
And I have some he gave me, which is yours.
I understand — yes, yes, I understand!
But do not scold me. Please! Why did I come,
If only to be chided? How can you
Demand my husband's gold so haughtily?
You should be on your knees to me, beseeching.
Why do I listen to you? — Oh, I ought
To laugh at you, to mock you, to deride you,
For such naive presumption— you are young,
And arrogant and stupid. Oh, and she,
The peasant maiden — is it not? — Giulia,
The damsel of the round black eyes, and charms
Indescribable — such nice brown skin,
So young and strong — she'll fetch the wood for you,
My sweet, and sow the fields — But Joseph,
Darling, think how nice! Then you'll have time
For all your manly sports — gambling, primping,
Running into debt, and borrowing
To pay your debts, making love
To pretty bar-maids, napping, borrowing,
Gambling, prettying your lovely face —
Oh, why do I hurt you, and what is more,
Torture myself, in agony like this,
To prove what I have always known — and you,
You know it too, as well as I — you know
That you are useless, superficial, weak,
And oh, how lonely! Oh, I know you are,
But who is not? Oh, I have hurt you, love,
Forgive me! Why should I, who know too well
Unhappiness, indifference to fate,
Whatever it may bring — why should I sneer
At one as futile as myself? Try not
To think — Don't think or you'll go mad.

ANN WOOD, '38.

STRETCHING SURREALISM

I THINK surrealism is all right as far as it goes—but it goes too far. This statement may sound as if I'm losing my coherence or perhaps even my sanity, but I think I can explain myself. What I was really trying to say, when I blundered into the conversation, was that surrealistic painting, which is merely suggestive painting, has a fine idea in back of it, but the idea has been carried too far by the painters of the surrealistic school.

The idea of suggestive painting (do you mind if I use that word instead of the other? My spelling is rather weak) is well founded and understandable. Even I can understand that a beautiful rainbow shining cheerily in the northeast corner of a rather murky picture of a flooded home, indicates that eternal hope is merrily at work. I think that this shows that I am slightly above the moronic side of intelligence as far as interpreting art is concerned, but I defy anyone to show me how the picture of an overripe pear snuggling up to a dirty tumbler which is flanked at the rear by a silver bell, represents of all things, a waltz. Maybe the rather bilious looking pea green curtain serving as a background for the aforementioned trio has affected my mind as well as my stomach, but I still can't recognize the waltz.

You may think that this is the ultimate in surrealist surrealism (I have found the dictionary), but, in the parlance of the radio, it's only the beginnin' folks, only the beginnin'! You see, most surrealists scorn to use ordinary objects for their symbols. Apples and pears and grand pianos are far too restricting for their use. They need circles and curlicues and multicolored blobs in order to make their thoughts clear. I can't even attempt to describe the finished products of this type of artist, but at least there aren't any bilious backdrops. That helps a little.

Although this may sound as if I were the least little bit discouraged with trying to understand surrealism, surrender is the thought farthest from my mind. I'll find that waltz if it kills me — but if you find me dead don't blame surrealism, for it won't be a suggestion that will have caused my demise, it will have been merely the combination of a pea soup curtain and an over-ripe pear.

NANCY CROWLEY, '38.

ON CARTOONING

AFTER much deep thinking and pondering I have at length reached a conclusion. I have discovered, after much research, why there are so many cartoonists who hold college degrees or who are well educated. Essays and themes started them on their way!

No, do not misunderstand me. I do not mean that you will become a cartoonist because you write essays, but if you indulge in "doodling" while writing, you might become one. Everyone, who has ever written an essay, knows what labor it is before the ideas start flowing from his pencil. You need something to keep your attention from wandering. I used to chew pencils, but pencils cost money; therefore, I "doodle" or to be more exact draw cartoons.

Like Mr. Herbert, I find ruled paper absolutely "out" when it comes to cartooning. Block paper is excellent, in fact it is about the best. It is always a good idea to draw cartoons between the paragraphs of the essay, because then the written matter acts as a frame. Have an eraser handy and use a soft lead pencil, never a hard pencil.

Now let us start. I have selected the title "Oil Lamps" for an essay. On the top of my sheet of block paper I carefully print the title, framing it with a garland of flowers. Then I draw an oil lamp, or at least I try to draw one, and magically my thoughts start to flow. The shape of the oil lamp suggests a clipper ship; I draw it. The ship suggests an old sailor, whom I immediately put on paper. Then from picture to picture, my essay slowly progresses. When I have collected enough material I read what I have written to weed it out. Then, I copy it on white paper, leaving out the cartoons.

For general cartooning, I simply love to draw truck drivers, Russians, and chefs. Truck drivers have such a personality, especially in their language, that they provide excellent material for "art." Whenever I draw a dud, I do as Mr. Herbert does, turn him into a Russian with a bristling black beard. Chefs, who for the most part are fat, overstuffed, pompous, bald-headed, double-chinned gentlemen, provide supreme artistic material. Unlike Mr. Herbert, I can draw a person full face, but my characters who face east are always weak-chinned.

Perhaps you would like to know how I happened to write this essay. Well, finding myself without a title to start cartooning, I drew myself, as I thought I looked, in a pensive mood. After I had added a moustache, it turned out to be a professor, seated at a table, gazing dreamingly at the ceiling. He had left his wallet home, and he was wondering how to pay for his dinner. When I drew a fat, ugly landlady scolding him, the title came to me like a flash. Another victory for my system of concentration!

THEODORE ANASTOS, '38.

FLIGHTS OF FANCY

WHAT an insatiable wanderlust fancy is! The Arctic wastes, reeking jungles, burning deserts, impenetrable void, even the vast expanses of time are subject to inroads by this errant voyager. Indeed, one might as well attempt to carry water in a sieve as to confine imagination to unity of time and place.

A highly imaginative story, which I read in a light publication a few days ago, offered me a very interesting comparison. This story concerned a young chemist who had discovered, after much research, an international solvent, that is, a chemical which could dissolve anything with which it came into contact, but was unable to profit by his discovery because of the impossibility of finding a container for this potent fluid. "How similar to this solvent is thought," I contemplated, "which in like manner seeps through all barriers and spreads throughout all surroundings!"

Fancy is like a bee, that insect, so long considered a paragon of industry and assiduity, which flies swiftly from bud to bud, tasting the nectar thereof, pausing momentarily at some, staying longer at others which merit attention. Given free rein, fancy glides from one topic to another with amazing alacrity, leaving in a short time an irretraceable trail of assimulated topics.

Similarly, fancy is like a young child loosed in a toy shop. The child, excited by the vast variety of diversion offered him, toddles about, casting aside one toy before he has fully investigated its possibilities, and grasping another which appeals to him.

These similes, however, are inadequate to express the vastness of thought. The bee, a short-lived insect, soon terminates his quest for honey; the weary tot soon tires of toys.

"Thought alone is eternal," says Bulwer Lytton, discussing the pervasiveness of thought. Indeed, fancy flies on indefatigable wings, fearing no obstacle, for, in the words of the bard of Avon,

"All impediments in Fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy."

PETER KENNEY, '38.

AN INTERVIEW WITH JACKIE COOPER

WHEN Jackie Cooper recently visited Boston, we decided that we should like to interview this popular young star of motion pictures. After many phone calls we finally arranged an appointment.

We arrived at the stage door where we were greeted by a throng of high school girls, all waving papers and eagerly shouting for the privilege of an interview. We mustered our courage and started toward the door through a group of anxious girls. Entering, we calmly announced we had an appointment, but we were gently and firmly informed that everyone outside was there for the selfsame purpose, to obtain an interview. Our courage having almost withered away, we meekly but vainly protested. Nevertheless we had to leave the place.

Still having a faint ray of hope, we remained in the vicinity. Fifteen minutes of patient waiting passed, then all eyes were on the door as it opened. The talking ceased and we held our breath in great expectancy — but to our disappointment Dixie Dunbar appeared. She was immediately surrounded by the throng who followed her to her car. This left the path to the stage door open. However, we could not enter, as an usher blocked our way.

Suddenly a taxi drew up to the curbing. The object of our interview stepped out briskly. Hurriedly entering the door he announced pleasantly that he would see us later. This gave us some hope at least. Pushing and pulling, twisting and turning, we slowly made our way forward. Upon presenting our credentials to the proper authority we were promptly invited in, during which we lost six buttons, four bobbie pins, and ten pounds.

In our group were six girls representing several high school publications. Upon entering the reception room we found Jackie Cooper nonchalantly swinging a bunch of keys. When we had recovered from our nervousness, we began to question him as he stood before us with his manager and his bodyguard.

We scribbled down incoherent notes: Born in Los Angeles — sixteen years old — likes track — plays halfback at football — travels all over the United States — "Treasure Island" is favorite book — his hobby is drumming — wants to be a drummer but will continue acting — favorite dish is steak with vegetables — favorite colors, blue and gray — likes Jack Benny's program best — "Star Dust" and "When Day is Done" are his favorite songs.

When we asked about his returning to the cinema capital he replied that he was stopping at Hershey, Pennsylvania and other cities first. This led to questions about moving pictures and he volunteered this information: His favorite picture is "Treasure Island"; his favorite actor is Spencer Tracy, and

his favorite actress is Joan Crawford. He has been in pictures eleven years and he enjoys playing with Wallace Beery best. His next picture will star Deanna Durbin and will be made for Monogram Studios; his last was "White Banners" with Bonita Granville.

He graciously gave us his autograph and thus the interview ended. He had perfect poise in the midst of a group of six girls who were jotting down notes and he was very willing to answer our questions. He was — well, he was just Jackie Cooper, a real American boy to whom we wish success.

JUNE JACKSON, '41.
MARY T. FAIR, '41.

EKO AND IKO

IF you went to the circus when it was in town, you probably were interested in the freaks. There was Cliko, the Australian bush-man, Major Poucci, the smallest man in the world, the Doll Family who made fame and name at the Chicago World's Fair and in the movies, Jack Earl, the amicable giant, and Eko and Iko who were billed simply as peculiar people.

To the millions who visited the side show these two appeared as merely a pair of very fair men with flattened noses, large mouths, and a peculiar formation of wooly strands of yellow hair on their heads. This strange hair closely resembled that of the South American llama.

They sat on the freak's platform and mumbled back and forth to each other, as they constantly blinked and squinted their eyes. This habit was due to the fact that they are albinos. It was only natural that they should have weak, pink eyes. But why did they mumble?

I asked one of the porters on the circus train, with whom I was acquainted, this question, thinking that he would probably tell me that they were bashful before such a large and varied crowd of people, but for the next half-hour I listened, fascinated, to his story. When he had finished he took me to see his brother, who is a personal friend of Eko and Iko.

What I learned from the two porters is that Eko and Iko were born in Roanoke, Virginia, in the backwoods of that section. They are the sons of illiterate southern negroes. Through the years there have been very few cases of albino negroes. We seldom hear of such a freak of nature. Most of these albino negroes have died at birth or shortly thereafter. Here are two brother albinos who have survived.

This next paragraph will surprise you. I was in a position, while the circus was in town, to be present during the phenomena and I positively attest to its truth.

On moonlit nights the two brothers, standing just outside their room on the circus train, may be seen by passers-by, to be turning from side to side and to be mumbling to each other. Seen like this they offer a weird exhibition.

If you should dare to go closer to them, as I did, you would hear the following dialogue for it never varies.

"Good evening, brother Ek," Iko says.

"Good evening, brother Ik," replies Eko.

"It's a lovely moonlit night," drawls the brother in his southern accent.

"Yes, it is, brother Ik."

"It's a nice night to be out, brother Ek," offers Iko.

"It certainly is, brother Ik."

There is a pause and then they repeat the above conversation many, many times until the early morning hours. Believe it or not.

Various doctors and scientists have studied these two and the only explanation that they get from Eko and Iko is that they just feel an urge to go out and stare at the moon together so they satisfy their desire.

ERNEST CROWLEY, '38.

Our Poetry

WISDOM

It is written in language which time cannot mar,
That wisdom is better than rubies, by far.
To the man who hath wisdom and feareth the Lord,
Understanding is given,—a priceless reward.
All the gold in the world and all jewels beside
Cannot purchase this gift, for the Lord shall decide
On the one who is worthy enough, in His eyes,
To receive this great blessing, this coveted prize.
And the man who hath wisdom is happy indeed,
For the blessing of God rests on him and his seed.

HELEN SKILTON, '38.

IT'S SAD BUT TRUE

A Rondeau

It's sad but true that I can see
More grace in classic harmony
Than ever I could find today
In modern music's swing and sway,
And throbbing, wailing blasphemy

Of sound. It's very hard for me
To tolerate this melody,
For I prefer the older way.
It's sad but true.

I'd rather hear a symphony
Of flowing chords and unity
Of instrumental parts. But nay,
The style is all to slash and slay.
For swing I have no sympathy!
It's sad but true.

HELEN SKILTON, '38.

THE FROZEN RIVER

The frozen river
A helpless captive,
Kicks up his feet in a futile effort
To free his aching arms
From the cruel bonds of ice.

But now his faithful friend, the sun,
Silently and painstakingly breaks the chains
To let him race through the snow,
Fleeing from his master, frost.

ANTOINETTE SAWYER, '38.

DAWN

The dawn comes slowly with her regal train
Of tinted gold that lights the world again.

LIGHTS

The sky's lamp-lighter never works at day,
But nightly toils along the Milky Way.

CLOUDS

Like fleecy soap suds tossed into the sky —
The fluffy cream puffs go on sailing by.

APRIL

Sweet April's come with dew upon her head.
And sprouting green things grow to make her bed.

RUDENESS

Rude March in yawning ruthlessly sways the trees;
We beg him cease, but he ignores our pleas.

JUNE A. JACKSON, '41.

IN MEMORIAM

He died ten years ago — today
When these words strike my ears
I start to cry incredulously
It cannot be so!
Yet — he died ten years ago — today.
Is life forever gone from him?
My reason trembles; I fling out
Desperate arms to clasp him close
And find but mocking emptiness.
He died ten years ago — today.
Perhaps it is a trick of fate
He was so loving, tender, gay
It did not seem that death
Could touch one such as he
Yet — he died ten years ago — today.
Life goes onward as it must
Birds still shrill their endless songs
I go my way, laughing yes,
But ever in my breast is the thought
He died ten years ago — today.
Yet he lives on!

ALMA DE COEN, '39.

FINALE

I built my castles grand and high,
The turrets reached beyond the sky;
Within rich hopes for triumph vie.

The crumbling towers lay in rust,
Beneath I feel the earth's cruel crust,
And sit among the smould'ring dust.

ANTOINETTE SAWYER, '38.

ORCHARD SHOWER

A Villanelle

The tinkling silver raindrops play a tune
And all the wavering shadows dance in glee,
As every dripping branch salutes the moon

With outstretched arms filled with gifts of June,
That God and nature give to every tree.
The tinkling silver raindrops play a tune,

And all the clear, bright notes weave gay festoons
Of sparkling dew in dainty tracery,
As every dripping branch salutes the moon.

Pan wrote the magic song one summer noon;
Sun-gold formed notes to elfin harmony.
The tinkling silver raindrops play a tune,

And darting breezes soft accompaniment croon,
They kiss the swaying leaflets tenderly,
As every dripping branch salutes the moon.

But fairy music floats away too soon,
And now, in fading chimes of melody,
The tinkling silver raindrops play a tune
As every dripping branch salutes the moon.

PAULINE SOREM, '39.

A DREAM OF THE FUTURE

On wings of song
The world goes 'round
Lazily, drifting,
Without any sound.

It whirls and tosses
To and fro
This great universe
Has no foe.

It's happy, it's care-free
On wings of delight
As it sails through the mist
Of the glorious night.

ISABEL CURRIE, '41.

LILACS

Clusters of purple
Sway in the warm Spring breezes . . .
Sweet fragrance wafts by.

DESTINY

Eager, splashing brook
Gayly rushing, tumbling past . . .
Where will your course end?

BLOSSOMS

Quiet as the birth
Of a rainbow is Spring's step
Into my garden.

PAULINE SOREM, '38.

TO THE MOON

I saw your face, fair Cynthia
So pale so sad
But soon you smiled.
As if by magic, all the country side
Became a lovely masterpiece
Of golden harmony.

You bent your head,
And from your silver tresses
Dropped into my bedroom
Sprites who kissed my eyelids close
And filled my dreams
With pools of shimmering fancy.

Then up you drew your page boys
And strewing them behind you
Sailed in glory cross the radiance
Of a midnight sky.

LOUISE HAZELWOOD, '38.

JAPANESE HOKKU

A lone crimson rose
With pagan vividness blooms
Only a moment.

ALMA DE COEN, '39.

IN MEMORIAM

In a burial gown made from fine cobweb lace,
With the quivering dew fondly kissing her face,
Lay the wild lily blossom in death's cold embrace.

As the breeze hummed a requiem solemn and sweet,
A grave Jack in the Pulpit rose up from his seat,
Offering prayers for the bloom lately crushed by cruel feet.

ANTOINETTE SAWYER, '38.

TO THE GOD OF POESY

Oh glorious Muse
Grant to this tortured one
The gift of magic words
To create beauty for beauty.
In muted ecstasy my soul
Cries forth; oh, bestow on me
The silver boon that I may
Unburden my singing heart.
In mounting joy I soar on
An exultant wave of melody;
Yet my tongue, my pen are stilled
For your power is not mine.

ALMA DE COEN, '39.

These few notes I have gathered while strolling in the corridors . . . The boy who really put the Junior Hop over is Jack Moriarty . . . Charles Jones is proving himself a man . . . His whiskers are the envy of every senior . . . Dick Hurt, Mary Coughlin, Hazel Davis, and Josephine Gabalis won prizes in English for their fine Sales Talks . . . Josephine Gabalis and Sophie Mitropoulos were awarded prizes for spelling . . . I award the "Pinchell Peace Prize" for 1938 to quiet Leslie White . . . "Ladies Day" at the baseball games was a success . . . Seen at the ball games were Grace Wood, Dot Kelley, Mildred Monahan and Esther Frongello . . . My what a cheering section . . . Rita Lombardi pronounces her first name Ritah . . . People seem to think that European royalist problems cause a turmoil . . . What about Latin? We're losing our King . . . The girls who really enjoyed the Junior Hop are Helen Crowley, Mary Toomey, and Flo Martin . . . Attention teachers on the third floor . . . Jim Gardner is the boy who has the loud victory call . . . The girl who acts as the reception committee for room 31 is Winnie Smith . . . Bob Rooney has an ultra-modern desk . . . It's movable, and terrible . . . Isadore Pickler and Mary Cutter sell pencils and pens . . . Did you know that Julia Coffey has been exchanging graduation pictures so generously that she has only one picture of herself left . . . School sports were kept going by the Boudreau brothers, Wally, Herb and Russ . . . Did you know that . . . There is a feud in room 91 . . . Vincent Doyle knows the roof top of every house on Broadway . . . He is a window looker-outer . . . Ed McSweeney doesn't believe Broadway is the "Great White Way." . . . Ed says there are no lights between Trowbridge and Ellery Streets . . . Jack Reardon and Larry Mahoney enjoy walking at night . . . This keeps Larry in condition for football and Jack in condition for bus rides . . . Margaret Andrews introduces Mary Kochanski as her singing protege . . . Frank Reardon enjoys reading the Spot-lite . . . Don't they all Frank? . . . John Brogan does a lot of something during study periods . . . I believe he is studying to be a camera man . . . Mary Dayton is going to write a book entitled "The Past, Present, and Future of a Senior." . . . This book should hold the attention of every senior . . . Jack King is preparing the speech he will recite at the graduation exercises . . . Were you at the swing session at the assembly? . . . It went over big with the seniors . . . Fred Fallon and John Hoell trudge up to Watertown quite regularly . . . John Joseph is driving a new chevy . . . You'd better avoid Chick Meehan or he'll try to sell you a chance . . . The ball team deserves congratulations for their good work . . . Congratulations are also in order for Paul Lowry . . . Paul has been named as Valedictorian of the Senior Class and besides, he has won several prizes . . . Paul is destined to be a chef . . . You should see how adept he is at boiling solutions in the Chem lab . . . Alan Lewis will make a good radio announcer . . . He never says a thing in one word if he can use five . . . Edmund Kennedy will make a wonderful diplomat . . . He can talk himself out of a lot of tight places . . . The tennis courts at Magazine Beach are popular these days . . . Gerald Segal and Sheldon Land can be seen there any day . . . Robert Caswell has a new name . . . His friends call him "Biffer" now . . . Nicky Caragianis has been wearing a perpetual grin since he hit a homer in the Rindge game . . . Eddie Linnehan is a staunch believer that Friday the 13th is unlucky. Ask him why . . . Well, readers, this concludes another issue of our Spot-lite. I'll be back again next year with interesting facts, items, and jottings. Until then, I remain your Latin correspondent, Falter Pinchell.

JOHN MCINTIRE, '39.

REVIEW STAFF

Back Row: T. Campbell, A. Segel, W. Flaherty, N. Waldman, E. Blanchfield.
Second Row: A. Lewis, H. MacKay, P. Kenney, T. Anastos, M. Buckley, M. Burk, P. Villari, W. Sateriale.
Third Row: A. Bielinski, L. Loja, P. Sorem, S. Sugarman, P. Lowry, *Editor-in-chief*. A. Wood, A. DeCoen, B. Fogelin, D. Twomey, N. Crowley.

G. A. A. OFFICERS

Front Row: Phyllis Norton, Mary Quinn, *President*. Claire Kelley, Anne Sullivan.
Back Row: Betty Ambler, Miss Brown, Miriam Harney.

BASEBALL TEAM

Fourth Row: Bradley, McGrail, Mulcahy, Roewer, McGrath, Buckley, Randall, Star.
Third Row: Wetmore, *Manager,* Lane, Payne, Galgay, Taft, Galvin, Kelly, Caragianes, Briand, Whelan.
Second Row: Melino, O'Dea, Moran, O'Neil, DeMillia, Mr. Foley, *Coach,* Brennan, Brennan, Hart, Crowley, Ameche.
First Row: Boudreau, Carr, Nelson, Flannery, Powers, Sheehan, *Captain,* Grassia, Galligan, Sheehan, Shea.

HOCKEY TEAM

First Row: Philip Carey, Lucian Phaneuf, Morton Buckley, *Captain,* Frank Briand, John Brennan, John Mahoney, John Powers, John Randall.
Second Row: Herbert Boudreau, James Meehan, Thomas Mahoney, Robert Mulcahy, Edward Hines, Thomas Roache, Russell Boudreau, Francis Bradley.
Third Row: Coatonzo Melino, John Murphy, *Manager,* Joseph Malahan, *Assistant Manager,* Mr. Foley, *Faculty Manager,* Walter Boudreau, William Gaynor.

HOME ROOM COMMITTEES

Fourth Row: H. MacKay, T. Campbell, C. Taylor, J. Conroy, M. Ryan, H. Roewer, J. King, J. Regan, L. Frisoli, J. Reardon, W. McCurdy.

Third Row: D. Twomey, M. Folan, E. C. Sullivan, M. Burk, F. Drohan, J. Whelan, P. Lamb, G. Bland, C. Terry, M. Buckley, F. Morgan, K. Monahan.

Second Row: A. Norton, I. Peterson, F. Jackewicz, R. Veinot, F. Nugent, A. McDonald, M. Donahue, C. Colosimo, H. Publicover, M. O'Donnell, M. Shine.

First Row: E. Marini, P. Nutter, C. Mazza, J. Gabalis, N. Kelly, A. Doyle, R. Barker, E. K. Sullivan, M. Mayo, R. Holmes.

DEBATING CLUB OFFICERS

Kathryn Monahan, Joseph Connolly, Mary Buckley, Morris Burk.

CHESS CLUB

Back Row: R. Babish, B. Jezierski, S. Ramonas, T. Crowley, R. Fishman, H. Jezierske.
Second Row: C. M. Bliss, J. Jurmain, C. Alex, A. Borochoff, S. Goldstein, J. Brown C. Barber.
First Row: M. Salter, T. Burke, E. Modest, S. Ciampi, B. Quint, E. Shea, S. Ochlis, J. Senders.

FOOTBALL TEAM

Top Row: M. Barbitus, R. Boudreau, E. Hynes, F. Fallon, E. Niemyski, E. Dupee, N. Caragianes, G. Makras, H. Boudreau, D. O'Brien, Powers.
Third Row: T. Reardon, *Coach,* J. Sheehan, *Coach,* W. Rowe, *Manager,* J. Mallahan, L. Frisoli, E. Keefe, T. Gomatos, J. Orr, J. King, J. Boyle, J. Galvin, J. Kelley, *Manager,* A. Elecwicz, *Coach.*
Second Row: T. DeMilia, F. Bradley, H. Roewer, R. Gayne, *Captain,* W. McGoldrick, R. Sheehan, G. Perduyn.
First Row: Kelley, P. Carey, R. Guild, M. Buckley, J. Randall, *Captain-elect,* J. McClennan, J. Meehan, W. Powers.

Baseball

As the Red Sox won steadily in a row, so did our Cambridge High and Latin team. So far, Sonny Foley's well-coached team has won seven league games. These games must be attributed to the two fine pitchers we possess. Lefty Roewer, our ponderous pitcher, has dazzled the eyes of his opponents at Brookline, Arlington twice, Newton and Rindge. Incidentally this was our first athletic victory over Rindge this year. Roewer has yielded on an average only 5 hits per game. Like Lefty Grove, he has a looping curve which the batters merely look at. His co-mate Harry Williams, son of a former Braves pitcher, seems to be going in his father's footsteps with his two five hitters over B. C. High and Brookline. He has a fast ball which has the same effect as Lefty Roewer's curve. He is a quiet chap and without uttering a word bears down in the pinches.

These pitchers are supported wonderfully by Grassia, Buckley, and Nicky Caragianes in the outfield, Bob Sheehan, Captain Joe Sheehan, John Randall, Leo Shea, and Red Powers, catcher in the infield. Grassia is battling for a nice 460, while Johnny Randall, Mort Buckley, and Captain Sheehan are 300 hitters. The highlight of the season was Nicky Caragianes's home run over the right field wall in the Rindge game at Russell Field. Galligan pitched the two outside games with Lawrence Academy and Revere. If Latin continues its present pace, we shall win the Suburban League title, and if we defeat Rindge in the final game we shall get the City title. This has been a good baseball year for dear old C. H. L. S.

RAY GUILD, '38.

G. A. A. Notes

Greetings, members! Another year is drawing to a close, another very successful year in the annals of the G. A. A. The approach of summer always promises to every G. A. A. member a joyful event to which we look forward throughout the year. This event is the annual picnic which will take place at Kendall Green, June 4. This picnic is eagerly awaited as it always promises much fun and excitement for everybody.

"Batter up!" How familiar this cry has become! Baseball is progressing smoothly this year and is becoming very popular among the girls. Interclass teams have already been formed and interclass games are scheduled. Our teams will also compete with many other schools, and as usual our girls are out to win.

The tennis tournament is well under way and is nearing a conclusion. The winner of this tournament will be awarded a statue of a tennis player in action, the statue to be presented by the G. A. A. May the best player win!

The Bicycle Club, a new feature in the G. A. A., has met with approval and enthusiasm of many members. Two bicycle hikes have already been enjoyed by the members. These hikes took place after school and the distance did not exceed ten miles. The members will rejoice to hear that an all-day hike is now being planned.

This year has been a prosperous one for us. May next year prove as successful for our G. A. A.! Until then — a happy vacation to all.

DOROTHY TWOMEY, '38.

Teacher: Name a liquid that won't freeze.
Dudley Fleming: Hot water.

Lester Ratzen: Joe sent me his picture yesterday.
Bernard Alperin: How does he look?
Lester: I don't know. I haven't had it developed yet.

Walter Feeley: It is very comfortable to have a head like mine.
Fred Fallon: Yes, solid comfort.

Teacher: You missed my class yesterday, didn't you?
John Galvin: Not in the least, sir, not in the least.

She: How can you stand there and lie to me like that?
He: It's easy when you get the hang of it.

Mr. White: Is this your ball, Bill?
Bill: Any windows or anything broken?
Mr. White: No.
Bill: Thanks, it's mine.

Jacob Germain: By what is Australia bounded?
Edward Modest: Kangaroos.

Waldo Sateriale: Do you use toothpaste?
Morris Burk: Gracious no! None of my teeth are loose.

Dorothy Pollack (as canoe rocks): Don't be afraid; we're only ten feet from land.
Claire Kelley (looking around): Where is it?
Dorothy: Underneath us.

John Driscoll: Are you fond of trailing arbutus?
James Boyle: No, my hunting days are over.

Bernice: Which one of the four experiments did you like most?
Betty: Take four lemons and taste each, then tell which one was the sweetest.

Ruth Tekley: This building has no fire escapes.
Marie McCabe: Never mind, this is leap year.

Vincent Lovett: What are you looking for?
Philip Taft: A quarter.
Vincent: Did you lose it around here?
Philip: Oh, I didn't lose a quarter; I'm just looking for one.

Roger Shea: Did you hear the one about the two Scotch brothers who bet each other a nickel to see who could stay under water the longest?
Edward Crowley: No, who won?
Roger: They aren't sure; they haven't found the bodies yet.

Teacher: Give me an illustration of "hope mingled with fear."
Jelalian: A lazy man looking for work.

Lady: Is this my train?

Conductor: No, madam, it belongs to the railroad.

Lady: Well, I am going to take it.

Conductor: You'd better watch out, lady. There have been several trains missed around here lately.

Nancy Crowley: Are you really content to spend you life walking the country begging?

Tramp: No, indeed, lady. Many's the time I've wished I had a car.

Conductor: How old is that boy?

Father: Four.

Conductor: He looks like eight.

Father: Can I help it if he worries?

Clara: Say, it's past midnight. Do you think you can stay here all night?

Fred: Gosh, I'll have to telephone mother first.

Tramp: Could you give a fellow a bite?

John McIntire: I don't bite myself, but I'll call my dog.

Robert Conley: Are you satisfied with your new typewriter?

Joseph Horan: Sure, I think it is excellent, but my teacher says it doesn't spell right.

Richard Hurt (over phone) : Can you reserve me a box for two?

Voice: We don't have any boxes for two.

Richard: Isn't this the theatre?

Voice: Why, no! This is the undertaker.

Morton Bloc: Who is that man over there snapping his fingers?

Gilbert Lewis: That's a deaf-mute with the hiccups.

Francis McTernan: Great Scott! I've forgotten who wrote "Ivanhoe"!

Edwin Sullivan: I'll tell you if you'll tell me who the dickens wrote "A Tale of Two Cities."

Alice Betinas: I don't see how that umpire can keep cool.

Gertrude Barry: That's easy. Look at all the fans around him.

Betty Mahan: Do you return the money when an article isn't satisfactory?

Clerk: That depends on the article.

Betty: This is a book.

Clerk: What was wrong with it?

Betty: I didn't like the way it ended.

Phyllis Chase: An Eastern Rajah is said to have a bed 12 feet long and 9 feet wide.

Mildred Button: That's a lot of bunk.

Calvin Burnett: Have you heard the latest song? Boy, is it slippery!

Ray Guild: No, what is it?

Calvin: "When Banana Peels Are Falling, I'll Come Sliding Back to You."

Roger Shea: Am I crazy or are you?

Telephone Operator: I am sorry, but we do not have that information.

Doctor: I'm afraid I made a mistake in filling in the death certificate.

Leslie Reed: How was that?

Doctor: I absent-mindedly signed my name in the space left for "cause of death."

He: I think I've got a flat tire.

She: I think that makes us even.

Antoinette Sawyer: Who is that letter from?

Mary Folan: What do you want to know for?

Antoinette: There you are! What do I want to know for? You're the most inquisitive person I ever met.

Bill: The girl I marry must have a sense of humor.

Alice: Don't worry. She will!

John O'Neil: I thought you said this was a good car?

Sam Miller: On the level, it's a good car.

Ben: This is a funny world to live in.

Charles: Yes, and so few of us get out of it alive.

Old Lady: You don't use cigarettes, do you?

Robson McPhail: No, but I could let you have a cigar.

Among the Books

MADAME CURIE

Doubleday Doran, 1938 Eve Curie

Since "Madame Curie" is written by her daughter, Eve, this work gives a deeper insight into her character and presents a more closely knit story of her life than can most biographies in dealing with their theme. The greatness of the scientist is apparent throughout her life, a life filled with toil and sorrow, and ended, ironically, through causes induced by her work with radium, the element which she discovered.

Born and schooled in Poland, which was then being cruelly persecuted by Russian tyranny, Manya Sklodovska lived an early life filled with sorrow, climaxed by the death of her mother. After several years in Poland spent as a governess to aid in educating her sister, Bronya, at the University of Sorbonne in Paris, Manya herself went to Paris to attend this famous college. There she changed her given name to Marie and there, in 1893 and 1894, respectively, she received the degrees of Master of Physics and Master of Mathematics, with high honors. There, also, she met and married Pierre Curie, an eminent scientist, later to become a teacher at the Sorbonne, and in 1895 they began together their scientific experiments which led to their ultimate discovery of radium. For this important research work, they won the Nobel Prize for Physicis in 1903. Later, in 1911, Marie Curie won the Nobel Prize for Chemistry through her diligent labor in presenting the benefits of this element to the medical world.

These happy years of congenial companionship in work and recreation ended, however, with Pierre Curie's sudden death in 1906. Henceforth, pleasure seemed to have gone almost entirely from Madame Curie's life and the remaining years were sad though busy. Taking an active part in caring for the wounded in the World War, she equipped an automobile with her radium apparatus, so valuable to this field of medical work, and drove it herself to the war hospitals stationed at strategic points near the front. Later, she became the head of a French laboratory, a position which she held until her death in 1934.

Sympathetically and interestingly related, in apt phrases which quickly delineate the plot, the story moves swiftly, interspersed, as it is, with descriptive detail and bits of philosophy.

In Marie Curie's own words, "Science is interested in things, not people." Confronted by a book, relating the story of a great scientist, science can only contradict this theory as it did repeatedly throughout Madame Curie's lifetime, honoring her with its highest respect as well as with its highest awards, the list of which covers five pages at the back of the book. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt says of "Madame Curie," "The story of this life should give many people a new conception of what is true greatness."

The volume is certain to attain and hold a high position among the biographies of the twentieth century.

Pauline Sorem, '39.

ANNEX NOTES

ERNEST SPAREE has already made plans for vacation . . . Wallie Kane is taking private dancing lessons . . . He's getting prepared for the Reception . . . John Cavallaro is our singing cowboy, so he tells me . . . If you see John Damon and George Dynan, notice the snappy ties they wear . . . Al Priest expects to have Benny Goodman's band at the reception . . . Larry Bastoni wants to see his name in the column . . . He's a very good singer . . . Paul Lamb, our Phi Club President, is known as the school politician . . . Kevin Griffin is getting very thin because of an unusual application to his studies . . . Frank McGloine bought something that looks like a car . . . Watch out for this car . . . .No brakes . . . Jerry Breen is one of the many stars on the track team . . . Doc Dudley, the Fred Astaire of the Annex, is still trying to do the new dance called "Dopey" . . . James Casey is better known as Charlie McCarthy . . . And, so my friends, until next time, Cheerio!

EXCHANGES

WOULD you enjoy a magazine that holds your interest until you've read every article, story, and joke? Well, that is the sensation we had as we read *The Oracle,* from Abington, Pennsylvania. The stories and illustrations carry out the marine motif of the cover. Such stories as "The Master of the Susan Jane" and "The Romantic Sea," held us enthralled. The book is profusely illustrated with many woodcuts, cartoons and sketches.

The Whittier Miscellany from the Friends School of Wilmington, Delaware is a new addition to our exchanges. We thoroughly enjoyed it as we scanned the neatly arranged pages and admired the unusually clear cuts and photographs. There are many humorous limericks such as the one reproduced below.

There once was an old maid named Clara,
Who lived on a lane, long and narra',
To friends she would say,
"I'm old and I'm gray,
But I feel just like Scarlett O'Hara!"

Another:

Precocious young Dolly of Grinnich
Discussed on the folly of spinnach
"That nauseous green herb,
Caked with egg," she averred,
"Will soon be, by golly, my finnich."

On the cover of the *Chronicle* from the Lyman Hall High School of Wallingford, Connecticut, we find the symbols of Spring, a young bird tugging determinedly at a reluctant worm, while overhead there is a budding tree seemingly swaying rhythmically in a breeze. The cover is typical of the entire publication, refreshingly original, and entertaining.

From nearby Dorchester High School for Girls in Dorchester, Massachusetts, comes their splendid publication, *The Item.* A most original idea has been introduced to us in this issue of *The Item.* It is a debate under two columns — Pro and Con. The subject is "Has civilization advanced since the days when Indian wigwams dotted the shores of Dorchester Bay?" We read both sides of the story, and they really are baffling because both are so convincing.

Under the heading of Senior Negatives are found the dislikes of a number of students and some of them are extremely amusing.

> "I dislike domineering people, rich desserts, bright lights, effeminate men, Mammy singers, puns, plucked eyebrows, the color of thistle, baby talk, copper-colored silk stockings, girls who giggle excessively, and unnecessary ceremony."

The Dial from Brattleboro, Vermont, is resplendent in its blue cover. The articles on the Wesselhoeft Water Cure of 1849 provides excellent material for many interesting stories, such as "A Celebrity is Cured!" and "The Wesselhoeft Way."

Why do we stress the importance of illustrations? It is well to have the monotony of the printed page broken by photographs that are artistic, and by woodcuts that do not leave your brain befogged from trying to figure out what they are. Illustrations dress up a magazine.

We thank all our friends who have sent us their magazines this year. Many are splendid examples of journalist skill and superior workmanship in which so many of our high schools are showing steady progress. We hope that our REVIEW pleased our Exchange friends. Until next year — Au revoir.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, '38.

The Fay School

For Girls

52 Beacon St. Boston, Massachusetts

■

One-year and two-year courses in Academic and Secretarial Science offering, in addition to the conventional business courses, training in the development of attractive and efficient business personality. The environment is homelike and highly cultural. Catalog.

■

M. IRENE FAY

Director and Vocational Adviser

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

PRE-LEGAL PROGRAMS

Applicants for the Massachusetts Bar examinations must have completed one-half of a regular college course before registering in a school of law.

Persons qualified for admission may pursue pre-legal programs in Northeastern University. The day program is restricted to men; the evening program is available to both men and women. These programs prepare for admission to either the Day or Evening School of Law of Northeastern University.

Applications for admission are now being received.

Catalogs sent upon request. Use the coupon below.

Please send me a catalog including the

Check here ☐ evening pre-legal program
☐ day pre-legal program

Name_____

Address_____

_____

16

Souvenir Photos

taken at the

SENIOR RECEPTION

BY

JOSEPH P. O'BRIEN

8 x 10 Pictures of Couples and Groups

50 CENTS A COPY

AMBITIOUS HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES

BUYERS BUSINESS SCHOOLS — BOSTON, MASS.

Do YOU know that PURCHASING is a growing profession? Here is an opportunity to improve your future. Let us help you get started in

A REAL JOB

by training you to be a "Junior Buyer". Business and Government Agencies need better Purchasing Agents. Learn how to buy merchandise and obtain a superior job.

Get all-around business training right in your own vicinity. In our Schools you receive

PERSONAL TRAINING

in our Buying courses as well as in Salesmanship, Accounting Typewriting, Office Procedure, Economics, etc. You simply must look into this open door to advancement. Write for our descriptive catalogue.

Operated by BABSON'S STATISTICAL ORGANIZATION, Incorporated
Home Office: Wellesley Hills, Mass

Smart High School Men Naturally Turn to Kennedy's Under-Grad Shop for Their Clothes

UNDER-GRAD SUITS
UNDER-GRAD TOPCOATS
REVERSIBLE TOPCOATS
UNDER-GRAD SHIRTS

And a full line of other Under-Grad Accessories

UNDER-GRAD SHOP - 4th FLOOR

KENNEDY'S

SUMMER & HAWLEY

BURDETT COLLEGE

Courses for
Young Men and Women

Business Administration-Accounting (Pace), Secretarial, Shorthand, Typewriting, Business, and Finishing courses.

One and Two-Year Programs. Previous commercial training not required for entrance. Leading colleges represented in attendance. Students from different states.

Write or telephone for
Day or Evening Catalog

60th year
BEGINS IN
SEPTEMBER

Offers

BUSINESS TRAINING

needed to

MAKE THE RIGHT START
MOVE STEADILY FORWARD
ACHIEVE SUCCESS

(with a Degree Plan for those who wish it)

and in addition

VOCATIONAL COUNSEL
AND PLACEMENT
SERVICE

156 STUART STREET, BOSTON · Telephone HANcock 6300

MIDDLESEX UNIVERSITY

Middlesex University, chartered by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, offers professional courses in medicine, pharmacy, podiatry, and veterinary medicine.

Two-year pre-medical, one-year pre-veterinary and 4-year courses leading to A.B. and B.S. degrees are given in the College of Arts and Sciences.

Faculty of specialists for each school. Laboratories are modern, completely equipped. Spacious 95-acre campus.

Choose one of the following schools for thorough professional training:

School of Medicine—Four-year course leading to M.D. degree.

School of Veterinary Medicine—Confers D.V.M. degree in four years.

School of Podiatry—Three year course. Degrees: D.S.P. or Doctor of Surgical Chiropody.

School of Pharmacy—Prepares for State Board examinations. Comprehensive two-year course.

Graduates of Cambridge High School admitted without examination.

Write for catalog.

MIDDLESEX UNIVERSITY, Waltham, Mass.

Colonial Beverages

Are Served at

CAMBRIDGE HIGH
LATIN SCHOOL
CAFETERIAS

Manufactured by

THE COLONIAL BEVERAGE CO.

Cambridge, Massachusetts
Rutland, Vermont

The
UNIVERSITY SHOP

Leopold Morse

1410 Massachusetts Avenue
In Harvard Square

The Smartest Shop in the Square
Showing Exclusive Correct
Styles at the Prices You
Want to Pay

UNIVERSAL LAUNDRY

43 FREMONT STREET, SOMERVILLE, MASS.

A Complete Laundry Service for Every Home

SOM. 6200 - 6201

BRATTLE SQ. FLORISTS

GOMATOS BROS., *Props.*

✪ ✪ ✪

All kinds of Decorating with fresh cut flowers given special attention. Bouquets for Brides and Bridesmaids. Crosses and Wreaths for Funerals.

✪ ✪ ✪

Open evenings until 10:00 P. M.

✪ ✪ ✪

Flowers telegraphed all over the United States and Canada.

Members of Flower-Telegraph Association.

HARVARD SQ. AND BRATTLE SQ.
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Phone: KIRkland 7089

SHEA BROTHERS

CHURCH STREET PRESS

Printers to the Review

SHEA BROS PRINTERS

33 CHURCH ST. CAMBRIDGE

At Harvard Square

Telephone: TROwbridge 1360

TUTORING

MISS MARY MOULTON, A. B., A. M. ED. M., retired teacher, public and private school experience, tutors in: English, Latin, Spanish, Algebra, Arithmetic, Plane Geometry, at her home

361 HARVARD ST., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

J. COYLE

Motor Transportation

30 FISH PIER **BOSTON**

SUMMER SCHOOL

Designed especially for those who, having failed in English, hope to pass the fall examinations.

SIX WEEKS COURSE $14.00

EDWARD O'CALLAHAN, M. A.
Instructor of English
Stratford Secretarial School

Write 9 LEONARD AVENUE
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
Call TROwbridge 0198

Alex Robbins, Proprietor **TROwbridge 2850**

ROBBINS FLORIST

Artistic Designers
Flowers For All Occasions

26 Central Square, Cambridge

Corsages Our Specialty

Flowers Telegraphed to All parts of United States and Canada

Tuxedoes For Hire $1.50

Full Dress, Cutaways and Accessories

Bill the Tailor

2319 MASS. AVENUE ELIot 0600
Harvard Theatre Block, Cambridge
OPEN EVENINGS

Y. W. C. A.

Leisure Time Activities

7 TEMPLE ST.
Central Square
CAMBRIDGE

AN ELECTRICAL GIFT

For Every Member of the Family

Toasters
Mixmasters
Roasters
Waffle Irons
Sandwich Toasters
Lionel Trains
Telechron Clocks
Schick Dry Shavers
Hotpoint Flatirons
Movie Cameras
Silex Coffee Makers

EMF

Electric Supply Company
430 MASS. AVE., CAMBRIDGE

CARL A. WEITZ

FRANKFURTS
BOILED HAMS
PURE PORK SAUSAGES

"Taste the Flavor"

Sausage Products From The House of Weitz Are Tasty and Wholesome

Manufactured under U. S. Inspection

CRONIN'S STATIONERY STORE

INMAN SQUARE
CAMBRIDGE

School Supplies *Greeting Cards*
Periodicals

DANIEL'S SHOE STORE

1154 CAMBRIDGE STREET

Newest Styles
In Boys' Brogues,
Crepe Soles,
And Cordo-Calf Shoes

All Styles In
Girls' Sport Shoes
All Colors In
Crepe Sole Shoes

THIS COUPON IS GOOD FOR 10% DISCOUNT

Buy Your Graduation Shoes at Daniel's

Massachusetts School of Physiotherapy

Day and Evening Course – Co-educational

GRADUATES QUALIFY for both private and State positions in Medical Offices, Hospitals and Clinics as Physiotherapists and X-Ray Technicians or Medical Masseurs.

Diploma awarded. **PLACEMENT BUREAU FOR ALL GRADUATES.**

ONE-YEAR DAY COURSE - or equivalent **TWO-YEAR EVENING COURSE.** with full hospital training in All branches of Physiotherapy (including Electrotherapy, X-Ray, Medical Massage, Colonic Irrigation,etc)

Individual Instruction by Physicians and Technicians.

X-RAY COURSE One - year comprehensive course, including hospital training.

Graduates of Cambridge High and Latin School may be admitted without scholastic entrance examinations.

New term begins Sept. 22, 1938. Catalogue upon request. Registrar: 199 Prospect Street, Cambridge. Phone: Kir. 5552, Eli. 8611

Belluche Photo Service

Developing - Printing - Enlarging

KODAKS AND SUPPLIES

180 FRANKLIN STREET
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

TROwbridge 4966

TYPEWRITERS

FOR BETTER HOME TYPING PRACTICE

RENT OR BUY

A Standard Office Machine
Same as Used in School and Office
Royal - Underwood - L. C. Smith - etc.

BEACON TYPEWRITER SERVICE

1384 Mass. Ave., Harvard Square, Cambridge,
Telephone, TROwbridge 0227

Greeting Cards . .
Stationery-Large Showing

O'BRIEN

ON THE AVENUE

675 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE

SUCCESSOR TO

E. F. HUNT CO.

CAMBRIDGE ACADEMY

College Preparatory School

Co-Educational

AT HARVARD SQUARE

Preparation for all colleges at moderate rates. Four-year academic course. One-year intensive review. Small classes. Personal supervision. Competent Harvard-trained instructors. Our students have been admitted with honors to Harvard and other colleges. Scholarships are awarded annually on a sliding scale.

CATALOGS SENT ON REQUEST

Cambridge Academy

26 BOYLSTON STREET KIRkland 9219 CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

DAY DIVISION

COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS

Offers a broad program of college subjects serving as a foundation for the understanding of modern culture, social relations, and technical achievement. The purpose of this program is to give the student a liberal and cultural education and a vocational competence which fits him to enter some specific type of useful employment.

COLLEGE OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Offers a college program with broad and thorough training in the principles of business with specialization in ACCOUNTING, BANKING AND FINANCE, or BUSINESS MANAGEMENT. Instruction is through lectures, solution of business problems, class discussions, motion pictures and talks by business men.

COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING

Provides complete college programs in Engineering with professional courses in the fields of CIVIL, MECHANICAL (WITH DIESEL, AERONAUTICAL, AND AIR CONDITIONING OPTIONS), ELECTRICAL, CHEMICAL, INDUSTRIAL ENGINEERING, and ENGINEERING ADMINISTRATION. Students select, at the beginning of the sophomore year, the course in which they intend to specialize.

Co-operative Plan

The Co-operative Plan provides for a combination of practical industrial experience with classroom instruction. Upperclassmen earn a portion of their school expenses and make business contacts which prove valuable in later years.

Degrees Awarded

Bachelor of Arts — Bachelor of Science

EVENING DIVISION

(For Men and Women)

Providing complete courses of university grade, for high school graduates who find it necessary to work during the day but wish to study for further advancement.

SCHOOL OF BUSINESS

Programs in Accounting, Management, Law and Business, and in Engineering and Business, under instructors actually engaged in the fields in which they teach.

73% of graduates hold executive positions in business. Preparation for the C. P. A. examinations. School grants B. B. A. degree. Individual courses available to special students.

SCHOOL OF LAW

Pre-Legal Department

Furnishes to high school graduates a program of studies equivalent to the two years of college work required for admission to the study of law.

The School of Law

Prepares for the bar examination and for the practice of law. Case method of instruction. LL.B. degree conferred.

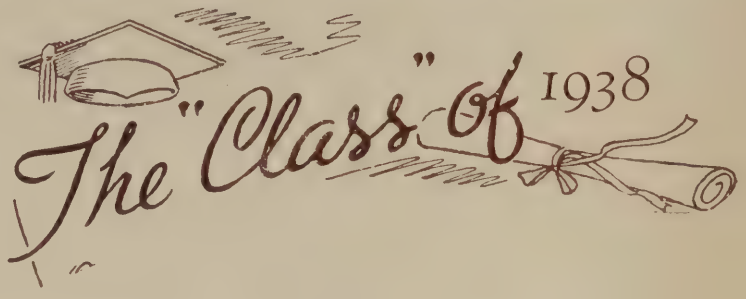
Graduates of Cambridge High and Latin School may be admitted without examinations if grades are satisfactory to the Department of Admissions

Catalogs or further information sent upon request

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

GREETINGS to



Go out to conquer the world! May good fortune smile on all that you undertake! But remember, half the battle is won, if you make a smart appearance. We know the value of clothes set just right, and we'll enter into any conspiracy to help you look the part of a successful graduate Come in to get better acquainted with the largest store in Cambridge.

For A Very Pleasant Vacation Shop at the Bazar for

Boys' or Girls' Bathing Suits
Boys' or Girls' Sporting Goods
Tennis Rackets, Baseball Equipment,
Slacks, Sneakers, Sweaters
Cameras and Supplies
Shirts, Socks, Girls' Sport Hose
'Kerchiefs, Undies, Briefs

HARVARD BAZAR

CENTRAL SQUARE - - CAMBRIDGE

Outfitters to Boys and Girls, Men and Women